Los Angeles Sunday Times

VOL. XL. SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1921. IN THE VAN { First in Sporting News. First in All Automobiles.

LOOKING ABOUT FOR ALUMINUM.

...That Ford Has Eye on Lightweight Metal.

...Try to Bring Down Cost Within General Reach.

...of Giant Merger Are Denied by Durant.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

DETROIT, Aug. 6.—One purpose ... Ford in offering to take ... and operate the government's ... development on the Tennessee ... at Muscle Shoals, Ala., is ... out the independence of the ... industrial organization in raw ... by obtaining control of a ... of cheap aluminum.

... apparent that the ultimate ... the Detroit manufacturer is ... to pass one of the fondest ... of the automotive world, ... years has maintained that ... production of aluminum ... lightest of workable metals, ... revolutionize the automobile ...

OBSTACLES.

... obstacle to achievement ... an adequate supply of ... according to manufacturers ... been the monopoly of ... production of the ... the Aluminum Company of ... which, it has been charged, ... with a world-wide ... of interests, has a tight ... hold on the output to control ... the world market.

... could the consumption ... metal by manufacturers of ... cars be greatly increased ... if the price were brought ... but sweeping changes ... construction would be ... all classes. It would ... in large part the auto... ideal of a motor ... maximum strength com... with the extreme lightness ... for economy in gas, oil ... consumption.

STARTLING RESULTS.

... Ford begins the production ... of aluminum in his River ... plant, as a report says he will ... mean the revolution of ... motor car manufacture and the ... industry. With cheap aluminum ... pointed out, automobiles ... lighter and less expensive ... many parts would be made ... Operating costs would ... materially reduced.

... engineers and metal... had on their study ... by which aluminum ... several million tons of ... in the vicinity of his ... furnaces may be ... much desired metal ...

NEW BUICK.

... was made on August ... presentation of Buick's ... line, including ... five-passenger touring ... cars, and three-passenger ... and five-passenger sedan ... models.

... interest attaches to ... covering the new ... as it has been ... that Buick produced ... a line of fours. In motor ... Buick has adhered ... principles with ... has been connected ... The cylinder bore is ... with a stroke of 4¾ ... The motor develops between ... and forty brake horsepower ... road tests have shown ...

(Continued on Second Page.)

AUTO-BATTERY: NOT GOOD FORM.

Warrant for Arrest Sets a New Precedent.

J. Dempsey Stuff May Prove Costly, Says Club.

Always Better to Let a Cop Arbitrate Matters.

A wallop in the eye is no longer the stylish answer to the auto driver who crowds in front of your car on a busy street.

Irate motorists who want to "fight it out" for a traffic insult will have to watch their step in the future, according to the ligal department of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

THE FIRST ONE.

The first arrest for auto-battery in Los Angeles was recorded last week, and a long line of surmises as to what may happen in the future if motorists take the law into their own hands instead of trusting to the cop on the corner, has arisen.

"I'd like to soak that guy," is the common impulse of every red-blooded motorist who is passed by some driver who immediately slows up in front again and usually grins over his shoulder, say Auto Club officials.

But hold your temper, and keep your foot off the throttle of your pug propensities, or the law will get you. Even if it is an unavoidable traffic difficulty, keep your wits about you and don't indulge in hard language or apoplectic epithets which may lead to blows.

AN INSTANCE.

An Auto Club member, name not divulged by the legal department was attacked, it is alleged, by another motorist because he cut in front of him while passing a street car. Several blows were struck and the club member got out a warrant for the arrest of the man who was cut in front of, says the department report.

This is cited as an example of the fact that warrants can be secured for the arrest of motorists who indulge in assault and battery whether or not they be right or wrong.

In case any flagrant violation of the law is noticed it is advisable to either call a cop, if there is one within hailing distance, and if not, to sit tight and do nothing—from a legal viewpoint.

CAN'T BE DONE.

Whether or not motorists are going to stand for traffic insults where a "smart aleck" truck driver or flivver pusher "cuts in" without license or makes a sudden turn without a correct arm signal without getting out and administrating the good old wallop like the one that made J. Dempsey famous, is a problem which Auto Club representatives could not solve yesterday.

NEW FIRM TAKES CASE FOR STATE.

One of the newest entries into local automobile ranks is the firm of Ferguson & Boisot, who have taken over the sales and distribution for the Case car in California. Headquarters have already been established in Los Angeles, 1220 South Grand avenue, and the work of opening up branches throughout the State has commenced.

It is the intention of this firm to give the Case the same reputation and popularity on the Coast that it has had in the East for many years.

BETTER COLORS ON NEW PLATES.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 6.—A liberal touch of the colors of old glory, blue and white, will constitute the color scheme of the 1922 California automobile license plate, Charles J. Chenu, superintendent of the State Motor Vehicle Department, announces.

The plates, says Chenu, will have deep blue numbers with a pure white background, a decided contrast to the present yellow and black plate which has been denounced by California artists.

Bids for supplying the 1922 plates have already been received by the State Department of Finance. Approximately 1,000,000 plates will be required.

NEW BUICK FOUR GETS BIG CHEER.

Local Officials Believe Car is Going to Hit the Spot Exactly.

Motorists in Los Angeles are evincing the greatest interest in the new four-cylinder Buick, the latest creation of the engineers at the Buick factory.

The four is all that the officials of the Howard Automobile Company of Los Angeles anticipated, and then some, according to Harold W. Tuttle, assistant general manager of the big distributing house. It is an exact reproduction of the six-cylinder Buick so far as the lines are concerned, and the fact that it is made in the Buick plant, with its quarter of a century experience in the manufacture of automobiles behind it, is the best guarantee of its reliability from a mechanical standpoint.

With standard units throughout, and having the most up-to-date, and thoroughly tested working parts obtainable, the four-cylinder Buick promises to be popular with motorists all over the country.

Sets New Mark for Motor Run Into Yosemite.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—The record of the Wills-Sainte Claire in making the run from Oakland to the Yosemite Valley in 6h., 28m., and turning around immediately and making the return trip in 6h., 31m., has been the talk of motordom during the last couple of days.

A majority of motorists consider that they have made a very good run if they make the one-way trip in the time required by the Wills for the round trip. Especially at this season of the year, when the Big Oak Flat road is none too good.

The total distance is 378 miles, 150 miles of which is over steep, winding mountain grades. Every variety of going is encountered, from the smooth boulevard to the torn-up grade, inches deep in dust. Travel has been heavy to the Yosemite this season, and many touring parties were encountered on the road.

The object of the trip was not to make the fastest time possible, but to put the Wills-Sainte Claire through a stunt that would combine all the tests to which a motor car is ever subjected.

Report Shows Rubber Firms in Good Shape.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

AKRON (O.) Aug. 6. — The statement from the B. F. Goodrich Company that almost $15,000,000 have been paid on current liabilities and bank loans thus far this year was the greatest single revelation in the rubber industry this year.

It was well known that the company was straining every muscle to pay off its current liabilities and that some progress was being made, but that it was possible on the production, which during the first quarters of the year was curtailed and which to date does not run over 16,000 tires a day and in the face of the 20 per cent price reduction started by Goodrich, to cut the loans in half came as a complete surprise to practically every man in Akron.

Speculation was started anew as to what can be expected from the other companies during the present year if Goodrich can meet its preferred dividend and pay half its loans when practically all the other companies are operating on a larger percentage of production basis than Goodrich.

During the week reports received from all over the country indicate that stocks of tires are lower today than they were at any time in the history of the industry. It will be remembered that the motor vehicle industry went into the present year with an actual shortage of 2,000,000 tires, as compared with normal supplies and it is now certain that has been increased considerably.

During the year, it is estimated here, approximately and certainly not more than 6,000,000 tires have been made in Akron. These tires were shipped and sold because they were bought by the dealers on the hand-to-mouth policy. There have been no tires stored in warehouses so that the statement that the shelves are bare just about tells the story.

MAY BE CENTER OF RACE WORLD.

Plan to Put Beverly Hills Classic at Very Top.

Pickins Starts for Europe to Line Up Drivers.

International Struggle Already a Certainty.

Determined to have the next Thanksgiving Day classic at Beverly present a more varied field of starters than ever faced the starter's flag in any automobile race, officials of the Los Angeles Speedway Association have sent William Pickens to Europe to check up the entries already promised by the foreign factories, and to secure at least one pilot and car from every other concern manufacturing racing cars.

ON HIS WAY.

Pickens departed yesterday for Indianapolis and will make a canvass of the American factories and individuals who have racing cars of the proper piston displacement, the idea being to bring out the strongest possible field of native drivers to oppose the foreigners. If there are not sufficient cars to provide such daring free-lance pilots as Art Klein, Joe Boyer and Eddie Pullen with mounts worthy of their gasoline, three local sportsmen have volunteered to purchase foreign cars for their use. Nothing less than twenty-five starters at the wheels of the greatest steel thoroughbreds will satisfy the Beverly organization.

If Pickens is successful in securing the entries of the factories and sportsmen he visits, the Thanksgiving Day race will provide the first real speed battle between the Europeans since 1914, when Lautenschlager, the German, romped home a victor for the second time in the French Grand Prix.

HANGING FIRE.

Lautenschlager has entered the Thanksgiving Day race, though his nomination brought forth a barrage of opposition from the drivers and from a portion of the public. The acceptance of his entry is still hanging fire.

In Europe, Pickens will first visit the Ballot factory in Paris. He will try to induce the crafty builder to send his entire team of French drivers here to reinforce the Ralph de Palma entry. Guyot, Bolliot and Chassagne are his other stars.

In England the Sunbeam and Vaxhaull concerns will be canvassed. Dario Resta is the star of the Sunbeam racing organization, while Lord Covington, who is wealthy and an amateur in standing in so far as prize money is concerned, but one of the most daring of all European pilots, is the hope of the Vaxhaull team.

NEXT ON LIST.

The Talbot-Darracq will be the next factory on the visiting list of the speedway's emissary. Dubonnet, the French sportsman; Nazzaro, Lancia and Massini of the Itala team; Count Mongini, the Fiat star, and other Italian drivers will be called on and acquainted with the fact that in Los Angeles and not in Indianapolis is the real speed plant of America.

Rene Thomas, Jules Goux, French pilots, and Arthur Duray of Belgium have competed at Indianapolis in the past with great success. De Palma reported in a recent letter to speedway officials that all three are anxious to come to Los Angeles if their factory duties in the research line can be neglected for a few weeks.

The Isotta-Fraschini Company has just completed three 185-inch cars which were intended for the recently contested Targa Floria event. These cars will be sought for Thanksgiving Day.

STUDEBAKER ISSUES REGULAR DIVIDEND.

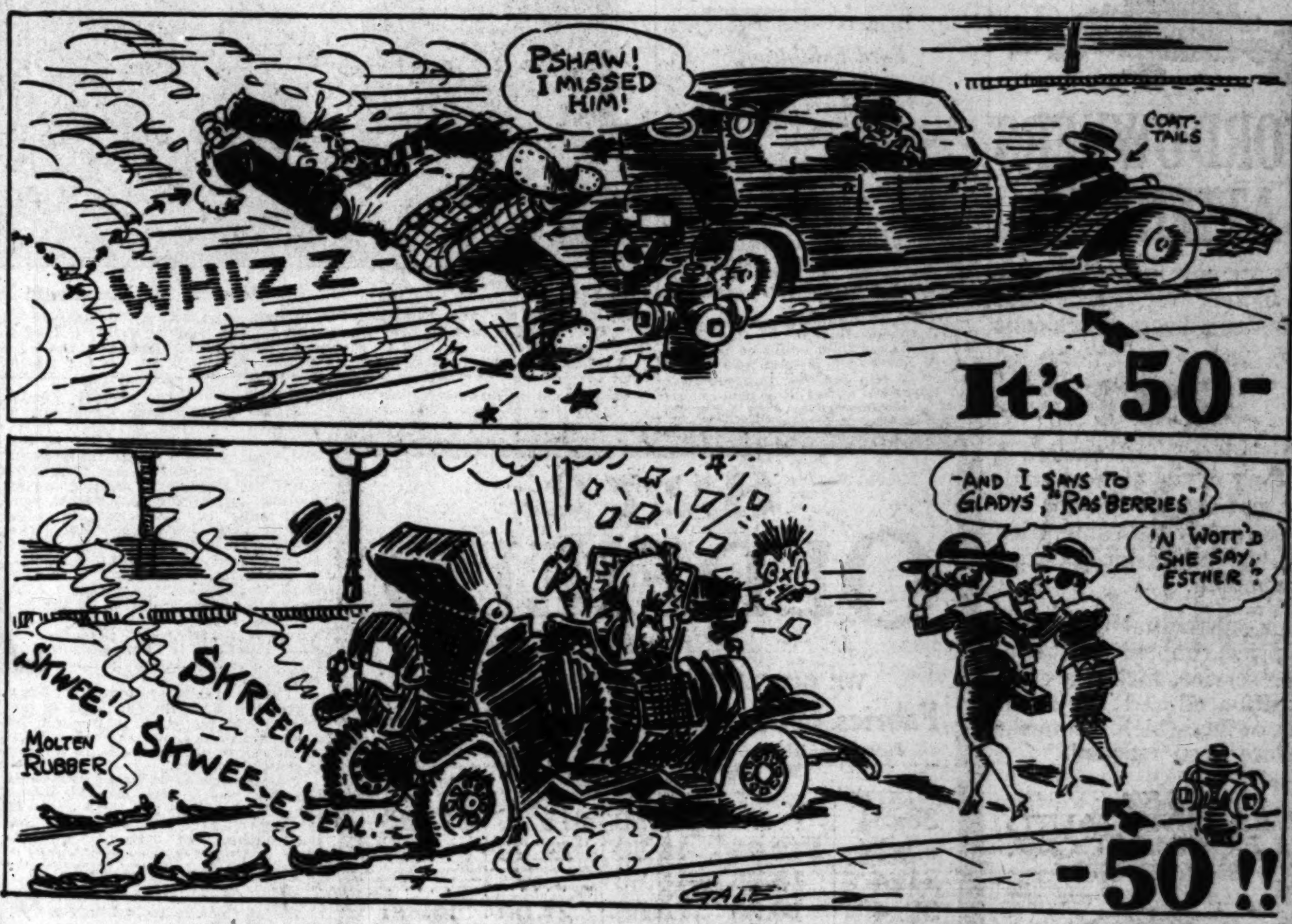
[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

SOUTH BEND (Ind.) Aug. 6. — The Studebaker corporation has declared the regular quarterly dividend of $1.75 a share on the common, and the same amount on the preferred, both payable September 1, to stock of record August 10.

For the quarter ending June 30, Studebaker reports consolidated net income after charges, reserves for adjustment of inventories of foreign branches, Federal taxes, etc., of $4,270,574, equivalent after preferred dividends of $6.83 a share earned on the outstanding $60,000,000 common stock.

For the six months ending June 30, 1921, the net income amounted to $6,381,124, equivalent to $10.06 a share earned on the common after ...

Take Your Choice---It's Fifty-Fifty.



Going to Show that Walking or Motoring, It's All the Same—By Gale.

MOTOR ACCIDENTS ON A STEADY INCREASE HERE.

And It's an Interesting Fact That Drivers and Pedestrians Are About Equally to Blame.

BY ALBERT F. NATHAN.

Dead, 25; injured, 550; accidents, 2404; cause, automobiles.

Automobile accidents on the city streets during the month of July furnished the above figures.

Based on the number of automobile accidents per 1,000,000 population: New York City, 134.7; Los Angeles, 268.6.

The Automobile Club of Southern California, the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations have appealed to the police to stop the slaughter of pedestrians on the streets by automobiles.

Chief of Police Jones says the accidents should be stopped.

Traffic officers, under the command of Captain of Traffic James McDowell, say they are trying to curb the reckless automobile drivers and instruct the pedestrians in the art of crossing a downtown street.

Accidents are on the increase every day.

Following a careful study of thousands of accident reports on file at Central Police Station, made by Capt. McDowell, a peculiar fact, according to the traffic expert has been brought to light.

Pedestrians are as much to blame for traffic accidents as the automobile drivers. The blame, according to Capt. McDowell, is about 50-50.

At least one-half of the accidents in which automobiles are involved result from careless and reckless automobile drivers.

The other half of the accidents can be traced to heedless and reckless pedestrians.

Many automobile drivers, according to Capt. McDowell, think they own the streets. They drive their automobiles on the theory that all pedestrians are a pest and should be removed even if a strong and unbending bumper must be used, propelled by a motor developing twenty to forty horsepower. Accident reports showing lists of victims prove this.

Thousands of pedestrians, on the other hand, walk the downtown streets daily with the firm and fixed idea that the pavements were laid by a dear and kindly city, for the sole purpose of giving them something to walk on. No one else has a right on the street, least of all the unfortunate owner of an automobile. This can be proved by about half of the accident reports now on hand at Central Police Station.

MERRILY ON.

And so the slaughter of persons on the downtown streets goes merrily on in the face of the bold and policemanlike statement of Chief Jones that "accidents must stop."

Figures based on months of research work and intelligent effort by the police, according to dispatches from the city of New York, show that the largest city in the United States has cut down traffic accidents by one-third.

Figures based on reports on file at Central Police Station here show that in spite of the fact that the Automobile Club of Southern California, the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations have been calling upon the public, the police and everybody else to cut down accidents, the death rate by automobiles and the list of injured in this city are on the increase.

Although Chief of Police Jones, since taking office, has announced daily that the automobile accidents on the city streets must be curbed, an investigation made yesterday showed that nothing definite has been done by the police to curb the accidents. Traffic officers controlling the city streets have not been called together and ordered to enforce the law to the utmost. No official in-

(Continued on Second Page.)

CROSS COUNTRY BY STAGE.

New Motor Service Is Inaugurated Between New York and Los Angeles.

The arrival in Los Angeles of a New York transcontinental motor stage with a pay load of passengers marks a new epoch in cross-country passenger service.

In the days of '49 a trip to the land of Eldorado from New York was a matter of most serious consideration, weeks of careful planning and inquiry and then months of hardships and discomfort but now—Mr. or Mrs. Knickerbocker picks up the telephone, calls the booking bureau of some tour and travel company and engages passage to the far West as easily as they order food from the near-by grocer. But they do not need to ask about train schedules, reserve Pullman accommodations or arrange stopovers for they are going to travel by automobile.

SIMPLY ENJOY IT.

They will change no tires, buy no gasoline, clean no spark plugs—no, they will ride and ride, stopping where places of interest charm them to delay, rest comfortably every night in some well-appointed hotel and see the national parks, national monuments and explore a new country such as was never seen from the windows of a Pullman.

Magic, you say! No, not quite, just a well organized business venture to furnish transcontinental motor tours for those who either have no cars or prefer not to bother with driving theirs across the United States.

WILSON AUTO TOURS.

The Wilson Auto Tours, Inc., is the genie who places the lamp of Alladdin in the hands of those who desire cross-country travel sans trouble of operation and mechanical adjustments. J. Raymond Wilson, who, after many years of experience in the motor car business, dreamed of a transcontinental passenger service, has organized a company, purchased a fleet of cars and has three of them already on the way.

The first of these cars reached Los Angeles a few days ago with four

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

STATE IS GETTING BUSY.

Chenu Says Careless Motorists Are Really Going to Feel This "Clean-Up Campaign."

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 6.—California motorists must comply in every respect with the State motor vehicle laws, according to an ultimatum issued by Charles J. Chenu, superintendent of the State Motor Vehicle Department.

REAL CAMPAIGN.

Chenu has inaugurated a clean-up campaign, which he started in Sacramento. The first of the series of raids which took place here resulted in the arrest of nearly 200 motorists for violatons of the laws, especially headlight regulations.

These raids will be carried on in every city in the State, says Chenu, until the careless motorists are made to realize the motor vehicle laws must be respected.

"If the cities are free from violators," declares Chenu, "the highways are bound to be, for a big majority of the volators live in the cities.

LAX CONDITION.

"The initial raids in Sacramento revealed a most lax condition, and I believe the same is true to a large extent in virtually every section of California. Willful carelessness with lights, mufflers, etc., was conclusively proved by the first raids.

"Many of those arrested in Sacramento had frosted globes in their headlights, and these are in direct violation of the law. Many had globes of too high power, while a number had lights entirely out of adjustment, or lenses which did not comply with the law."

PINK SHEET NEWS SUMMARY.

AUTOMOBILES. Reports indicate that Henry Ford is out to find a cheap source of aluminum and to manufacture the metal himself if need be. Believed that revolutionary changes could be made in motor-car production if this lightweight metal is brought down to a more reasonable figure.

Manager of Los Angeles Speedway starts for Europe to line up foreign drivers for Thanksgiving Day classic.

Motor-car accidents on a steady increase and statistics show that pedestrians are often to blame as well as automobile drivers. Heavy death toll, however, emphasizes fact that something definite should be done to curb recklessness and carelessness on part of all concerned.

Buick light four makes its debut and is warmly welcomed as a high-powered member of the well-known family.

Transcontinental stage service is now an accomplished fact and you can book your way from New York to Los Angeles and return by motor car if you want to. Round trip to take about sixty-two days, including stopovers at interesting and scenic points.

New automobile license plates for 1922 to get away from the much kicked-about black and yellow—blue and white this time.

SPORTS. Capt. Tom Marshall continues his interesting talks to trapshooters, hunters and fishermen.

Latest doings in the realms of chess and checkers by John Dougherty.

The New Oldsmobile 4

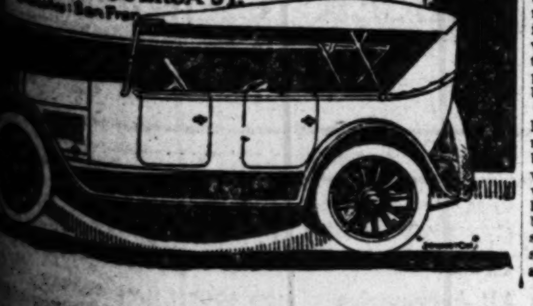
Two Wonderful Automobile Values

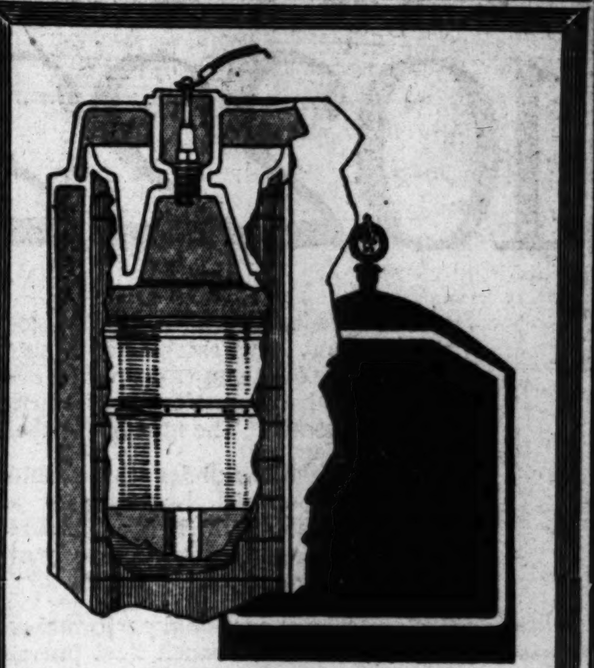
The wonderful reception accorded the Oldsmobile Four has been equalled by the popular favor which has been accorded the Twin Four by the California motoring public.

Since the radical price reductions, Oldsmobile is really one of the most valuable dollar-for-dollar offerings on the market.

There is a body type to suit your needs and a price that will surprise you by its power and performance—either Four or Twin Four.

J. W. LEAVITT & CO.
DISTRIBUTOR
1250 SO. FIGUEROA ST.

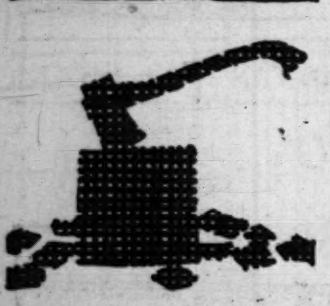




Showing the simplicity of the Stearns well water-jacketed cylinder; the combustion chamber directly and wholly over the piston and firing exactly in the center, giving quick, complete combustion and greater power.

Stearns Run Better—Longer.

Lynn C. Buxton
Distributor Southern California and Arizona
Figueroa at Twelfth



FORD OWNERS ATTENTION

We are now manufacturing a battery for Fords and other small cars which sells for

$27

This gives Ford owners a battery of the highest quality and longest life for approximately the same price for which inferior batteries are selling.

This substantial reduction in price, coupled with superior service, makes a combination offered the small car owner which has never before been reached.

WESTERN AUTO ELECTRIC CORP.
16th and Hope

THREAD-RUBBER Willard INSULATION

This trademark, stamped in red on the case, identifies the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery.

Willard Batteries

TRACTOR RACE IS THE LATEST.

Six Fordsons Compete in Event at Demonstration.

Huntington Park is Scene of Unique Meeting.

Many Dealers Attend the Big Ford Exhibition.

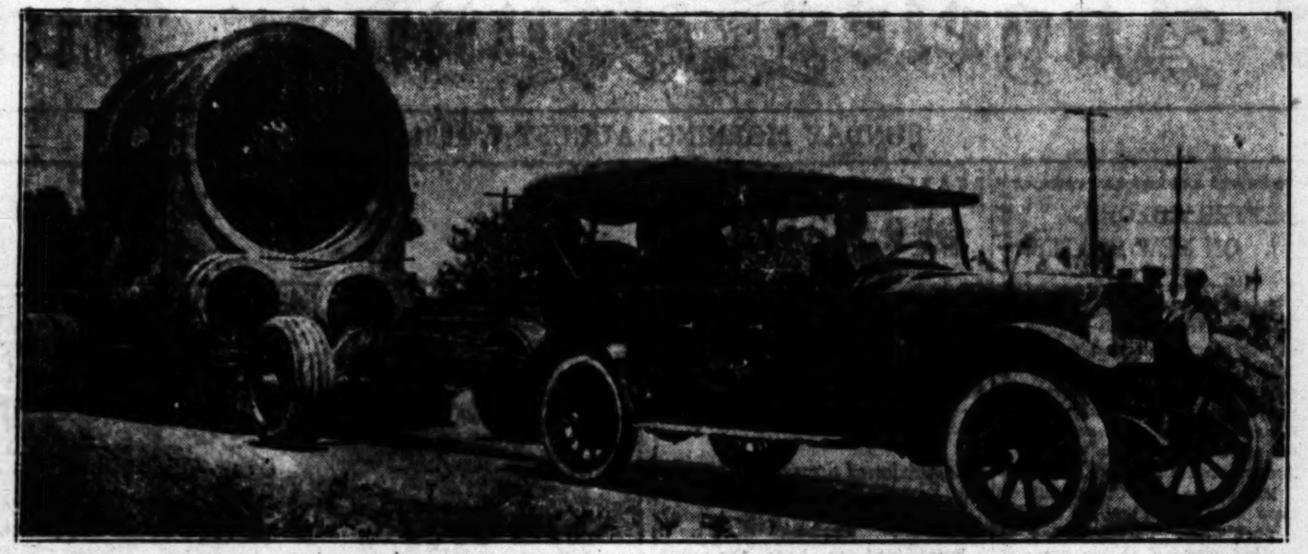
The Ford dealers of Los Angeles and vicinity held a Fordson tractor demonstration near Huntington Park last Sunday, under the direction of the Ford Motor Company. In describing the meeting, I. B. Groves, manager of the local branch, spoke as follows:

"The demonstration was a rousing success, and great enthusiasm was shown by the more than 200 members of our dealers' organizations who attended.

"In one of the most unique stunts, the Fordsons formed in line and showed how a field could be plowed, disced, harrowed, seeded and cultipacked in one continuous operation. The Fordsons performing this entire seeding operation drove at a steady pace of three miles an hour, or considerably faster than a horse can pull a heavy load. Henry Ford's idea of making each operation a one-man job was strikingly illustrated, for every implement in the line was operated from the seat of the tractor which towed it. The ability of the Fordson to keep going at a steady rate all day long was shown, and many of those present contrasted this efficiency with the inefficiency of horses that must frequently stop for a breathing spell. It was pointed out that the tractor is not hampered by weather conditions nor insects, and that by the addition of electric lights, current for which is supplied by the famous Ford magneto, it is possible to use the tractor day and night during the rush season.

"The simplicity of operation of the Fordson was shown, for many of the drivers had never sat in the seat of a tractor before, yet the work they produced would do credit to an experienced farmer.

"One of the most novel events of the day was a race up and down the field between six Fordsons. It is estimated that they traveled in the neighborhood of fifteen miles per hour over newly plowed ground, a remarkably fast pace considering the condition of the field. This race supported our claim that the Fordson is one of the fastest tractors on the market."



Power? Do You Doubt It After This Demonstration?

Here's one of the new Chandler Six models engaged in the pleasant pastime of yanking a thirty-ton load along one of our truck boulevards. The Chandler has hooked up to the trailer, which carried a load of thirty tons, and immediately started the thing moving in low gear. Then the driver shifted to second and finally to high and the capacity load followed right along without a hitch. All of which goes to prove that the modern motor car has all the power in the world.

3272 OLDFIELD TIRES

WE GUARANTEE ALL THESE TIRES

Fabrics 6000 miles—Cords 8000 miles

Not Blemished—Firsts Seconded by the Factory

	FABRIC		CORD	
	PLAIN	NON-SKID	RIBBED	NON-SKID
30x3½	.....	$12.50	$15.25	$17.50
32x3½	$12.95	15.50	21.00	.....
31x4	13.95	16.00	.....	.....
32x4	16.50	20.95	27.00	29.00
34x4	.....	22.00	28.00	30.00
32x4½	.....	.....	31.00	32.00
33x4½	22.00	24.50	31.50	32.50
34x4½	.....	25.00	.....	.....
35x4½	23.50	27.50	33.50	34.50
36x4½	24.00	.....	.....	35.50
35x5	20.00	.....	39.00	.....
37x5	25.00	.....	41.00	.....

WAR TAX INCLUDED. Prices subject to change without notice.

MAIL ORDERS

Goods shipped C. O. D. by express or parcel post, with privilege of examination. If not satisfied on arrival of goods, return them at our expense.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA, INC.

Formerly Sixth and Olive Streets. H. A. DEMAREST, President
LOS ANGELES—1006 S. Broadway, 1007 S. Main
Open Sundays and Evenings. Telephone Broadway 4049; 63737
LONG BEACH 20 American Avenue
PASADENA 15 South Fair Oaks

LOOKING ABOUT FOR ALUMINUM.

(Continued from First Page.)

that the power plant will deliver up to fifty miles per hour with ease.

NO MONOPOLY.

That he has no ambition to monopolize the automobile business, nor to consummate any giant merger is the declaration of W. C. Durant, made in a statement in which he attempts to set at rest many of the rumors constantly developing regarding the future activity of the Durant organization. In his statement Mr. Durant said, in part:

"Durant Motors, Inc., was not organized for the purpose of monopolizing the motor car industry or effecting a combination, merger or consolidation of existing companies in either motor car or accessories lines and regardless of rumors to the contrary will consider no combination, mergers or entangling alliances with any firm or corporation identified with the production of automobiles at this or any future time.

"Durant Motors, Inc., was organized to build a line of popular priced motor cars designed by Mr. Durant, the business owned by Mr. Durant and his close associates with no partner other than the investing public."

Easy to Locate the Parts in a National Sextet.

The engine balks.

Seldom, of course, but occasionally this has been known to happen in the best of well regulated automobile families. When the motor does go dead, the driver gets out and looks under the hood. He may have a hunch what the trouble is and whether it has to do with fuel or spark. But about eight times out of ten he will go to one side of the engine in search of exposed mechanism or parts that are on the other side. And probably the very next time he will do it again.

Such is the common motorists' dilemma pictured by Fred Rutledge of the Rutledge Motor Company, local distributors for the National motor car. But he declares that bewilderment about which side of the hood to raise never occurs to owners of the new National sextet.

"National owners always know to look on the right side of the motor, whether it's for spark plugs, wiring, carburetor or fan belt," he says. "It's all there. He knows it is useless to hunt for a clogged fuel line or dead plug on the left side, because that side is a blank as far as exposed parts are concerned.

"This is just one of the many really practical features of construction to be appreciated in the new National sextet."

SALES CONTINUE TO EXCEED PRODUCTION.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

DETROIT (Mich.) Aug. 6.—The Oakland Motor Car Company on August 1, announced an increase of its schedule for August, because of a new model to be launched that will bring the total production from 100 to about 140 daily. The extra schedule for the month is 1100 cars, but the expectation, it was announced, is that this will be exceeded. Sales are continuing in excess of production, it was declared.

NEW PLANT FOR CAMERON MOTORS.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—The Cameron Motors Corporation has acquired the implement plant of Cass T. Wright of this city. The company will manufacture parts for the Cameron air-cooled motor, and the Sandusky tractor, and will employ approximately 400 men.

PULLS IT RIGHT ALONG.

When Allen Brothers built their giant trailer truck with its immense carrying capacity, friends told them not to equip it with rubber tires because rubber would not carry the heavy loads they would place upon it. But for two years or more the truck has carried twenty, thirty and forty tons, and heavier loads, without injury to highways. In order to pull this heavily loaded trailer, which, empty, weighs six tons, a powerful five-ton truck has always been used, because it was found that a light-weight truck was likely to fall down on the job.

So when J. B. Alexander of the W. P. Herbert Company told Walter Allen that he was in quest of an adequate test of the Chandler's pulling power, and the strength of its rear end, Mr. Allen laughingly offered to let him pull the trailer truck with the thirty-ton load. Mr. Alexander took him up. "At least we can try," he said, "And as I am really looking for something to stump the car, I won't be disappointed if she refuses to budge."

The test was arranged on a perfectly level stretch of the new Alameda truck boulevard with a thirty-ton marine cylinder load en route from the Baker Iron Works to the shipyards at San Pedro. The five-ton truck which was hauling the load was cut off, and the Chandler hooked on. Mr. Alexander stepped on the starter and instantly the load began to move. As it gained momentum, Mr. Alexander went into second and then into high and the load came right along at the highest speed this loaded trailer ever trailed. Now Walter Allen says he is seriously considering using Chandlers as tow cars to replace the slow-moving trucks. Meanwhile, J. B. Alexander is looking for something heavier to pull with his Chandler.

ACCIDENTS ON BIG INCREASE.

(Continued from First Page.)

structions to all officers regarding traffic violations have been issued in the official Police Bulletin. No plan to cut down accidents by new regulations applying to automobile drivers and pedestrians alike has been worked out.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Last week Chief Jones received a letter signed by Sylester L. Weaver, president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. The letter reads in part: "We are willing to do our utmost to help you to stop this terrible holocaust, and are back of you in your endeavor to wipe this stain from our good name.

"As you are aware the Chamber of Commerce in conjunction with the Automobile Club and Society of Safety Engineers has procured the services of a trained safety engineer to help put a stop to these unnecessary accidents and make Los Angeles the bright spot on the map of the United States in every respect.

"We wish you to feel free to call upon this department for help or assistance in any way, and every time you think we can be of help to you in this new movement you are just inaugurating."

IN REPLY.

In reply, Chief Jones wrote the following:

"In connection with the campaign instituted by the Los Angeles Police Department to save the public from the 'speed demon,' I have progressed rapidly with the inquiry. I desire to determine why the rapid increase of deaths and injuries during the past months. There is little question but that the evidence thus far uncovered will develop an unusual situation.

"Hourly, the department is receiving commendation and offers of assistance from prominent men and organizations. It is particularly gratifying to know that many automobile enthusiasts are backing the department up.

"One of the most gratifying and valuable indorsements of our new policy is that of the Chamber of Commerce."

But after all, the correspondence has been filed away and everybody in authority has agreed that accidents "must stop." And, after all, reckless automobile drivers have been told that they are naughty, naughty, and careless pedestrians have been notified that they are all wrong and will, without a doubt, soon be slaughtered if they don't watch out, the investigation will in all probability be closed like all the others have.

And in the meantime the total deaths by automobile accidents grows and grows, and the number injured makes a new total every month.

OLD-TIMER STILL TRAVELING AROUND.

ONE-LUNG WINTON, VINTAGE OF 1898, TAKES PART IN CLEVELAND PARADE.

The first American-made gasoline motor car sold in the United States, a Winton single-cylinder, ran under its own power in the parade held in Cleveland on July 22, in honor of the 125th anniversary of the city's founding.

This car was sold by the Winton Company to Robert Allison, a mechanical engineer of Port Carbon, Pa., on March 24, 1898. It was by far the oldest car running under its own power in the parade, and received an ovation all along the line. Almost all of the floats and displays were more or less historical in their nature, and consequently this old Winton was strictly in its element. It brought back vividly to the thousands who viewed the parade the early days in the motor car industry when a horseless carriage was a curiosity.

Five beautiful Winton sixes of the latest model accompanied the old car.

Traveled 10,222 Miles in 30 days

White Trucks in the service of the Motor Transit Company have established a marvelous record. Day in and day out these cars operate over the highways making their schedules, stopping, starting, always under top notch strain. The mileage of these trucks is remarkable.

Traveling under these conditions, one car in the service between Los Angeles and Redlands traveled 10,222 miles in 30 DAYS. The 86 White Trucks operated by the Motor Transit Company averaged more than 4500 miles per car for the month.

The exceptional performance of these White Trucks in the Motor Transit fleet proves that they are a superior product.

"White Trucks last longer."

WHITE AUTO COMPANY
1800 S. Figueroa Street
West 271

WHITE TRUCKS

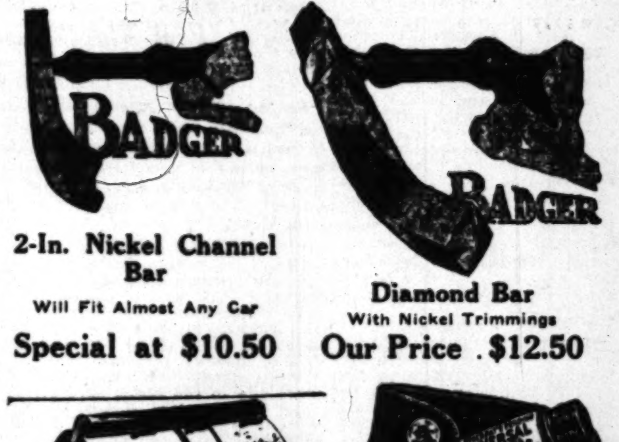
Turner Motor Supply
862 So. GRAND AVE.

Promises to see that you will get the

Prompt, Courteous Service

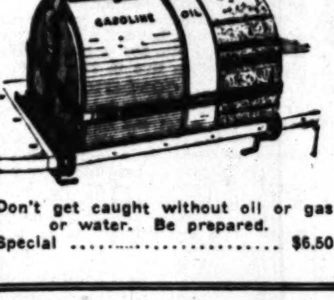
You Always Get When You Come in After These

BARGAINS

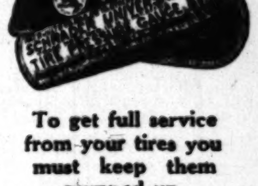


2-In. Nickel Channel Bar
Will Fit Almost Any Car
Special at $10.50

Diamond Bar
With Nickel Trimmings
Our Price . $12.50



Don't get caught without oil or gas or water. Be prepared.
Special $6.50



To get full service from your tires you must keep them pumped up.
Cheap at $1.20

Save $1000 to $1800 ON CADILLACS

"The Latest Models"
Same as Being Delivered New
Nearly New Cars
Several Run Less Than 5000 Miles

	Price New
Sedan—7-Pass.	$5935
Sedan—5-Pass.	$5745
Coupe—4-Pass.	$5315
Speedster—3-Pass.	$5500
Touring—7-Pass.	$4635
Phaeton—4-Pass.	$4535
Roadster—3-Pass.	$4535

Terms May Be Arranged

DON LEE

Re-New-Ed Car Dept., 1218 S. Main St.

Lowest Priced S... With These Featu...

Velie Six Model 48

You cannot find another car in the world priced as low with Continental 7-R Motor and Timken Axles. ... Velie 48 is of like grade. Then you have the Velie ... tive, attractive, comfortable. The most amazing ... tunity on the market today. Eight Velie Sizes, open ... at new low prices. All Velie prices were reduced ...

LORD MOTOR CAR CO.
Cor. Grand Ave., at Pico St.

Velie

BONNER TUBE
AIR FILLED—
NON-DEFLATABLE—
GUARANTEED

Last 2 to 3 times as long as the ... style tube. Increase casing mileage 25% to 50%. Eliminate flat tires and resulting grief. Assure satisfaction and efficiency.

Descriptive matter mailed on request. We still have ... tory open in eight southern counties of California, New Mexico and Arizona.

RETAIL STORE AND SERVICE STATION
1533 W. 7th St. Wil. 7934
BONNER TUBE CO. OF SO. CALIF.

More Power More Economy More Effici...
Are Yours With a
MILLER CARBURETOR
1312 South Los Angeles St.

Oils
Gas
Grease
All Accessories
Everything You Want for the Auto
L. A. Motor Supply House
1065 SOUTH MAIN STREET

...000 to $1800
ON
...ILLACS

"Latest Models"
...Being Delivered New
...rly New Cars
...n Less Than 5000 Miles

	Price New	This Car
....	$5935	$4535
....	$5745	$3975
....	$5315	$3975
....	$5500	$4250
....	$4635	$3635
....	$4535	$3535
....	$4535	$3535

...May Be Arranged
...Car Dept., 1218 S. Main St.

...t Priced Si...
...hese Featur...

Velie Six Model 48
...r car in the world priced as low...
...Motor and Timken Axles. Every...
...Then you have the Velie style...
...able. The most amazing Quality...
...day. Eight Velie Sizes, open and cl...
...Velie prices were reduced July 2.
...MOTOR CAR CO
... Grand Ave., at Pico St.
$1885 delivered—war tax paid.
...elie

BONNER TUBES
AIR FILLED—
NON-DEFLATABLE—
GUARANTEED
Last 2 to 3 times as long as the old
...e casing mileage 25% to 50%.
...and resulting grief. Assure satisfaction
...mailed on request. We still have terri-
... southern counties of California. New
...ORE AND SERVICE STATION
... W. 7th St. Wil. 7934
... TUBE CO. OF SO. CALIF.

...ore Economy More Efficiency
...re Yours With a
... CARBURETOR
...uth Los Angeles St.

...ing You Want for the Auto
...otor Supply House
1066 SOUTH MAIN STREET
Ajax and Samson Tires

...NOUNCEMENT STOPS RUMORS.

...'s Statement Sets at Rest Many Stories.

... Company Organized to Monopolize Industry.

... to Start Turning Out Cars This Month.

...finite announcement regard-...the future plans of Durant Mo-...Inc., was issued last week by ...C. Durant to put an end to the ...rumors current in the automobile world concerning the new company. The statement sets at rest the many stories to the effect that Durant is planning a gigantic merger with existing companies, or that he intends to build up his new car into substantial production and then sell it out.

"Durant Motors, Inc., was organized to build a line of popular-priced motor cars designed by Mr. Durant, the business owned by Mr. Durant and his close associates, with no partner other than the investing public," the statement ran.

"The company was not organized for the purpose of monopolizing the motor-car industry or effecting a combination, merger or consolidation of existing companies in either accessory or motor-car lines. Regardless of rumors to the contrary, Durant Motors, Inc., will consider no combination, mergers or entangling alliances with any firm or corporation identified with the production of automobiles at this or any future time."

Excellent progress toward big production of the new Durant is being made, according to the statement. The Durant plant at Long Island City will start turning out cars in August, and will eventually have a capacity of 25,000 cars per year. F. W. Hohensee, president and general manager of the company, was formerly in charge of the operation of the entire group of Chevrolet factories. The Lansing plant, with a capacity of 40,000 cars per year, is being rushed to completion under a building contract that specifies completion by November 1. The Oakland plant is to have a capacity of 20,000 cars per year, and will be in production by March, 1922, according to present plans.

A 6½ Inch Frame is Used in The Oakland "6"

Take a look at the chassis of the Oakland. Compare the depth of the frame with that of other cars. 6½ inches deep! No wonder the Oakland is free from twists and torsion—free from rattles and squeaks.

A deep frame makes for smoother riding, longer life to moving parts and greater mileage on tires.

This is only one of a dozen points of superiority in the Oakland—the lowest price SIX-CYLINDER car on the market.

Roadster ..$1345 Coupe $1875
Touring ....$1395 Sedan $1975

CORD TIRE EQUIPPED
Delivered Tax Paid.
Closed models have Gabriel Snubbers.

Los Angeles Oakland Co.
1027 South Olive Street
12159
California Oakland Motor Co.
Los Angeles San Francisco
...ook for the Oakland Dealer in Your Town

Oakland

...e Huge Audience
...TIMES' Want-ads is made up of readers of all newspapers. When-...when the citizen of Southern California buys a TIMES.

Puts Out Cadillac's with a Lavish Hand.

J. E. Clark (in machine,) winner of the Don Lee salesman's contest, being congratulated by Sales Manager H. H. Coffman. Mr. Clark distributed Cadillac's in a scandalous manner in order to win first place in this interesting race.

YIELDING SHAFT IS CAUSE OF VIBRATION.

IS UNPLEASANT FOR PASSENGERS AND INDICATES LACK OF MOTOR EFFICIENCY.

Though vibration in a motor is an extremely unpleasant quality in itself, the discomfort it imposes upon the passengers in the car is by no means its only drawback. Vibration is an indication of friction and lack of efficiency, as well, according to Harry Sperl, general sales manager for Earle C. Anthony, Inc.

"The chief source of vibration in a motor is crankshaft 'whip,'" says Sperl. "That is, the crank shaft does not remain perfectly straight and rigid under the force of the explosions in the cylinders, but yields slightly under pressure.

"When the crank shaft gives in this fashion, it can be readily seen that there will be a tendency for it to wedge in the bearings. It will not turn as freely as though it were perfectly rigid.

"That means added friction in the motor, and consequent loss of power. To avoid this, the engineers who designed the Packard single six motor, used seven bearings to support the crank shaft instead of the customary three or four. This gives suports for the crank shaft at each side of each connecting-rod bearing, and totally eliminates crank-shaft 'whip.'

SALES CONTEST WON BY CLARK.

PLUCKS OFF FIRST HONORS IN LOCAL CADILLAC RACE.

The sales contest which has been in progress in the Don Lee organization for the last three months, and in which every Don Lee salesman in California competed, was won by J. E. Clark of the Don Lee Los Angeles organization. Clark, who is one of the veteran salesmen from the local force, jumped into the lead thirty days after the contest started and he gained points steadily, and, as a fitting climax, put over his last sale on the afternoon of the final closing day.

The second prize was won by Earl N. Merguire, recently appointed sales manager of the Don Lee San Francisco organization. Third prize was won by Herman "S.S." Duvall, also of Los Angeles. Mr. Duvall was formerly a well-known sprinter, and is widely known for his swimming achievement. Fourth place was won by Ted Grant of San Francisco.

FIRST PURCHASER BACK FOR ANOTHER.

Purchaser of the first Leach power-plus six manufactured, nearly two years ago, R. J. Gruenberg, president of the Pacific Folding Box Company of San Francisco, has demonstrated his faith in a California-made car by purchasing his second Leach, five-passenger touring car this week.

It was in 1919 that Mr. Gruenberg obtained his first Leach car, when it was the first one turned out of the factory at 4800 Santa Fe avenue, Los Angeles. The second car manufactured, incidentally, is owned by L. G. Martin of Los Angeles, and has travelled more than 50,000 miles in two years, and is going as strong as ever.

"I never had a car please me more than the Leach," Mr. Gruenberg declared. "I have had perfect satisfaction with this first car. It has been reliable, economical and powerful. I know my new car will be equally satisfactory. I consider the Leach power-plus six the most beautiful car on the market today, regardless of price, and its standard equipment contains scores of accessories that are extras on other machines. It is a credit to California to have such a car manufactured in the State, and every one should boost this car and its makers."

Although Mr. Gruenberg had driven his first Leach more than 30,000 miles, and had tried it out under the most adverse conditions, it never failed to complete its trips.

WATCH YOUR BATTERY DURING HOT WEATHER.

"During hot weather, look your battery over at least once every two weeks," advises Harry W. Harrison, Southern California and Arizona distributor of Westinghouse Batteries. "A great deal of trouble can be avoided if the motorist makes sure that the electrolyte in his battery is high enough. Naturally, in hot weather, the water evaporates more quickly than in cold weather. Motorists are frequently stalled out in the open road without a working battery simply because they have been careless about filling the battery often enough.

"Not only is it inconvenient to find one's battery gone dry, but it abuses the battery. With the attention that is possible for every motorist, whatever his make of battery may be, at Battery Service Headquarters, corner Ninth and Flower, where pure distilled water is available at all times, free of charge, there is little excuse for this kind of trouble. Make it a point to drive in at a service station at least once in two weeks and let an experienced battery man give your battery a drink. You will find this service a might wise precaution."

PERFECTO FIRM PLANS TO OPEN LOCAL STORE.

Glover Ruckstell, president of the Ruckstell Sales and Manufacturing Company, has been in Los Angeles during the past week with L. F. Abadie, general manager of the same concern. Ruckstell and Abadie announced yesterday that a Los Angeles store is to be opened by the manufacturers of the Perfecto two-speed axle for Ford cars in order to take care of the business of this section.

History Repeats Itself

OVER sixty years ago a Studebaker, built and driven by John Studebaker, was the first wagon to successfully complete the entire trip from east to the California goldfields.

On July 31st, 1921, a Studebaker Special Six arrived in Los Angeles from New York, the first of a fleet of transcontinental passenger stages operating from New York to Pacific Coast points and return with pay-loads. Two other Studebakers are following about one week apart.

The arrival of this first transcontinental automobile stage marks an epoch in passenger service by motor cars.

J. Raymond Wilson, president and general manager of the Wilson Auto Tours, Inc., who piloted this first stage has had years of experience in the automobile business. He says that Studebaker cars were chosen for this difficult service for four basic reasons:—

First—they give dependable performance.
Second—they afford the passengers comfort.
Third—they operate economically enough for profit.
Fourth—they have a nation-wide service for emergencies.

This same combination of desirable qualities is what makes the Studebaker the favorite of California motorists and gives it the lead in sales over all makes except the Ford. It creates an enthusiasm among owners that is exceptional.

If you will telephone us we will see that you are afforded an opportunity to learn for yourself that Studebaker light cars render the best and most economical passenger transportation. Telephone and we will send a car to your door at your convenience.

This is a Studebaker Year

LOS ANGELES PRICES—CORD TIRE EQUIPMENT

War Tax Included of Course

Touring Cars and Roadsters		Coupes and Sedans	
Light Six Roadster, 2-Pass.	$1540	Light Six Coupe, 2-Pass.	[illegible]
Light Six Touring, 5-Pass.	1575	Light Six Sedan, 5-Pass.	[illegible]
Special Six Roadster, 2-Pass.	1845	Special Six Coupe, 4-Pass.	[illegible]
Special Six Touring, 5-Pass.	1895	Special Six Sedan, 5-Pass.	[illegible]
Special Six Club, 4-Pass.	1895	Big Six Coupe, 4-Pass.	[illegible]
Big Six Touring, 7-Pass.	2325	Big Six Sedan, 7-Pass.	[illegible]

PAUL G. HOFFMAN CO.
1250 South Figueroa Street. 60439—Main 3640
Huntington Park, South 2303, 104 South Pacific Ave.
6325 Hollywood Blvd. 578374.

American Cars Are Popular in Distant Persia.

Ekaf Asi Siht, a Persian merchant of prominence in this country, is in this part of the State on his way to the eastern markets. He will take back with him a shipment of Liberty six touring cars, one of the few American-made automobiles that have made their way into this far-off land.

According to Asi Siht, motor cars were held back in Persia and neighboring countries on account of the road conditions and the difficulty in obtaining fuel. The fuel problem could be easily overcome if the roads were improved sufficiently.

More motor cars have gone into Persia during the last year than during all previous years. In 1918 there were less than 3000 in the entire country. In 1920 this number had grown to over 20,000. There would undoubtedly have been a great many more cars sent to the East had it not been for the war, and from now on the progress of the motor car in that country should be very rapid.

Ekaf Siht recently came here from San Francisco and while here visited C. W. McKelvey, head of the motor car company that bears his name, distributors of the Liberty Six in Southern California. After a visit here with friends the Persian merchant will go direct to New York, where business interests will detain him for several months. He expects to spend some time at the Liberty factory on his way East.

Fall Will be a Season of Closed Cars.

That the fall season will be another closed-car season was the prediction yesterday of H. J. Coger, vice-president and general manager of the Troy Motor Sales Company, who has just recently completed a survey of the Southern California territory.

"There is no question but that the closed models in practically all lines of standard cars are meeting with increasing favor," said Coger. "With our dealer organization I found this situation prevailing throughout.

"Nash dealers are making preparation for one of their best seasons for some time past, when the fall buying opens up. And they are making due provision for an adequate supply of closed cars, both sedans and coupes.

"The growing demand for closed cars is especially apparent in the southern part of the State where the all-the-year eveness of temperature makes this type the most comfortable car on the market."

MOTOR NASH CARS

The Nash factory at Kenosha, this year, is building fifty thousand Nash Sixes ninety-three per cent complete. A second Nash factory, for the exclusive manufacture of the Nash Four, rivaling in size and volume of output the Kenosha factory, is located in Milwaukee. These factories and the reputation and standing of the Nash organization itself, backs your purchase when you buy a Nash.

TROY MOTOR SALES CO.
NASH DISTRIBUTORS
1060 Figueroa at Eleventh
60262 LOS ANGELES Pico 1323
NASH DEALERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Kern County Motor Company, Bakersfield, California.
Hart & Carey, Brawley, California.
Bankhead Motor Company, Douglas, Arizona.
T. T. Gardner & Son, Gardena, California.
Glendale Nash Sales Company, Glendale, California.
Rickerhauser & Miller, Hollywood, California.
Frank C. Bellman, Long Beach, California.
Cochran & Nichols, Ontario, California.
A. T. Sebastiah, Oxnard, California.
Earl Lindley Motor Company, Pasadena, California.
Phoenix Nash Company, Phoenix, Arizona.
C. H. Larimer, Pomona, California.
J. W. Kemp, Riverside, California.
W. Edward Shaw, San Diego, California.
Mission Garage, San Luis Obispo, California.
May Motor Company, Santa Ana-Anaheim, California.
Santa Barbara Nash Sales Company, Santa Barbara, California.
Cliff Henderson, Santa Monica, California.
W. H. Bertram, Tucson, Arizona.
C. D. Hall, Whittier, California.
R. S. Jones, Prescott, Arizona.

WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE
The Mo-lyb-den-um Car

No. 6—The Silent Gears

WILLS Sainte Claire crankcase and intermediate gears are specially designed to eliminate the usual gear noises.

Each gear is made of two gear rings, pressed together, and paper deadening rings are placed between the surfaces in contact, thus effectually muffling the noise usual to operation, and adding materially to the smoothness and silence that characterize the Wills Sainte Claire.

The very unusual lighting arrangements of the Wills Sainte Claire will be described next week. Look for it.

In the meantime we invite you to see the car itself—Ride in it—Drive it. You'll find it its own best spokesman.

WESTERN MOTORS COMPANY
1058 S. Flower St. Los Angeles, Calif.
GERMOND MOTOR CO.
6154 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood

We live and build in Marysville

LACK OF FAITH IN THE USED CAR.

Buyers Hesitate to Purchase Second-hand Autos.

Standard of This Market Has Hit the Toboggan.

Jordan Announces New Policy to Remedy Condition.

Too long have motor-car manufacturers closed their eyes to the need of raising the standard in used-car buying.

"This has resulted," says Edward S. Jordan, "in a deplorable lack of confidence on the part of the public in buying used cars. This need for a definite stand regarding the used-car situation has led us to announce to the public a used-car policy which will be national in its effect and will operate through every Jordan distributor throughout the United States.

"This policy considers the used-car buyer in the same light that we do the buyer of a new car. Many who have hitherto hesitated to buy a used car for lack of confidence in the organization selling it, can now go into a Jordan distributor and buy a car with that same fine trust which purchasers of Jordan cars know.

"While startling in its broad fundamental understanding of the needs of motor-car buying, this policy is but a forerunner of what will be the ultimate attitude of all good manufacturers.

"In announcing this policy, the Jordan Motor Car Company, through its many distributors, is conducting a ten-day, used-car sale in which the value, the service and the general condition of the car is pledged to be exactly as represented."

Many who have realized the problems the used car offers in the distribution of automobiles have expressed sincere admiration for this courageous stand by the Jordan Motor Car Company. Many feel that the good name "Jordan" back of the sales of used cars will have a very stimulating and stabilizing effect throughout the whole industry.

MARSH TO HANDLE ELGIN PUBLICITY.

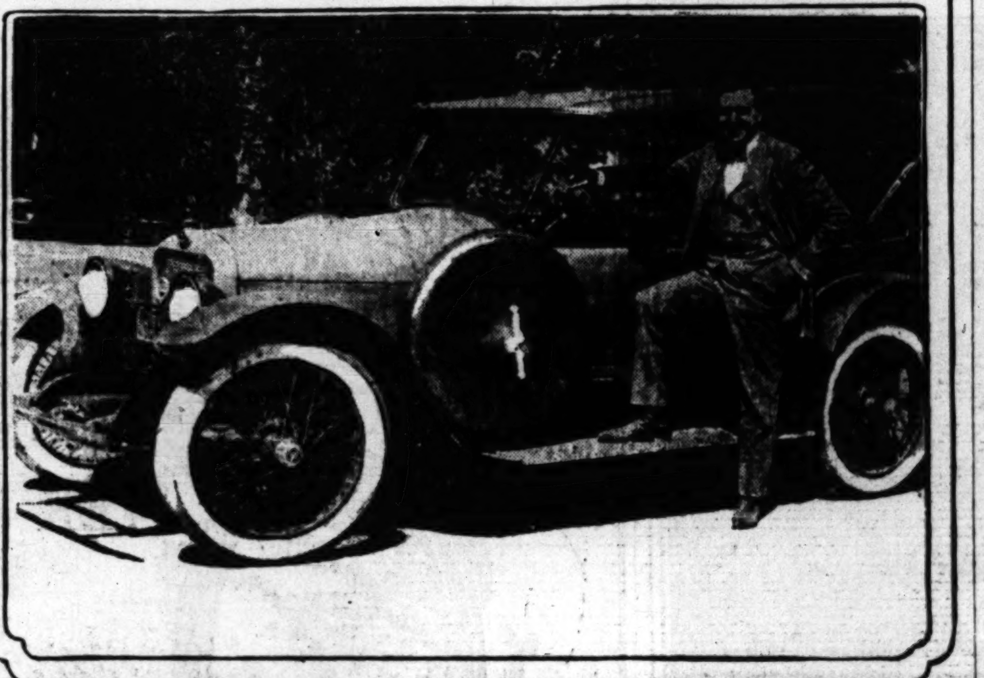
The most recent addition to the staff of the Elgin Motor Sales Company of Los Angeles, is Mr. Roy S. Marsh, a publicity man of long experience with some of the largest commercial houses in the country. Previous to his coming to the Coast he was director of publicity for the Elgin six factory in Chicago, Ill.

When Mr. Ford Rieman, president of the Elgin Distributing Company in Southern California and Arizona, opened the agency in Los Angeles he induced Mr. Marsh to come with him and take charge of the company's advertising.

RECENT REDUCTIONS GIVE REAL VALUES.

The really worth-while extent to which the recent price reductions have been carried is exemplified in the new tire values now available to motorists. The Midco products are championed as an outstanding example of this fact by Leon S. Utter, local distributor. "Take the Midco cords, for instance," says Mr. Utter. "They are now actually purchaseable at prices equal to, and in some cases lower than, the prices quoted for Midco fabrics just a few months ago.

"And that means a lot to the tire buyer. He would rather have cord pneumatics any day, but there have been times when he took fabrics instead because he felt his pocketbook wouldn't stand a greater initial outlay. But now when he compares the price of these quality cords with the amounts he was paying out for fabrics just a short time ago, he is quick to realize the better casings are now easily within reach of his purchasing ability."



Can't Take It with Him, But Wants It Ready When He Comes Back.

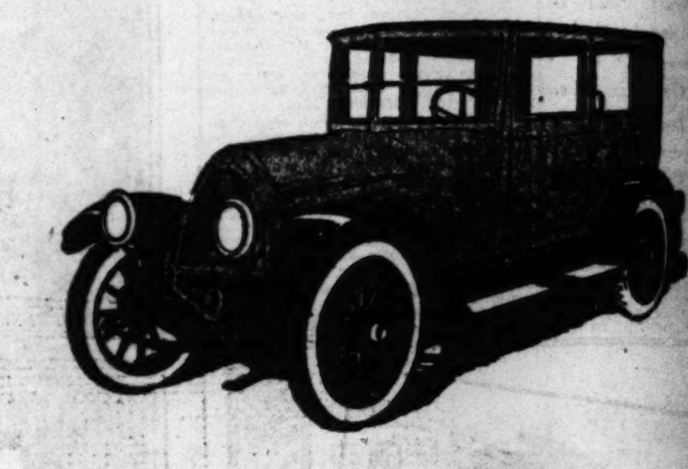
Fred Stanton is a Templar booster from the word go and has just placed his order for one of these neat little jobs with delivery promised along toward the latter part of the year. Mr. Stanton is leaving soon for some picture work in the Far East, but he's got it all fixed to do some wild Templar-ing when he returns.

WANTS CAR READY WHEN HE RETURNS.

FRED STANTON PUTS IN BID FOR LATE TEMPLAR MODEL.

Before leaving for the Orient on the 26th inst., Frederick R. Stanton, well known in silver screen circles and to movie fans as a portrayer of character and heavy "leads," contracted with the Boulevard Motors Corporation, Templar distributors for Southern California, for delivery upon his return sometime in November next, of a Templar four-passenger sport model. While in the Orient, Stanton will be engaged with other members of his company, in filming scenes in a photoplay, the title of which has not been made public.

It was a day of driving at the wheel of a Templar, the property of a friend of his, that sold Stanton, a motor bug of the first water, on this particular make of car. "Power—it has it to spare—and a getaway that will leave your hair behind you unless you keep your hat on," he told Leland S. Foulke, president and general manager of the company. "And as for riding qualities—a Pullman has nothing on it. Some people call it a light car. That's a mistake in my opinion. It's a heavy small car and it sticks to the road at the highest speeds at though glued to it."



The FRANKLIN

New Prices Effective June 1, 1921
Total After-War Reduction $450 to $750

COMPARED to his previous experience, the average Franklin owner virtually buys gasoline and tires at half-price. On the average their mileage yield is doubled by Franklin light weight, direct air cooling and chassis flexibility.

The activity of Franklin sales in the past seven months is evidence that more and more people are realizing the dollars and cents advantage of

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

Ralph Hamlin

1036-44 S. Flower St., Los Angeles

Full Dress

CLOTHES do not make the man but properly worn rainment most certainly helps in creating favorable impressions.

The ownership of a Saxon Duplex Sedan will not add a bit to the business or professional ability of an owner but it is a mark of good judgment in the selection of motor car transportation.

The added comfort of a closed car in ALL KINDS OF WEATHER is an asset for when fatigue is prevented the driver or passengers are better able to transact business.

Combining as it does, the same economy of operation of an open car with the extra comfort and all-weather protection of the closed car a Saxon Sedan becomes a most desirable investment at its PRESENT LOW PRICE.

Women especially favor the Saxon Duplex for its oiling system is unique and they can care for the car themselves. By a simple movement of a lever all parts of the chassis are lubricated from a central oil supply. There is not a grease cup anywhere on the car for none is needed.

The excellent design and craftsmanship of the Saxon Sedan body, the simplicity of the chassis and Saxon economy, proven by winning the Yosemite economy contest a number of times, sets this car apart from other light cars of quality.

J. V. Baldwin Motor Co.

Twelfth and Olive Streets
60517—Broadway 148

Saxon Duplex prices have been greatly reduced

Cole

Aero-EIGHT

PRICES

Qualify in this Readjustment Era!

Roadster	$2550	Sportsedan	$3995
Sportster	2695	Sportosine	3995
Tourster	2795	Toursedan	3995
Sportcoupe	3695	Tourosine	4295

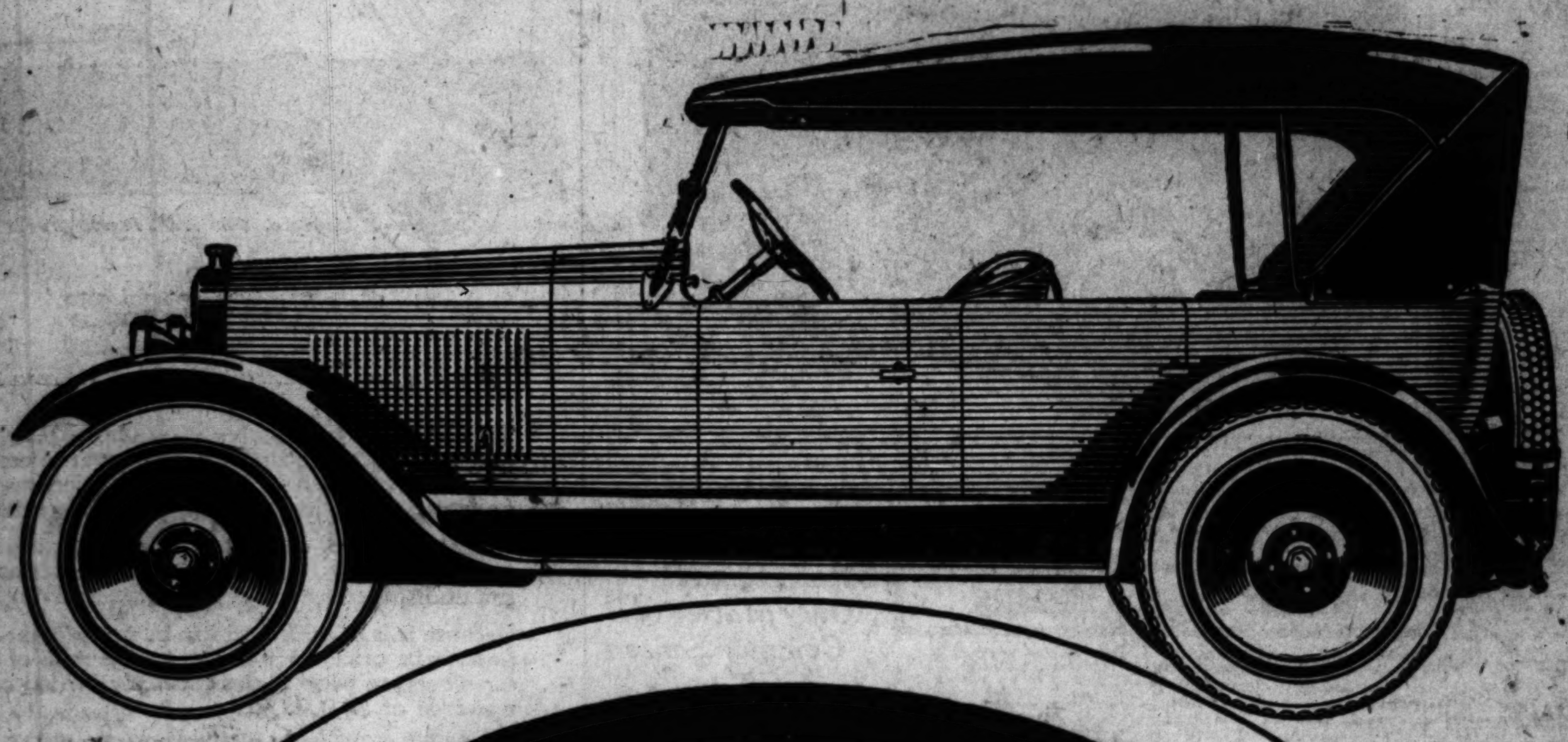
F. O. B. INDIANAPOLIS

Cole *Aero*-EIGHT prices have been reduced—the introduction of economic manufacturing facilities permits an increase in Cole quality. Better automobiles—greater performance ability—prices coincident with public demand—this is the Cole creed for this era of readjustment.

HOUSE & MEYER, INC.
1225 SOUTH GRAND AVE.
Distributors—Southern California, Arizona

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U. S.

There is a Touch of Tomorrow in All That Cole Does Today.



Sport Car

Disc or wire wheels optional, without additional cost. Cord tires standard equipment on all models.

Get the Truth About the Chalmers

Chalmers superiorities today are definite and outstanding.

No matter how many cars you have driven, or what kind, you will agree after an hour's ride.

You will sense these superiorities for yourself. In the easy throttling down, the smooth, quick pickup, the silence which cloaks the splendid power.

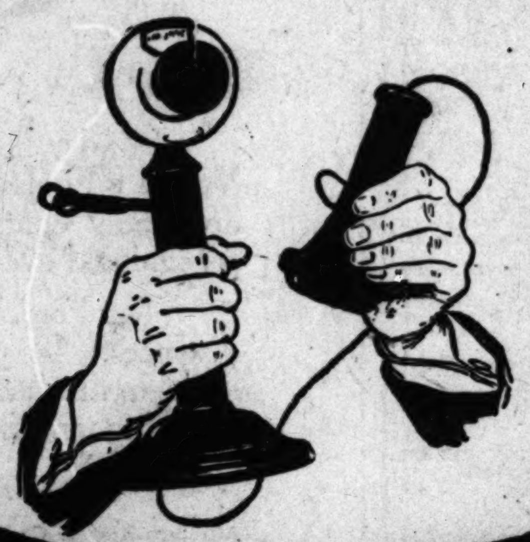
But these are not all. All the way through, Chalmers is unmatched value in today's market.

Get the truth about the Chalmers. Owners can tell you how little it costs them, for daily operation and for monthly repairs.

Telephone any Chalmers owner. Send us the coupon; or telephone us now that you want to know how good the Chalmers is.

GREER-ROBBINS COMPANY

1144-58 South Flower Street
Phones: Broadway 5410 and 60081.



Telephone Any Chalmers Owner

CHALMERS

COUPON

I would like a demonstration of the superiorities which you claim for Chalmers.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

Telephone ______________________

TIRE TROUBLE UNCOMMON.

Modern Pneumatics Increase the Joys and Lessen Cost of Motoring.

Since the days of a quarter of a century ago when motoring was in its infancy, the tire industry has passed through many radical changes, each change lessening the cost and increasing the joys of motoring.

Imagine the motorist of today having to change his tires or repair punctures every ninety miles! And yet that is exactly what happened in those pioneer days of the pneumatic tire.

Today it is no uncommon thing for a motor-car tire to run more than 100 times that distance without encountering serious tire difficulty. But these improvements have all taken time—they have required the most expert manufacturing chamists and research engineers. Today tire mileage is measured by thousands of miles and months' of service.

It is a far cry from the old pneumatic tires invented by Dr. Dunlap to the cord and fabric tires of today, and according to Frank Price of Nelson & Price, Inc., every change has made it possible for the motorist to save money.

"I well remember the first motor car I ever saw with pneumatic tires," said Frank Price, "and then I thought it a most luxurious mode of travel, but it was nothing compared to travel on the wonderful tires of today.

"True, these 'old-timers' made good by increasing the joys of motoring by placing a film of air between the motorist and the road, and clumsy and inadequate as they were, they served their purpose well, and the motorist was entirely satisfied.

"But where is the motorist now who would be satisfied with making a tire change every ninety miles?

"The modern motor-car tire is a marvel compared with these crude affairs of long ago. In size, strength and durability the modern tire is a mechanical masterpiece, and the service they deliver under all conditions is seemingly an impossibility, when we consider that tires are only rubber and fabric or cord, yet they serve like steel."

CONSIDER TRUCK TIRES.

An important part of motor truck equipment that demands consideration in hot weather is tires.

It is conceded by experts that hot weather has a natural tendency to decrease tire life. Baked roads and burning asphalt roadways will ruin the very best of tires, and particular care on the part of drivers is necessary if tires are not to be seriously damaged.

Slow driving over rough roads is always advisable. Shocks are magnified by speed, and tires that would otherwise be good for months of service are frequently started on the road to speedy destruction through a break in the fabric caused by severe contact with sharp obstructions and deep ruts. Ruts grind the side-walls of tires like an emery wheel and in a short while the rubber is worn off and the rim damaged beyond repair.

Proper inflation is one of the most important factors in tire upkeep. The tire gauge is a good investment, and tires should be checked every day, if pneumatics are used. In determining the right inflation of tires, consideration should always be given the loads carried. The heavier the load the greater the tire pressure required.

Weigh your truck with full equipment and average load front and rear.

For example: Say your truck is equipped with six-inch tires on front and eight-inch on the rear—if the front weighs around 3400 pounds, the tires must be inflated to 80 pounds—if the rear weighs around 8000 pounds, the tires must be inflated to 100 pounds. If you are not carrying maximum capacity of your truck and tires the lower inflation is recommended, but at no time should tires be overloaded.

When chains are used, care should be exercised to see that they are neither too tight nor too loose, as either condition is damaging to tires. They should fit just so cross chains move freely backward and forward.

Solid tires should be replaced when worn within one inch of the steel base. It is more economical to buy new tires than continue to operate a truck without sufficient spring cushion. Springs, bearings, gears, cylinder walls, steering arms, —in fact, all working parts are stressed when cushion has worn to danger line, and if continued, truck lay-ups and repair bills will follow.

Tires are the chief item of upkeep and proper means of a big money saving.

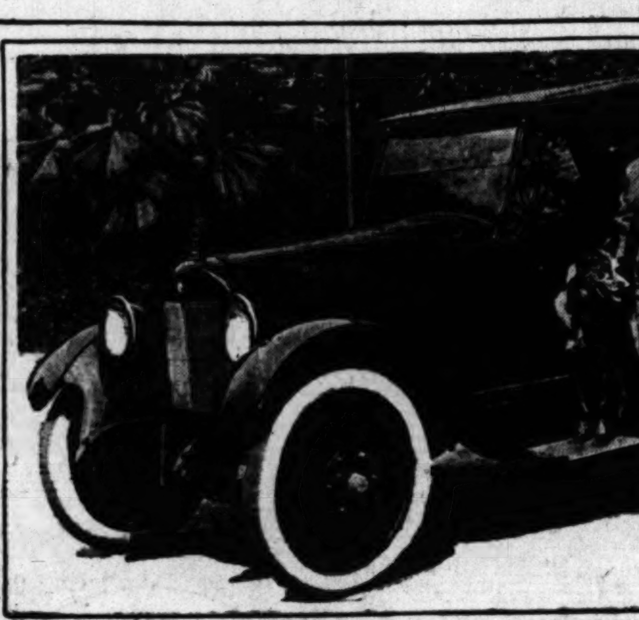
EXHAUST ANCIENT PROBLEM.

Claim That Sleeve Valve Power Plant is the Only Adequate Solution.

The question of clear and rapid expulsion of all foul gas from the motor's explosion chambers was one of the first problems that bothered automotive engineers. Manufacturers of the Handley-Knight car claim the only adequate solution is found in their sleeve-valve power plant, says F. E. Lewis of the Lewis-Hilliard Company, local distributors.

"The trouble has always been that some of the spent gas was trapped or pocketed in the recesses of the cylinder, so that it could not reach the exit to the exhaust before the valve closed," explains Mr. Lewis. "This is still true in the poppet-valve type of motor. It has never been the problem in the Handley-Knight sleeve-valve engine, however.

"The spherical combustion chamber in this motor eliminates all pockets. In fact, this is the only way in which these pockets can be eliminated. And a spherical combustion chamber cannot be designed in a poppet-valve engine. Consequently, the distinct advantage of the Knight motor in this regard is easily appreciated."



Hamburger Selects Elgin Six for Son's Birthday Present.

Even with a great department store filled with all manner of beautiful things, yet Mr. D. A. Hamburger, president of Hamburger's Department Store, could not find just the right article to give his son Arthur for a birthday present. The search was not carried far, because Mr. Hamburger had previously decided that the one gift that would be 100 per cent acceptable to Arthur was an Elgin Six Scout. Here, then, is the happy Arthur and his Elgin.

"RIGHT" SORT OF SELLING.

Since the motor truck has taken its place in modern transportation many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been wasted simply because trucks have not been sold "right," is the verdict of J. Jerome Canavan, transportation expert and Pacific Coast representative for the Walker Vehicle Company, America's largest manufacturers of electric trucks and tractors. "It certainly takes time and aggressive effort to sell motor trucks, and to sell them 'right' it even takes more time, because that little word 'right' brings honesty into salesmanship," according to Mr. Canavan.

"Analyzing in a scientific manner the hauling problem of each individual concern, and recommending the particular type of equipment best adapted for the service to be performed, is, in my opinion, the proper method to pursue in selling motor transportation. Obviously, it is natural that every individual, firm or corporation using motor truck equipment is desirous of operating in the most efficient manner, at the lowest transportation cost. Here is where the truck salesman plays a very important part, and he should, in all cases, recommend the particular type of equipment best adapted for his customers' service.

"Back of the salesman is the directing head of the local office or distributing agency, and back of both is the manufacturer and his policy. It is with the manufacturer that the honesty must necessarily start, for certainly the distributor or salesman cannot be expected to have higher sales ideals than does the maker of the truck. The salesman who simply takes orders for trucks without analyzing his customers' hauling problems is not necessarily dishonest, but he may be pursuing a very short-sighted policy. For a salesman to knowingly sell a truck outside of its economic field is decidedly unwise, because, in addition to other things, it hurts future business, and very frequently the loss of a valued customer. It may take more work and lots of patience to sell trucks of the right type and capacity for certain service, but it pays, and the opposite policy does not pay—in the long run."

Expect Record Crowd at the Legion Fights.

Southland's fight lovers, who plan on driving to Hollywood for the big fistic exposition to be held in the stadium, which the American Legion is erecting at 1634 El Centro, need not worry about how to get there because Adjutant Roy Marshall of Hollywood Post has received word from the Auto Club that it would place signs on all boulevards and streets leading to the immense 8000-seat stadium, where eight all-star events are to be staged, Friday night, August 12.

The advance out-of-town seat sale to motorists and others, indicates that the largest fight crowd ever assembled in Southern California since a championship go has been seen, will be on hand when the first bell taps. Tickets have been sold to fight fans as far distant as Santa Barbara, San Diego and San Bernardino.

Several stage lines will run cars directly to the arena and special busses will carry many to the ring festival. There will be ample free parking space adjacent to the gates, with police protection.

The fights start promptly at 8:30.

Lubrication is Only Matter of Common Sense

Too much cannot be said of the necessity of proper lubrication.

"I know a man who has worn the same suit to his office day after day for more than a year and he always looks well dressed," declared Clarence Roesch, manager of the Alemite Lubricator Company of California.

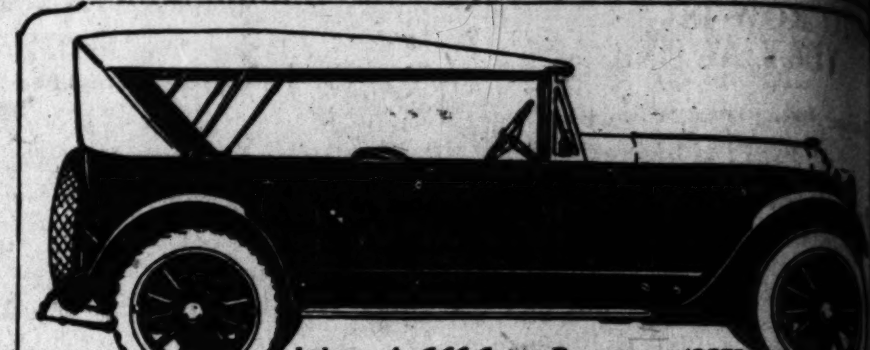
"It is the same with your car," he continued. "There are some car owners who will allow a new car to get down at the heel inside of three weeks and wonder why Brown's old 'used machine' always looks better than theirs.

"Manufacturers of automobiles will tell you that you can double the life of your car by draining off the old oil every thousand miles and putting in new oil. To do this you do not have to stop by the roadside and make a joke of yourself by crawling under your car. Such a method is long since out of date. Cars now are so simplified and so protected that such gymnastics are rendered unnecessary. The same thing applies in using Alemite system to lubricate the car."

LOW PRICES CAUSE HEAVY PURCHASING.

An indication of heavy buying, due to prices being readjusted to prewar levels, is shown by the recent production figures of the Mason Tire and Rubber Company.

This was one of the first companies to adjust their prices in keeping with the economic trend of the time. They realized that the war was over and that business could be stimulated by quickly and thoroughly meeting the public's demand for tire prices based on present raw material costs.



Lakewood 6-66 Seven Passengers $2875

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

The Paige 6-66 is a strictly new model—new in design and construction, up to the minute in every detail. Being a new car it carries a new and lower price, based on costs now prevailing in the readjusted materials market.

In performance, as well as in price, it is a revelation among fine cars. It is recognized the country over as the undisputed leader of American sporting cars.

Because it is at peak position in performance and rock bottom in price, 25% of the recent sales of this model have been to people who formerly owned cars costing upwards of $4,000.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit—War Tax extra

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, *Mich.*
Manufacturers of Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

A. E. EVANS & COMPANY
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DISTRIBUTOR
1534 South Figueroa Street
Broadway 6731

Glenbrook 6-44 Five Passengers $1635

Each Day THE TIMES Prints an Av[erage] of 1000 Exclusive Want-Ads

which never appear in any other newspaper. They are mostly bargains which originate [in] changes in people's affairs. Everybody reads THE TIMES when seeking wanted inform[ation]

ECONOMICAL TO USE FINEST LUBRICATOR.

PACIFIC COAST MOTORISTS ARE RAPIDLY REALIZING THIS IMPORTANT FACT.

"Motorists on the Pacific Coast, in rapidly increasing numbers, are learning that it is real economy to use the highest grade lubricating oil," says Frank G. Hobart of the Ventura Refining Company of Los Angeles.

"Our company finds, also," says Hobart, "that the use of paraffin-base oil on the Pacific Coast is increasing steadily from month to month. Naturally, this is interesting and encouraging to us, inasmuch as our Ventura brand of motor oil is paraffin-base oil produced in California.

"Of course, many people still believe that California produces no paraffin-base oil, but thousands of motorists throughout California who are using our product have discovered that real paraffin-base oil comes from the rugged oil fields of Ventura county. In this connection, a recent government report on paraffin-base oil in California is of interest. Paraffin-base oil is referred to by the United States Geological Survey in a publication, entitled 'Petroleum in 1918,' as follows:

"'Ventura County—The outstanding feature of the year was the development in the south mountain field, directly south of Santa Paula. It was largely because of this development that the oil market increased 37.94 per cent over 1917. Although the productive area in this new field will not likely be very large, the high quality paraffin-base oil obtained makes this field a valuable addition to the California resources.'

"The crude oil produced in this field is the oil from which the Ventura Refining Company manufactures Ventura paraffin-base motor oil."

ATTRACTIVE BOOKLET MAKES A WIDE APPEAL.

GIVES INTERESTING FACTS ON RAPID GROWTH OF LIGHT CAR.

In an attractive booklet, printed in colors and artistically illustrated, the Hudson Motor Car Company, has given certain information regarding the Essex which will prove most interesting to those for whom a light car has an appeal. A limited number of these booklets have just been received by Harold L. Arnold, Hudson-Essex distributor for California, Nevada, Arizona and Northern Mexico.

"The Essex is two and one-half years old; two and one-half years of brilliant success," reads the booklet. "More than 50,000 Essex cars are in service.

"Without a word to identify it as the product of the men who build the Hudson Super-Six it emerged from the obscurity of an unknown car and thrust itself ahead by the force of unqualified merit to the position of one of the most-talked-of cars in the world. In the fullest sense Essex has established a new type, in a field quite clearly apart from any other car."

Templar

The Superfine Car

Will Your Car Do This?

A TEMPLAR DOES

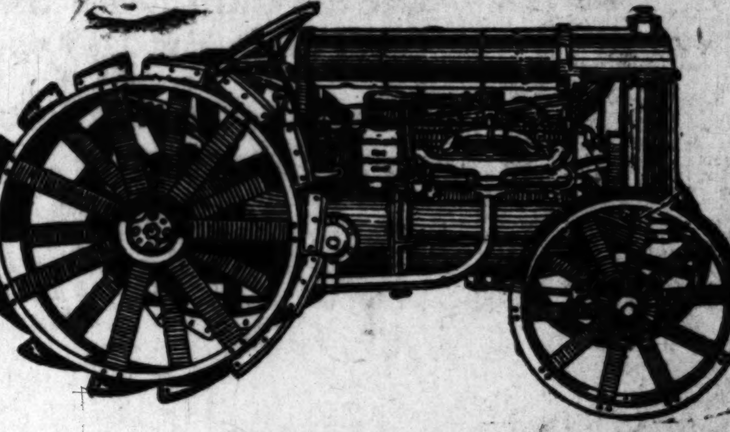
Second street between Hope and Bunker Hill streets, near Normal Hill Center, has a grade of 26 per cent, according to the City Engineer's office. It is no trick with a run at it to make the incline on high. The real test of a car's power is to surmount it on second, starting from the edge of the paving on the east side of Hope street.

Carrying six persons, and under newspaper observation, a Templar roadster turned the trick without laboring. This feat was accomplished several times. Carrying two persons, and with the front wheels against the cobblestones on the west side of Hope street—a dead standing start—the Templar also made the grade without the least sign of faltering.

The long-stroke four-cylinder motor on the Superfine Templar has the power and the speed that is fast making it popular with those who are motor wise. Call and see us and drive one. Like many another you'll be convinced.

BOULEVARD MOTORS CORPORATION
FOULKE—DAWSON—FOULKE
DISTRIBUTORS
1246 South Flower St. Phone 67077

Fordson



$625 f.o.b. Detroit

Steady, light, alert, power to spare, economical of operation. Watch a Fordson Tractor in action and you will wonder how those apparently contradictory qualities of strength, lightness, power and speed could ever be combined in one unit.

The Fordson's speed is available for hauling heavy loads for long distances. Its power is available for dragging plows or disc harrows through the heaviest soil or for running the cutting-box grinder or threshing machine.

We take pride in handling such a compact, portable power plant.

Atterbury-Kemper Co., 267 S. Western Ave.—560768.

John G. Cadell, Temp. Location 222 E. Colorado St., Eagle Rock—Gar. 1062.

Clark & Leonard, 2219 W. Pico—West 6072.

J. E. Coberly Co., 1918-1922 S. Main—South 341.

W. D. Dunham, 1250-60 W. Seventh—Wilshire 637.

J. Benj. Fahy, 1042 S. Grand —Broadway 1500.

Benj. A. Finch, 540 S. Los Angeles—Pico 344.

A. L. Fleming, 1817-1823 E. First—Boyle 324.

Gray Motor Car Co., 1718 Cahuenga, Hollywood — Hollywood 2049.

Hubbard Auto Sales Co., 761-763 S. Central—Broadway 5808.

Wm. L. Hughson Co., Tenth and Olive—Bdwy. 2963.

Lloyd L. King, Temp. Location 160 S. Pacific Blvd., Huntington Park—280235.

Joseph A. Moore, 801 Fair Oaks, South Pasadena—351370.

J. A. Nadeau, Central at Slauson—South 2240.

Noll Auto Co., 1800 Pasadena Ave.—Lin. 323.

Jesse E. Smith, 400 E. Broadway, Glendale — Glendale 432.

William E. Smith, 707 East Colorado, Pasadena—Colorado 93.

W. I. Tupman Co., 3330 South Figueroa—South 2831.

Insist on Genuine Fordson Parts

AUTO ROW IS VERY ACTIVE.

Business Among Local Dealers is Booming.

Year of Prosperity Expected for Los Angeles.

Max Arnold Extends Agency to Entire Pacific Coast.

Things have been moving fast along the local Automobile Row during the last few weeks. Never before in the history of the industry here has there been seen so much activity within so short a time. Dealers and distributors are settling down to what they believe will prove a cycle of unusual prosperity and they are concentrating their efforts on the lines that they believe will be most acceptable to the motoring public.

It was with this idea in view that Max Arnold, established for years as one of the leaders of the northern automotive world at San Francisco, registered last week at the Ambassador and is now looking over the local situation with a view to either establishing a distributorship or locating on his own account directly in Los Angeles with the King Eight, of which he is the Northern California distributor and direct factory representative of the King Motor Car Company of Detroit.

Mr. Arnold now controls the distribution for the King Eight over the entire territory covered by the eleven Pacific Coast States, and he proposes to establish a new home for the King in Los Angeles that will be in appointments, equipment, architecture, financial and merchandising standards and in organization and personnel, worthy of the high standards of the car he represents.

Establishing a name in the north as head of the most notable and the greatest used car firm on the Coast, under the name of Max Arnold, superb used cars, Mr. Arnold gradually developed a business amounting to millions of dollars a year, establishing a clientele and a reputation for square dealing and sound business methods to be envied. More recently Mr. Arnold has entered the new car business with which line he has had a success equal or greater than that achieved in his used car business.

J. Raymond Wilson.

Pilot of the first transcontinental motor stage from New York to Los Angeles and return. Mr. Wilson has already established a regular cross-country stage service and has a lengthy list of bookings for next season. What kind of cars does he use? Why, Studebakers.

CROSS COUNTRY BY AUTO STAGE.

(Continued from First Page.)

women passengers and the two cars following are likewise loaded, for there is no crowding as comfort is one of the prime requisites for complete enjoyment of a motor tour that will cover 8000 miles before it is finished.

Sixty-two days is the regular schedule for the trip, but the passengers are allowed to decide as to stopovers or change of schedule, the pilot being willing to accommodate their desire at any time.

Leaving New York the cars run down to Philadelphia then over the Lincoln Highway to Pittsburg and Indianapolis. From that point the Pikes's Peak Ocean to Ocean Highway is followed to Kansas City.

Several different highways are used in passing through Great Bend, Pueblo and Denver to Salt Lake.

GRAND CANYON.

Out of Salt Lake the Grand Canyon Boulevard is followed, taking the tourists to a point on the north rim of the canyon, then the Arrowhead trail is taken to Las Vegas, but on account of that road being in a rather poor condition for the rest of the way into California, a detour was made from Las Vegas to Goff near Needles and the Santa Fe Trail, through Barstow and San Bernardino, was used to reach Los Angeles.

Returning to New York, the party will visit Yosemite, then San Francisco, and from there, go over the high Sierras by way of the Placerville road, to Lake Tahoe. Salt Lake is the only place where the southern and northern routes touch the same point, and from there the tour runs north through the Yellowstone Park, Custer's battlefield, Chicago and Detroit. At Detroit, the cars will cross over into Canada, returning to the United States at Niagara Falls.

For this trip of 8000 or more miles with its many scenic points of interest, covering a period of two months, a transportation charge of $850 is made, and the party pays its own hotel bills, stopping at such hostelries as they see fit to choose.

ALL STUDEBAKERS.

The cars used by the company are all Studebakers, the first to arrive was a special six, which Wilson has been driving for over 20,000 miles, before leaving New York. The two cars following are of the big six model, and will carry but four passengers and pilot, leaving ample room for the one suit case per passenger, which is permitted.

Wilson says that the company has booked seventeen passengers for next season, and that the first trips will start earlier in the summer, and each car will doubtless make two round trips. He plans to have a fleet of fifteen or twenty Studebakers on the run next season.

Inexpensive to Ride in a Scootamobile.

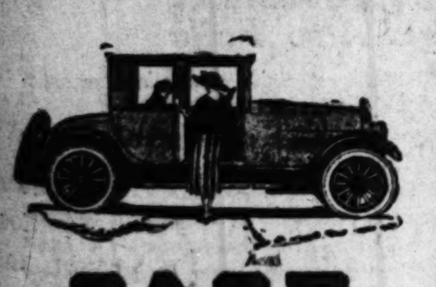
A novel experiment was made in Springfield, Mass., a few days ago to show the relative cost of passenger transportation by trolley and by "Scootamobile," as the new 150-pound aluminum motor car, designed by C. H. Martin of the Martin Rocking Fifth Wheel Company of Springfield, Mass., is called. The result showed that it cost at least five times as much by trolley as by motor car. The trolley car fare from the Martin factory to the center of Springfield is 14 cents (two 7-cent fares). Therefore, two passengers to Springfield and return would have to pay out 56 cents in car fares. In the "Scootamobile" the cost for two passengers was 5 cents for gasoline and it is safe to estimate not more than an additional 5 cents for the tire wear and upkeep.

TRAFFIC SIGNAL FOR GENERAL USE.

An interesting traffic signal has recently been perfected by A. Zarky of this city. The device in its present form is a portable affair, consisting of a large electric globe with red and green lights, marked "Go" and "Stop." An electrical control turns the globe at certain desired intervals, opening and closing traffic at the will of the operator.

In its perfected form the signal is simply suspended from overhead wires in the center of any crossing. Hundreds of them could be placed at dangerous crossings all over the city and controlled from one central and automatic source.

The traffic signal attracted considerable attention during its recent tests and the inventor is hoping to put the device on the market in large quantities for municipal use in the near future.



CASE

Six Cylinder Coupe

CONSERVATIVE people—people who want quality, yet insist upon full value for every dollar of the purchase price are invariably the kind of people who choose the Case.

These people want, first of all, dignified appearance which means coach work of quality. Then riding comfort—a well balanced car fitted with long, wide, resilient springs and soft, deep cushions. Then, dependability—a car that will always start; that will always take you "there and back"; one that will reel off mile after mile in the same faultless manner and can be easily handled in the most congested traffic. And finally they want durability—a car that will depreciate slowly; one that will entail little expense other than that of operation.

These are the reasons why they choose the Case for these are the features which make the Case the full value, *all feature car.*

FERGUSON & BOISOT

1220 S. Grand ave. Phone 66626

ECONOMY IS NOW IN VOGUE.

Economy is the watchword of normalcy, declares O. R. Fuller of the White Auto Company, local distributors for the Stephens Salient Six.

"Personally I was never happier in my business career than when I sensed the end of the inflated, speculating-mad period induced by the recent war," he says. "While the public spent money with reckless improvidence the wise merchant or dealer rode with the tide, but he was constantly worried. He really didn't enjoy it.

"And now that conditions are getting back to normal the business man is taking his medicine and is glad to. The thought of economy is constantly before him; it is expressed in what he eats and what he wears and in his pleasures. Above all I believe it is considered in his dealing with matters of transportation.

"People are more concerned than ever with the question of what a car will do on a gallon of gasoline. And where two years ago they weighed a motor car in the scales of style and beauty, they now show an increasing appreciation of the value of economical performance. This is being daily illustrated in their purchases of new automobiles.

"Economy cars are reaping a well-deserved harvest of popularity this year. In this class the Stephens Salient Six is receiving its share of attention, not only because of its slogan of inexpensive operation, but because of its daily records added to the showing made in the last seven California economy runs, which were made on a grand average of over twenty miles per gallon of gasoline. And motor row is still talking about that jaunt the Stephens made to Big Bear Lake and return the other day on an economy test of its own.

Can't Hold a Good Man Down.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Leavitt have gone to Miami, not because they like it better, but because Pompano is such a healthy place that he could not make a living here, and was such a famous doctor that the Miami people offered him such a handsome sum that he would be foolish to turn it down. But he is still our doctor right on. He won't give up his people here.—[Pompano Correspondence in Fort Lauderdale Sentinel.

RULE AGAINST AKRON.

The injunction granted the Willys-Overland Company against the Akron Overland Tire Company in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the third district, sitting in Philadelphia, has established a point of law which will have a far-reaching effect in the future values of automobile trade names, according to legal counsel who have reviewed the decision.

Shortly after the Akron-Overland Tire Company sought to sell stock in their organization Willys-Overland Company asked an injunction from the United States District Court for the District of Delaware. This court granted the injunction which now has been upheld by the Court of Appeals. Under this decision Akron-Overland is restrained from using the name Overland in their corporate title, on their stock certificates, or in any form in connection with their product.

The court held "that the use of the word 'Overland' by the defendant . . . is calculated to lead the public to believe that the goods, stocks and securities of the defendants are the goods, stocks and securities of the complainant."

Announcing

VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

The New Buick "Four"

Here is a Thoroughbred Four Completing the Famed Buick Line

The new Four-Cylinder Buick, here announced, is a thoroughbred—a pedigreed car well worthy of its name.

Down to the very last detail, this new model possesses every quality of enduring serviceability, complete comfort, and distinctive appearance that have always characterized Buick automobiles.

The advent of this new Four makes the Buick 1922 line complete. It offers to purchasers of a car of this size all the quality and service that go to make up the name "Buick."

The Buick Valve-in-Head Engine—A Power Plant That Has Proved Itself

The engine, of course, is of the time-tested Buick Valve-in-Head type. The year-after-year concentration of Buick's engineering skill and experience in building Valve-in-Head motors assures the highest standard of performance obtainable today.

Every other unit is of a quality equal to the power plant. The whole assembly constitutes a perfectly balanced chassis which is of typical Buick construction. The equipment of Cord Tires is merely evidence of the quality which characterizes the entire car.

Two open and two closed body types mounted on the *Buick built chassis* comprise the new series.

Even the most casual inspection of the details of design and workmanship will reveal that full measure of quality which motorists have learned to associate with Buick.

A Great Car—Prices Make It An Even Greater Value

Obviously a high grade automobile—a genuine Buick production—the prices listed below make this great Four even greater. A value such as this is possible only because of the combination of Buick engineering skill devoted to the one ideal of quality, Buick production facilities developed over nearly a quarter of a century, and Buick's nation-wide distribution and service organization.

The Buick Motor Company is proud of the Buick Four. It has the faith of long experience in this newest addition to its line. It places upon it unreservedly the Buick guarantee carried by every Buick automobile produced. That its confidence is well placed is manifested not only by the keen interest with which motorists have awaited this announcement, but also by the advance orders placed by distributors, dealers, and the general public.

Prices

22-34	Two Passenger Roadster	$ 935
22-35	Five Passenger Touring	975
22-36	Three Passenger Coupe	1475
22-37	Five Passenger Sedan -	1650

All Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

Cord Tires Standard Equipment on All Models

See Us for Specifications and Delivery Dates

Howard Automobile Company of Los Angeles

1323-27 South Flower St.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT—BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

CHALMERS
Owners Should Know

Where they will find the shop with just the man they need, one who understands the Chalmers car from A to Z, having had 10 years of experience. Prompt, conscientious service and prices.

Glen L. Phillips
AUTOMOTIVE SHOP
433 South Figueroa Street
Telephone 15383.

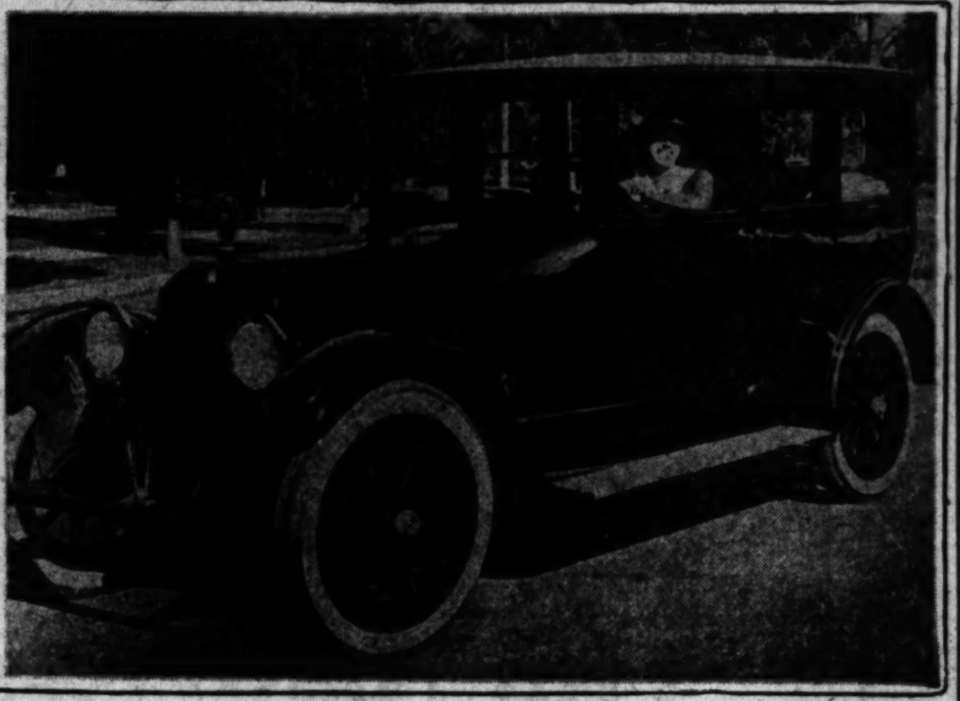
SEDAN NO LONGER LUXURY.

As late as five years ago the inclosed car was considered in the light of a luxury and the manufacture of this type of motor vehicle was quite generally confined to a class of car that sold for a high price. Outside of that classification, there was such a very limited demand for the inclosed car, that automobile manufacturers found it unprofitable to even consider its manufacture. After our entry into the war, and in the orgy of spending that followed the armistice, manufacturers of new cars that made their appearance to satisfy the demand for motor transportation of some sort, confined their efforts exclusively to open jobs.

The comforts incident to riding in an inclosed car, however, soon became so apparent that manufacturers of cars of high and low degree devoted, more and more, their attention to this end of the business, and today production in that department has reached such figures that it has become a tremendous factor in the industry. Commenting upon this feature, Stanley W. Smith of Smith Brothers, Peerless distributors, said:

"So far as our business is concerned, it is interesting to scan our sales figures since July 1, 1919. From that date until Jan. 1, 1920, our retail sails of inclosed cars amounted to 37.1 per cent of our total sales. For the same period our wholesale sales of inclosed cars amounted to 25 per cent of our total in that department.

From July 1, 1920 to Jan. 1, 1921, our retail sales of inclosed cars jumped to 66.7 per cent and our wholesale to 54.8 per cent, almost double, you see. Judging by the first six months of this year, we estimate that our inclosed car sales for this year will be about 75 per cent and our wholesale about 60 per cent of our total sales."



Closed Cars a Luxury? Not Any Longer, They're Not!

In the olden days of the motor-car industry a closed car was simply meant for some ailing millionaire or other variety of plutocrat. Nowadays they're the common thing, and the comforts and satisfaction found in inclosed jobs are putting them right up in first place. Here's the newest Peerless sedan and it is interesting to note that a large percentage of the output from the Peerless factory from now on will be closed automobiles.

What comes after the purchase price?

Touring Car $1190, Roadster $1140, Sedan $2060
Coupe $1830
Panel Business Car $1350, Screen Business Car $1240
F. O. B. Los Angeles

ALBERTSON MOTOR COMPANY
SIXTEENTH AND FIGUEROA
60684 Pico 3362

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

"Auto Napping" is the Latest Pastime Here.

"Asleep at the switch."

"Nobody home."

Those are the pet phrases that colloquial jargon has coined for describing absent-mindedness. But the newest one is "Napping at the wheel," declares Fred Rutledge of the Rutledge Motor Company, local distributors for the National motor car.

"All this talk about pedestrians rushing blindly across the street in the path of motor traffic between crossings is very well put," he says. "But that doesn't remove all the responsibility for accidents from the shoulders of motorists. Many a man will guide his automobile through downtown Los Angeles with hands that are apparently not geared to his brains at all. His thoughts may be a thousand miles away.

"That's what I mean by napping at the wheel.' Many a car driver will think that an unjust accusation. But just observe the traffic here in the city late some afternoon and you will agree that about a third of the motorists are inordinately absent-minded and that is the worst kind of carelessness. Some might describe the mental condition I refer to as pure nonchalance. But I call it sleepiness."

Auto Dealers in Redlands Boost Sales.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

REDLANDS, Aug. 6.—Automobile dealers of Redlands have been making hay while the sun shines, for since the reductions in the price of automobiles, there have been more cars sold than for several months previous.

Several agencies have changed hands recently and dealers have been "stepping on 'er" and pushing sales to the limit. The small cars are leading in the sales, as usual, but there also is a keen demand for the cars of the heavier class.

Automobile dealers here predict that the coming winter will be one of the best in the history of the business in Redlands, basing this on the sale of cars during July and the orders for August, generally the quiet months of the year.

ESSEX STILL RETAINS CROSS-NATION RECORD.

"San Francisco to New York in four days, fourteen hours and forty-three minutes—another Essex en route and two making the attempt in the opposite direction from ocean to ocean." Such was the portent of a message which made motor-car history and which has remained as an unbroken record since the Western Union delivered the telegrams to Harold L. Arnold on August 9 a year ago next Tuesday.

On that day the first automobile ever permitted to carry first-class mail from coast to coast arrived in New York from San Francisco in the wonderful time stated in the message.

"The return of this date," said Mr. Arnold, "brings the event very much to mind because the high quality of Essex cars, so convincingly demonstrated, has been appreciated ever since."

SPEED MODEL ATTRACTS.

No little interest has been manifest in the recently arrived rapid transit model Republic truck, and the boys at the Commercial Motor Company's show-room on South Olive street, have been busy giving demonstrations to the many firms that are vitally concerned with quick delivery.

"Since the morning after the announcement of the arrival of the rapid transit model, we have been busy keeping up with the public," says Mr. A. E. Neff of the Commercial Motor Company, "and we, as well as some of the prospects, have been surprised with the performance of the newcomer.

"Speed is what interests the merchant and manufacturer today. To get his wares out and into the hands of the consumer is the question, and every minute saved is money earned. The rapid transit Republic is designed for a three-quarter-ton load, and will transport this weight at a sustained speed of thirty-five miles an hour for many hours at a stretch.

"The motor in the new model has been developed for high speed and to carry its load with utmost ease at maximum spede limit, or as slow as traffic conditions demand."

Tip For The Wets.

"I cured myself by drinking buttermilk."

"What did you have?"

"A thirst."—[Boston Transcript.

Regrinding Cylinders Puts New Life in Your Motor

(Ninth of a series of talks by the Cylinder Grinders of Los Angeles)

Ever notice the smile of satisfaction on the face of the man who passes "the other fellow" on the hill, or whose engine picks up in traffic quicker than "the other fellow's," and the one with motor troubles gives up his place in line?

Perhaps you have been "the other fellow."

No fault of yours, or the way you operate your motor. It's simply a loss of power very likely due to a badly worn cylinder.

Bring Back Lost Power by Regrinding

The engine is obviously the source of power—the cylinders, the place where that power is generated.

Therefore a cylinder bore enlarged through wear, or one that has been badly scored, or out-of-round, can result only in a continued loss of power.

Renew your engine and your car will have at least twice the life it now has.

It is possible to renew your engine by having the cylinders reground. New pistons and rings can then be fitted in with more exactness, new life is brought to the motor, and the same result obtained, at only the fraction of the cost of a new car, or a new motor.

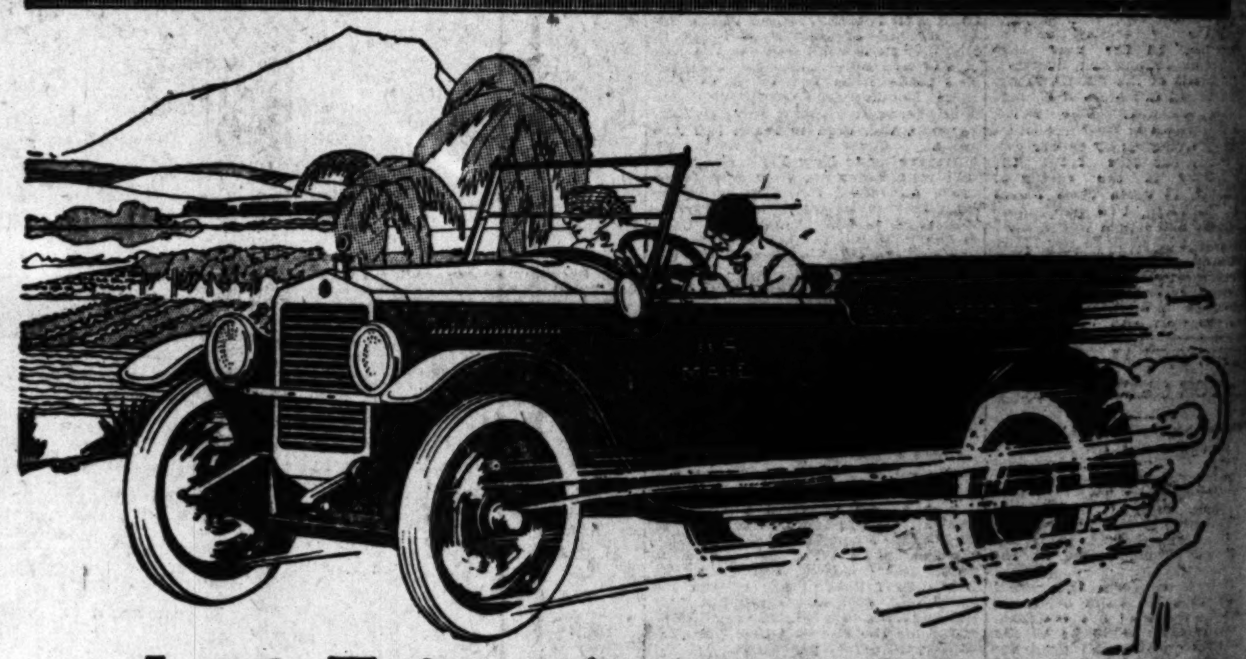
Cylinders wear approximately .001 inch to every 1500 to 2000 miles. They should be carefully watched the moment a loss of power is apparent, and renewed by regrinding.

Motor Grinding Co., 1313 S. Hill St.
Pacific States Grinding Co., 908-12 W. Pico St.
American Engine & Airplane Co., 2388 West Pico St.
Fahy-Atterbury, 1043 S. Grand Ave.
R. C. Carter Co., 767 S. San Pedro St.
Atlas Machine Works, Inc., 1516 S. Grand Ave.
Progressive Machine Co., 1314 S. Main St.
F. L. Burris, 3443 S. Main St.
Keystone Engineering Co., 1442-48 South San Pedro
Sheppard-Thomas Company, 800-2 W. Pico St.
C-W-H Machine Works, 304 S. Alameda

The Cylinder Grinders of Los Angeles

A Profitable Habit

on the part of thousands of people is reading Times' want ads. They point out economies and short cuts which otherwise would be lost.



In 4 Trips Across America Essex 4 Times Breaks Record

Fastest Time Between New York and San Francisco Beaten by 12 Hours, 48 Minutes New York - Chicago Record Also Falls

Four Essex touring cars, carrying the first United States transcontinental motormails, between New York and San Francisco, have set the time records for their respective directions across the American continent. The distance each car traveled was 3347 miles.

The New York to Chicago automobile record was also beaten.

The fastest Essex time was made from San Francisco to New York in 4 days, 14 hours and 43 minutes, breaking the record by 12 hours, 48 minutes.

A Reliability Proof That Speaks for Every Essex

The average time for all four cars was 4 days, 21 hours. These records cover the actual time from the moment the cars were checked out of New York and San Francisco with U. S. Mail, until they checked in at their respective destinations on opposite sides of the continent.

The purpose of this Essex test was made to prove its reliability, not merely with one car, but with four. The closeness of the respective transcontinental time for the four cars, proves the consistency of performance and endurance that characterizes all Essex cars. Every requirement of motor car performance was met a thousand times by these cars, in their cross-continent run.

Consider that hundreds of cars have attempted to break the transcontinental record. You have rarely heard of these attempts for the failures have not been given circulation.

Yet isn't it a remarkable and convincing proof of Essex ability and endurance that the only four Essex cars that have ever challenged for the coveted transcontinental record, were in every case successful?

The foregoing announcement was published a year ago. It is republished today in celebration of the first anniversary of this memorable record, and because Essex position today remains unchanged and unchallenged. More than 50,000 owners know its endurance, service and quality.

Harold L. Arnold
Arnold Bldg., Cor. 7th and Figueroa
Public Garage, Entrance, Figueroa St. Accessory Dept., 909 West Seventh St. Battery, Mechanical and Parts Dept., Entrance, Orange St.

WATCH the ESSEX

LINCOLN
MOTOR CARS

the Truth is

that more than to any other class of owners, sales of the LINCOLN are to persons who have owned other eight-cylinder cars. They are acquainted with the superiority of the V-type eight-cylinder engine as a principle, but they have proven to their own satisfaction that the LINCOLN represents a higher development of that principle, and that it embodies betterments which must eventually force themselves into other V-type eight-cylinder manufacturing practice—if other "Eights" are even to approach the LINCOLN in performance and in stability.

And the LINCOLN'S ascendancy in the esteem of motordom is conclusively proven by the fact that in some sections *its sales are actually exceeding the sales of any other eight-cylinder car.*

Walter M. Murphy Motors Co.
932 South Hope Street, Los Angeles
OAKLAND FRESNO SAN FRANCISCO PASADENA

LELAND-BUILT

Elgin Six
"The Car of the Hour"

$1695 Delivered Here. NOW PRICED $200 LOWER than any other car in its class.

Elgin Motor Sales Co.
1414-16 West Seventh St.
(7th at Valencia)
RIEMAN HALBRITER ROWLAND

MEXICAN TRADE IS IMPROVING.

Sales Increase in Spite of Unsettled Conditions.

Transportation is the Dealers' Greatest Problem.

Increase in Influx of Used Cars from United States.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

CITY OF MEXICO (Mex.) Aug. 1.—In the absence of any settled methods of selling and distributing automobiles in Mexico this trade is in a more or less chaotic condition. According to the statement of dealers, however, there has been a marked improvement in some phases of the business during the last few months. Even during the protracted revolutionary period, a considerable number of automobiles, motor trucks and delivery vehicles were purchased in the United States and brought to Mexico, despite the fact that all shipments had to be paid for in cash at the border, and that there were delays in making transfers from one railroad to another and in transporting the cars to destination.

STILL UNSOLVED.

The transportation problem is still unsolved as to automobiles, as well as other kind of shipments. It is met in a measure, however, by driving practically all automobiles across from Rio Grande crossing points. Even express shipments are slow. It usually takes twelve days for an express car of automobiles to move from Laredo to the City of Mexico, a distance of about 800 miles. The practice of giving credit to reliable dealers is rapidly taking the place of paying cash for cars at the border.

It is estimated that there are approximately 20,000 motor vehicles in Mexico, including automobiles, delivery vehicles and motor trucks. This is a very small number when it is considered that the country has a population of more than 15,000,000 people. Just what per cent of this population might be considered as prospective buyers of cars there is no means of determining. It has been said that the laboring class comprises fully 12,000,000 people. There is little prospect that many of this element will reach the automobile buying stage for many years to come, unless there should be a phenomenal rise of wages. Even in the oil producing region adjacent to Tampico where day laborers receive high wages few of them have gone in for buying automobiles. With 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 people as a possible market for automobiles, to say nothing of the many foreign-owned mining and industrial companies that will in the course of time adopt motor trucks for transportation use, the prospect for this line of trade in this country may be regarded as highly favorable.

GREAT REVIVAL.

During the last few months there has been a great revival of automobile sales and the establishment of agencies, accessory houses and garages. This is especially true as to the City of Mexico, which is the center of automobile distribution for the greater part of the country. Practically all of the American and French automobile manufacturers who are reaching out for foreign trade, are represented in Mexico. This is especially true as to the larger and higher priced cars. Although there are a number of automobile dealers here, the business is not confined to men of any one nationality. This is true, not only as to the sale of automobiles and other vehicle, but also applies to accessories and garages.

The sales manager of one of the oldest and largest agencies in the City of Mexico is J. F. Canales, who has had long experience in the various branches of the automobile business, not only in the United States, but in Europe and South America. Has has brought American methods of salesmanship to the agency, with which he is now connected. In discussing the automobile situation in Mexico, Mr. Canales said:

BUYING POWER.

"Although business conditions are not as good as they might be, the buying power of the people seems to be remarkably good when it comes to the purchase of automobiles and motor trucks. This agency sells about twenty-five cars and trucks a month. The banks here do not give credit to dealers as a rule. We have a credit of not over ninety days. We sell cars on one-half cash and the balance ninety days. During the last few years there has been a tremendous influx of second-hand cars to Mexico from the United States. There are now so many of these used cars in the country that they may be bought cheaper here than across the border. There must be a general discarding of worn out cars in the not far distant future, and this will improve the demand for new cars. Although there have been many new agencies established in the capital and various other cities of Mexico during the last several months, the older concerns have the advantage because of their established trade and reputation."

Inquiry developed the fact that there is comparatively little automobile stealing anywhere in Mexico. Once in a while some cheap car is stolen, but the thief is invariably caught and severely punished. Theft of accessories, however, is common. It is stated in this connection that the accessory stocks in this city, as well as in some of the other larger business centers of the country, will compare favorably with those to be found in cities of the same size in the United States. The carrying of automobile parts is now in general practice.

Much complaint is made of the lack of modern and satisfactory garage service. For the most part, the garages are owned and operated by Mexicans, and in many instances they prey upon their customers in the most flagrant manner, it is asserted.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mexico is one of the largest producers of petroleum of any country in the world, gasoline is now selling here for 18 centavos, which is equivalent to 44 cents American money, per gallon.

SIMPLY EATS UP THE WARM STUFF.

A real test for an automobile is a trip through the San Joaquin Valley and into the high Sierras during the summer months.

Art Shaffer left recently in his Wills Sainte Claire touring car for a run up the San Joaquin Valley. E. S. Cleveland, who accompanied him, wired to Manager E. B. Wilson of the Western Motors Company, stating that the Wills made a remarkable run of 240 miles through terrific heat of 118 deg. without boiling and consumed only one pint of oil.

A Feminine Argus.

From a story—"Helen's eyebrows went up a little and a slight gleam came into her numerous eyes."—[Boston Transcript.

LEXINGTON LARK STIRS MOTOR ROW.

New Model of Popular Car Receives Admiring Comment Wherever It is Seen.

Arrival in Los Angeles of the Lark, new Lexington sport model, has created a very audible stir on motor row. The universal admiration over this latest achievement of the Minute Man Six engineers is due to the fact that it is different, an advanced departure from the 1921 styles and designs now in vogue, according to Francis C. Davidson, general manager of the Lexington Los Angeles Company, local distributors.

"The mere announcement of the arrival of a new model doesn't mean anything to the public unless it is shown that it is really new, both in design and equipment," declares Mr. Davidson. "Motorists who have seen the Lark are forced to admit that it is a 1922 car in every respect and that it is distinctly different.

"Especial appreciation is shown for the fact that the Lark is not only the last word in sport-model design, including an option of six body colors with upholstery to match, but is equipped with many accessories generally spoken of as extras. Features, such as two spare wire wheels carrying cord tires, wind deflectors, and trunk rack, with a trunk are all included in the quoted purchase price.

"No less appreciation is shown for the power plant under the hood of the Lark. The alert strength of the Ansted motor has been a revelation to many motorists. It has shown its superior adaptability to all sorts of driving conditions, proving its dependability equally at the cautious pace necessitated by tangled traffic, or on the straight speed-inviting open road and curve-strewn grades of the hill country."

UNSERVICEABLE WHEN ARMY LETS THEM GO.

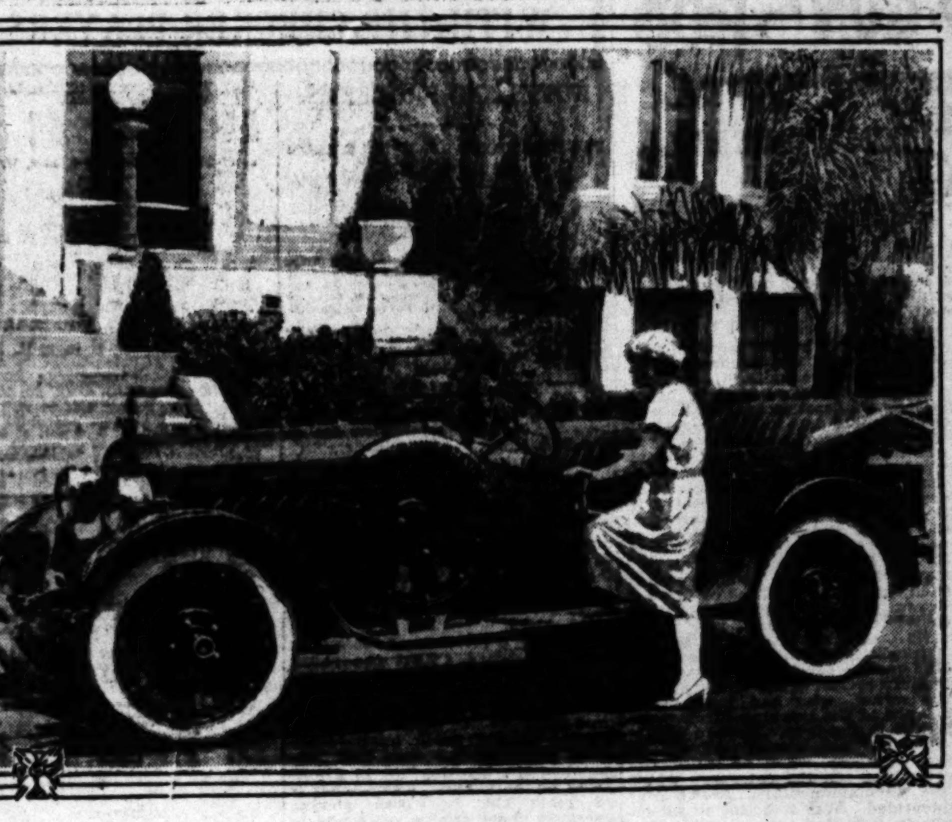
RUMORS OF STARTLING MOTOR CAR SALES ARE BRANDED AS FALSE.

[EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The War Department this week issued the following statement from the office of director of sales:

"In answer to many queries received daily by the War Department relative to the disposal of motor vehicle surplus at irregular intervals, the director of sales announces that no change in policy of the department toward this end has been made. Rumors emanating from various parts of the country to the effect that the War Department is offering for sale in blocks of ten, Ford runabouts and touring cars at nominal figures; that trucks and touring cars are being sold to men in the service and ex-service men below the market price; that trucks are being leased for $100 a year, and similar reports are erroneous.

"The only vehicles offered for sale at this time are unservicable ones. Under acts of Congress, all serviceable automobiles not required for use of the Army are transferred to other government departments to meet their requirements. The unserviceable cars—those not desired by any other department—are offered to the public at public auction, the sales being advertised in the vicinity in which they are to be held three or four weeks in advance."



Creamed Onions is About the Way Their Eyes Look When They See This Craft.
The Lark, new Lexington Minute Man Six sport model, that is now on display here for the first time and is making the natives' eyes pop out wherever it appears.

BUSINESS MAN MOST EXACTING.

Average Mortals Seem to be the Hardest of All Motor Car Buyers to Please.

All car owners of today are exacting in their demands of a motor car, but the average business man is the hardest of all to please. This is the declaration of J. C. McGill of the McGill Motor Company, local distributors for the Gardner automobile. "By the average business man, I mean the man who is neither a millionaire merchant nor a shoestring peddler, who is sufficiently well off to have one car, but can't afford two, and who doesn't do his commuting by street car.

"This man does not buy an expensive motor car, but still he wants beauty and efficient power, and above all, dependability."

The Gardner automobile is championed by Mr. McGill as the embodiment of this ideal of an average business man's car. He says:

"Available as it is at a figure just a little over a thousand dollars, the Gardner is now the business man's car more than ever before. This is the period of transition from inflation—we might even say extravagance—to economy in its strictest sense. No one realizes this more than the average business man I refer to. Consequently, he must choose an economy car."

Fat Example.

"Pa, what's an incongruity?"

"An incongruity, my son, is a divorce lawyer humming the wedding march."—[Boston Transcript.

TIMKEN — NEW DEPARTURE — HYATT
BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

USE only new genuine bearings when replacements are necessary.

We carry Hyatt, Timken and New Departure bearings sent directly to our store rooms from the factories of the makers of these products.

You can get nothing better.

Los Angeles Branch
1156 S. Grand Ave.
Broadway 5651.

The New 3/4 Ton
GARFORD
$1590 F. O. B. Lima, O.

Model 15 is a 3/4 ton Garford, built to the demand of thousands of Garford customers for a high-speed, high-quality delivery truck.

It is "all-truck" in every respect. A Garford through and through. Motor, transmission, rear axle—every unit is strictly up to the higher standards of excellence, so well established by Garford in its heavier models.

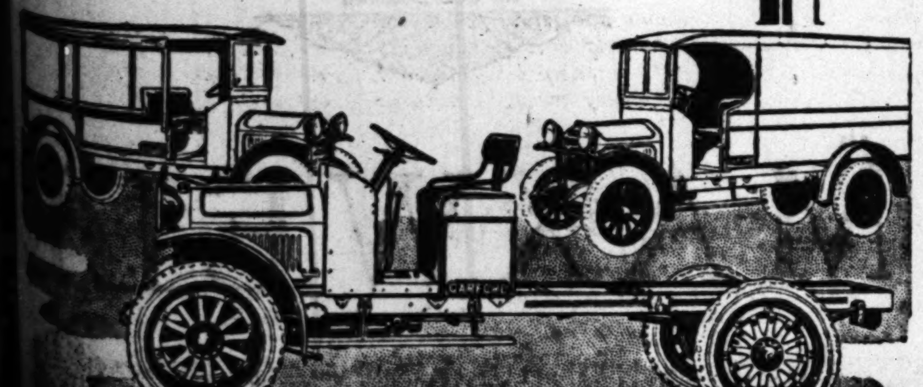
All we ask is that you see this Garford and judge its better value for yourself. Its superiority, we believe, is so evident to every business man who sees it that you actually cannot afford to overlook this truck.

From what we already know, we are firmly convinced that you will see in this truck the best purchase for today's dollar in the field of quick, dependable delivery.

THE GARFORD MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, LIMA, OHIO

$1590 Chassis Price
$1815 Panel Body complete with windshield
$1780 Covered express body complete with windshield
All equipped with electrical Starting and Lighting, and 34 x 5 Pneumatic Cord Tires
All F. O. B. Lima

GARFORD MOTOR TRUCK CO., Inc.
Direct Factory Branch
1431 South Los Angeles Street
Phone Main 3383.



CLEVELAND SIX $1295

September 1920 $1645 with cord tires
August 1921 $1295 with cord tires

No Other Car In Its Class At Such a Low Price

In fact, the Cleveland is in a class by itself. It is as finely designed, in every engineering and mechanical detail, as any car of any size or price. And it is built in its own modern plant, by men long experienced and skilled in the building of fine cars.

The Cleveland provides qualities that are not found in other cars selling for much more. It will meet your every requirement on any kind of roadway, on the boulevard, paved highway or country road, on the straight-way level road or the steepest hill.

The scientific distribution of weight and the long underslung spring construction give to the Cleveland riding comfort on rough roads not excelled by cars weighing twice as much.

Sturdily built, beautifully finished and splendidly upholstered bodies are mounted on the staunch Cleveland chassis.

Buy No Other Light Six Until You See the Cleveland

Touring Car (Five Passengers) $1295 — Roadster (Three Passengers) $1295
Sedan (Five Passengers) . . . $2295 — Coupe (Four Passengers) . . $2195
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Big Four-inch Cord Tires Standard Equipment

W. P. Herbert Co.
Flower at Eleventh. Phone 60412.
Hollywood Branch—6145 Hollywood Boulevard. Phone Holly. 4441.
Service Every Hour at Eleventh and Flower

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

OUR SALESMEN

Transport Truck owners are our best salesmen. They are constantly pulling for us because of the remarkable way

TRANSPORT TRUCKS

give consistent service day after day. And when, after months of steady usage, they are brought in for overhaul, our service experts turn them back on the job, good as new, in a few days.

Before you purchase another truck

"Ask the Man Who Drives a Transport"

D. F. POYER & SON

324-28 East Sixth St.

Phone Main 1354.

GEEVER & WATERS

THE NASH SHOP

Los Angeles, California

Bdwy. 3741 1230 S. Flower St.

Reading

the want-ad pages of The Times is a Los Angeles habit.

Hupmobile

It does us good to see the family spirit that the Hupmobile generates. On every road you can see a happy family—parents and kiddies—comfortably tucked in the Hupp enjoying a healthy form of recreation that is so intimately associated with Southern California.

Each member calls it "our Hupp." It is its everlasting economy, comfort and faithfulness that makes such a strong appeal to the average American family.

Its reduced price has greatly enhanced its value, and more than ever we consider it the best buy on the market.

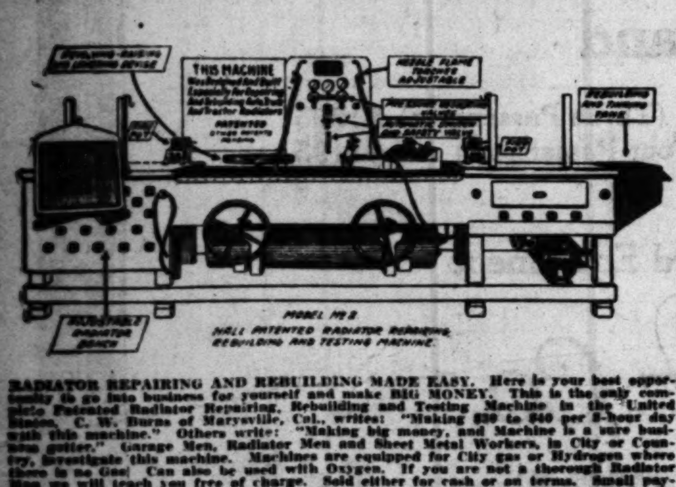
CORD TIRES
STANDARD EQUIPMENT

GREER-ROBBINS CO.

1144-58 South Flower St.

Phones: Broadway 5410 and 60081

Hupmobile



RADIATOR REPAIRING AND REBUILDING MADE EASY. Here is your best opportunity to go into business for yourself and make BIG MONEY. This is the only complete Patented Radiator Repairing, Rebuilding and Testing Machine in the United States. C. W. Burns of Marysville, Cal., writes: "Making $30 to $40 per 8-hour day with this machine." Others write: "Making big money, and Machine is a sure business getter." Garage Men, Radiator Men and Sheet Metal Workers, in City or Country, investigate this machine. Machines are equipped for City gas or Hydrogen where there is no Gas. Can also be used with Oxygen. If you are not a thorough Radiator Man we will teach you free of charge. Sold either for cash or on terms. Small payment down, balance in six or ten months. Why work for wages all your life? Be independent; get in business for yourself. There is no other good, sound business that we know of where a man can start in with so little an investment. We prepay freight, furnish road signs, newspaper cuts and write personal letters to prospective customers. Machines are sold with or without Motor and Air Compressor. Will sell raising and lowering device separate, in Los Angeles ONLY. Los Angeles Representative, H. H. Hall, 204 West 9th Street. Phone 191-79. G. S. Hall, the Inventor, can be reached this week at above address. Permanent address and factory at Chico, Cal.

Auto Owners! Insist that your radiator be repaired where this machine is in use.

[This is the ninety-fifth of a series of articles dealing with trapshooting, hunting and fishing by Capt. Tom Marshall, a noted authority on the great out-of-doors.]

"Sour-Doughs" are indigenous to the wild and wooly West. An aggregation of human derelicts of the ne'er do-well class, whose lives are spent in quest of gold. Removed from the haunts of man, they usually become unkempt, lose all personal pride, living within and for themselves alone. "Grub Staked" by a friend, willing to take a gambier's chance, they are ever optimistic of a lucky find, insisting that the pot of gold will be found at the foot of their mental rainbow.

NATIONAL PARKS.

With my old friend Fred Gilbert, expert wing shot of Spirit Lake, Iowa, accompanied by Art Holmes and Sam Service of Estes Park, we toured the Rocky Mountain National Park, in Colorado. Following the Falls River highway, we crossed the Continental Divide at an altitude of 11,800 feet, came down the west side of the mountain range, arriving at the cabin of Squeaky Bob, a typical sour-dough mountaineer, trapper and purveyor of uncensored western stories. He recited past personal experiences.

Necessity caused him to locate his present home in the congested valley, originally outside the pale of civilization. Forty years since he moved into the West and became a cowpuncher. His eyes soon became infected with a germ, which developed a distressing condition. Jim was unable to decipher cattle brands. He conceived the erroneous idea that all unbranded calves and cattle running at large, must belong to his herd, or they would have been branded by the rightful owner. This fallacious position of Jim's was very unpopular with the legitimate cattle men on the ranges. Jim's herd contained every brand extant. It was a combination of hieroglyphics known to cattle men. Every symbol, character and letter in the alphabet, many of which had been changed and inverted, were coupled in every conceivable manner.

OBJECTIONS.

James eyesight, slightly impaired, was unable to distinguish or decipher neighbor's brands. Cattle losers, interposed objections. Meetings were held and rumors of necktie parties were current. It was stated that some evening in the near future, Squeaky James would be seen. Immediate departure seemed advisable. James's health, required good pure mountain air, uncontaminated by the close proximity of neighbors.

With his mongrel herd of cattle, bearing nondescript brands, he hurriedly moved into this obscure valley, which proved a haven of rest where "Squeaky" later in life, homesteaded and settled. James insists that his cattle-rustling experiences are interesting to the present generation, but were nonamusing at the critical time. Jim was camped near the present city of Las Vegas, N. M. He ran short of meat, and mavericked a nice plump yearling from the wandering herd of Laird & Brown, driving the critter what he considered a safe distance.

He slaughtered and quickly "frisked" off the hide, taking a nice hind quarter back to camp. Soon after Jim's arrival at his shack, Brown, the owner, who had located the balance of the smoking carcass, appeared in the door. He had caught "Squeaky" red handed. After a tirade of abuse, when he called Jim everything in the category which was uncomplimentary, Brown was undecided. Was it better to immediately kill Jim, thus saving the trouble of delivering him over to the tender mercy of "Judge Lynch," who was accredited with quick and fatal action? In the interim of indecision, Jim was industriously cooking the meat, and urged Brown to partake of the meal. The reputation of Laird & Brown as square cattle raisers was a little shady.

AN OPEN BOOK.

This fact was an open book to "Squeaky." Turning to Brown, James coyly suggested "That Brown was, at that immediate moment, for possibly the first time in his life, eating beef, he knew was his own." He further remarked to Brown, he had been very fortunate in not having been located in his abductions, but Jim confessed having overplayed his hand, and been caught with the goods. An offer to declare all bets off and establish a close friendship was made up and accepted by Brown. They later became business associates. At the conclusion of this recital, Jim turned to me with his copyrighted expression, "Stranger, the world hain't round."

"Squeaky's" cabin in the Rockies was our home for a number of days. A trout stream, direct from the mountains, clear as crystal and cold as ice, meanders through his back yard, within a few feet of his cabin. Trout of unusual size may be seen or found in deep holes under the banks, ready to rise to a fly or preferably to fresh grub or angle worms. It was no effort to land a skillet of trout, which Jim frisked of their scales and had rolled in corn meal in a jiffy. We were quartered in a small tent near the cabin. Hoot owls serenaded and a yelling, screeching bunch of coyotes officiated as alarm clocks, prior to the breakfast hour. Here's a bumper of good luck to "Squeaky Jim" of Peaceful Valley, cattle man, trapper, hunter, and "Sour-Dough."

DRIVERS RESIGNEDLY ACCEPT PARKING LAW.

IS CONSIDERED AS A NECESSARY EVIL BY LOS ANGELES MOTORISTS.

The no-parking ordinance of Los Angeles, which caused more discussion and dissatisfaction than any other municipal law of a decade, has finally become accepted by the majority of automobile owners as a necessary evil and the number of violations is decreasing steadily from month to month, say the traffic officers of the Los Angeles police department.

Chief among the changed conditions that have enabled citizens who own and drive automobiles to reconcile themselves to the law that forbids them to park on downtown street after 4 p.m. is the fact that greatly increased garage facilities downtown have been provided since the no-parking ordinance became operative.

At Fifth and Grand, the world's largest and most complete garage, the Grand Central, with accommodations for 1000 cars, has done much to solve the problem for shoppers as well as business and professional men who must have their cars quickly available to their stores or offices and who dislike to park on the streets even where and when permitted to do so.

The oil, water and gas stations on each floor of the Grand Central have proved to be great conveniences. The automobilist can secure anything he needs for a journey right at the garage and without delay or confusion. He drives out of the establishment without waiting for any other car to move or be moved out of his way. The big garage combines efficiency, convenience and economy to the last degree. It is frictionless, runs like a piece of well-oiled machinery.

Visitors to Los Angeles are patronizing the Grand Central in ever-increasing numbers and give unstinted praise to the great establishment which is at once a show place and an asset to the fast-growing city.

WITH THE CHECKER PLAYERS.

NOTES AND PROBLEMS.

PUBLICATIONS IN THE REALM OF CHECKERS.

By John Dougherty.

August 7, 1921.

Chess and Checker Headquarters, 820 Union League Building, corner of Second and Hill streets. All chess and checker players invited to join. For further information concerning the club, see or write the secretary, D. H. Bowes, at the clubrooms.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to John Dougherty, The Times, Los Angeles, Cal.

GINSBERG DEFEATS JORDAN.

The following account of the Ginsberg vs. Jordan subscription match is taken from F. R. Wendemuth's column in the Chicago Daily News.

"Louis Ginsberg defeated Alfred Jordan, 3 to 1, and 25 draws in their thirty-game match at the South Side Checker Club last week. All the victories in the match were scored with the black pieces, Ginsberg winning the eighth, twenty-second and twenty-eighth games with the black side of 10-15, 24-19—12-16, 24-19—and 11-15, 22-18.

"A large percentage of the games were crossboard. That the young South Side Club expert should defeat the famous ex-champion of England and winner of Scottish tourneys will be a surprise to the checker-playing public, but the character of the games show that Jordan had the laboring oar in a majority of the games. The winner is 28 years old, has been playing checkers about twelve years and is a protege of the late Melvin Brown of Brooklyn.

"The most important events of his checker career follow: Won seventh prize in the second American tourney, divided third and fourth prizes with Newell W. Banks in the third American tourney. In match play lost to H. B. Reynolds, 4 to 2, and 13 draws; won from L. M. Lewis, 3 to 2, and 25 draws, and from H. B. Reynolds, 5 to 3, and 11 draws. He does not intend to retire from checker activity, but is ready to give Mr. Jordan a return match or meet John Horr, Newell W. Banks, Andrew Dossett or any other player who thinks he can defeat him in match play."

L. M. Lewis and H. B. Reynolds are playing a twenty-game match in St. Louis. At the end of eight games Lewis had scored two wins and drew the other eight. They played the games rather fast, as the first eight were played the first day. The openings drawn were 9-13, 24-19, both games drawn, 9-13, 217,, also bot hdrawn, 10-15, 24-20 and 10-14, 23-19. Lewis won with the white side of the last two openings.

PROBLEM NO. 555.

By H. O. Robinson.

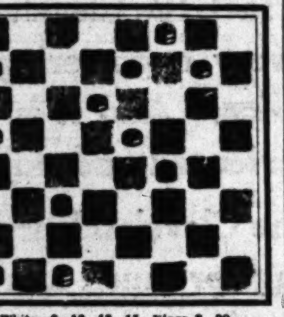
Black—7, 18, Kings 24, 29.

White—8, Kings 4, 17, 30.
White to play and win.

PROBLEM NO. 556.

By L. J. Vair.

Black—5, 7, Kings 19, 22, 29.



White—8, 10, 13, 15, Kings 3, 30.
White to play and win.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM NO. 553.

By H. T. Smith.

Black—3, 6, 9, King 27.
White—11, 15, 16, 28, King 13.
White to play and win.

15-10	27-18	10-6	3-10	6-24
6-15a	6-10	18-15	16-11	W. wins
13-6	15-19	11-7	15-8	

a—27-18, 10-1, 18-15, 13-6, 15-8, W. wins.

PROBLEM NO. 554.

By L. J. Vair.

Black—2, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14.
White—13, 19, 20, 22, 24, 27, 32.
Black to play and win.

11-15	17-10	16-20	7-11	14-18
13-9a	20-11	32-27	1-6	23-7
8-11	7-16	2-7	11-16	16-23
27-23b	9-5	5-1	6-9	B. wins

a—27-23, 2-6, 32-28, 7-11, 23-18, 14-23, 22-17, 15-18, B. wins.
b—9-5, 14-18, 24-17, 11-16, 20-11, 7-23, B. wins.

LOS ANGELES TIMES GAME, NO. 1048.

"Double Corner," 9-14, 22-17.

The four following games were played by correspondence between A. B. Dossett of Lebanon, Ind., and John Howe, Jr., of Chicago, Ill.

Black—Dossett. White—Howe, Jr.

9-14	28-19	14-18 d	26-14	20-27
22-17	4-8	29-22 1	16-19	31-24
11-15	29-25	10-15 2	32-23	19-23
25-22	8-11	30-26	6-9	22-18
8-11a	22-17	6-10	13-6	15-20
17-13	16-20	16-12	2-18	24-6
11-16	19-16	11-16	17-13	20-23b
24-19	12-19	20-23	7-11	6-2
15-24	23-16	1-6	27-24	25-22
				Drawn

a—15-19 forms Double Corner Dyke.
b—To here the game has been the same as one played between R. Stewart and R. Jordan. They continued:

28-27	21-17	31-27	10-6	18-19
6-2	29-25	14-10	25-22	1-6
27-31	17-14	11-15	6-1	27-24

then 6-10, drawn.

VARIATION 1.

26-23	13-6	31-24	14-10	21-17
10-14	2-18	11-27	7-14	29-27
23-14	27-24	32-14	17-10	17-14
6-9	20-27	15-19	19-23	Drawn

Martins vs. Adamson.

VARIATION 2.

3-8d	30-26c	11-16	28-19	1-10
22-15	7-10	27-23	10-14	18-14
10-19	16-7	8-12	17-10	Drawn
32-28	2-11	23-18	6-24	
5-9	25-22	19-24	13-6	

Thirkell vs. Macfarlane.

c—A. Hynd against Barker in the international match played 16-12 at this stage and the game was drawn.
d—An ingenious move introduced by H. Freedman. 5-9 also draws, as under:

5-9-3	10-15	9-18	2-11	1-10
22-8	31-26	26-23	27-23	25-22
3-19	7-10	19-26	6-9	20-24
32-28e	17-14	30-7	13-6	Drawn

R. Jordan vs. R. Stewart.

e—30-26 draws, as played by Martins against Wyllie.

VARIATION 3.

Black—Dougherty. White—W. L. Pilcher.

18-23	17-14	11-18	13-10	18-27
27-18	10-17	22-15	5-9	31-24
20-24	21-14	13-17	10-3	20-27
16-12	7-11	25-21	9-18	Drawn
11-16	13-9	2-7	21-14	
30-26	6-13	12-8	24-27	
16-20	18-15	3-12	32-23	

VARIATION 4.

Black—Dougherty. White—C. J. Williamson.

11-15f	13-6	3-17	26-23	14-18
25-22g	1-10	32-28	9-14	2-6
5-9h	30-23	2-6	15-10	17-21
26-23	10-14	28-24	22-26	6-10
15-18	31-26i	6-9	10-6	26-23
22-15	14-17	23-19	26-31	10-14
10-26	21-14	15-18	6-2	23-32
17-10	7-11	19-15	31-26	B. wins
6-15	16-7	18-22	23-19	

f—14-18 is more popular, but this is probably just as good.
g—26-23 is given as best at this stage.
h—This varies from published play, which goes 15-19, with a strong Black game.
i—This loses. 16-12 looks safe for a draw.

LOS ANGELES TIMES GAME, NO. 1049.

"Double Corner," 9-14, 24-20.

Black—Howe, Jr. White—Dossett.

9-14	24-19	3-7	31-22	24-27
24-20	11-16	25-22	6-10	15-19
5-9	20-25	7-11	12-8	27-31
22-18	7-11	27-23	10-15	19-26
11-16	18-15	11-16a	8-3	2-7
20-11	11-18	22-18	20-24	32-23
8-22	21-17	16-20	3-8	7-11
25-18	14-21	18-15b	15-19	28-24
4-8	23-5	12-16	8-11	31-27
28-24	10-23	19-12	19-23	24-20
8-11	26-19	10-26	11-15	27-31c
				Drawn

a—So far both players have followed the beaten path. 6-9 is the popular move here, and no doubt the best. 11-15 is also played, but I find no play on the text move.
b—Is this the best?
c—A neat ending.

LOS ANGELES TIMES GAME, NO. 1050.

"Denny," 10-14, 22-18.

Black—Dossett. White—Howe, Jr.

10-14	4-8	7-16	14-17	6-9
22-18	25-22	22-18	21-14	13-6
11-15	8-11	9-13	10-26	1-26
18-11	22-18	18-9	31-22	30-23
8-15	6-10	5-14	2-6a	16-19
24-19	26-22	29-25	19-15	23-16
15-24	11-15	3-7	18-17	12-19
28-19	18-11	25-22	22-13	Drawn

a—So far the game has been played the same as one between J. Wyllie and R. D. Yates. They continued: 7-10, 27-24, 16-20, 30-26, 20-27, 19-15, 10-19, 23-16, 12-19, 32-16, 2-7, drawn.

LOS ANGELES TIMES GAME, NO. 1051.

"Edinburgh," 9-13, 22-18.

Black—Howe, Jr. White—Dossett.

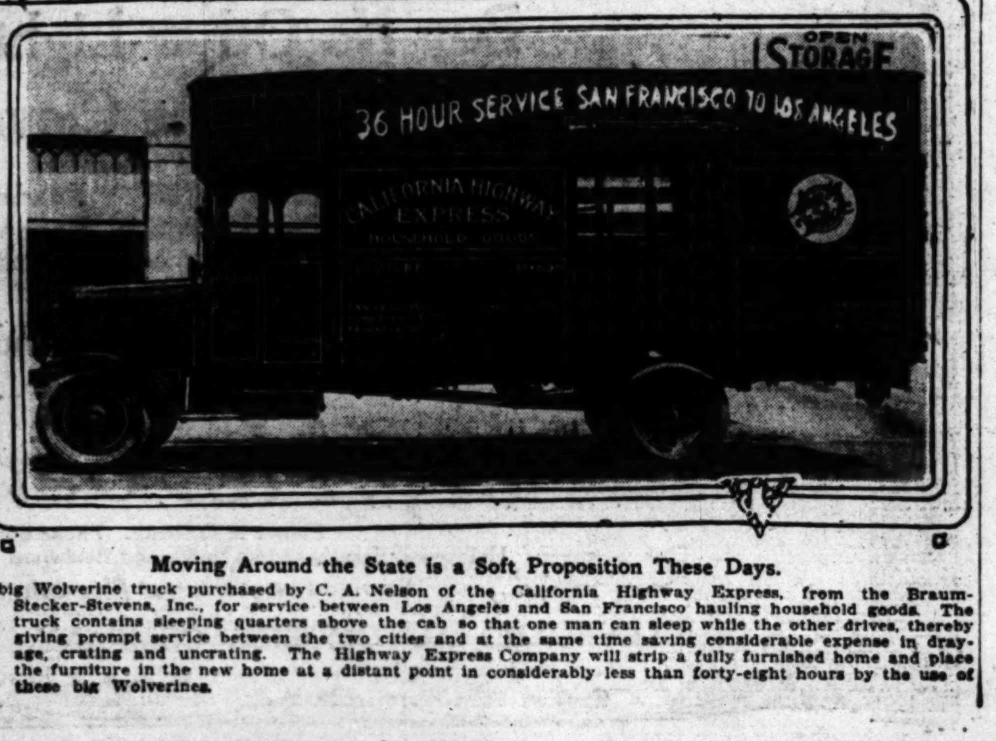
9-13	3-8	9-13	9-14	16-19
22-18	20-11	32-28	18-9	23-16
11-15a	8-15	1-5	5-14	12-19
18-11	28-24	27-23	23-18	26-22
8-15	4-8	6-9	14-17	17-26
21-17b	29-25	24-19	27-24	30-16
13-22	5-9	15-24	17-21	Drawn
25-11	25-22	28-19	24-20	
7-16	8-11	2-7	13-17	
24-20	23-18c	31-27	19-15	

a—It is a mooted question as to the best move at this stage. 12-16, 10-15, 6-9, and the text all have their following. 11-16 has been given up as a loss. 10-14 and 13-17 have been tried, but have not proven satisfactory.
b—24-20 makes Black play very careful.

AUTO TENT IS LIGHT, STRONG AND COMPACT.

A new style auto tent has just been received at the Arnold Accessory Store on Seventh street, just west of Figueroa. According to Charlie Dumars, manager of that establishment, this tent is especially suited to week-end beach and mountain trips.

"Not bulky, not big," said Dumars, "but compact, light and strong. It is quickly up and easy down. Exactly what nine out of ten auto campers are looking for. Plenty of room without any waste or weight. And it is mighty good looking, too, without being expensive."



Moving Around the State is a Soft Proposition These Days.

A big Wolverine truck purchased by C. A. Nelson of the California Highway Express, from the Braum-Stecker-Stevens, Inc., for service between Los Angeles and San Francisco hauling household goods. The truck contains sleeping quarters above the cab so that one man can sleep while the other drives, thereby giving prompt service between the two cities and at the same time saving considerable expense in drayage, crating and uncrating. The Highway Express Company will strip a fully furnished home and place the furniture in the new home at a distant point in considerably less than forty-eight hours by the use of these big Wolverines.

Safety First! Try Out Your Brakes Daily.

Mr. Soloman and Mr. Renton of the Pacific Brake Lining and Supply Company, distributors of the Emsco brake lining and representatives of the Emsco brake-lining service stations, held a conference with W. W. Coulson, sales manager of the E. M. Smith Company, manufacturers of Emsco brake lining and thoroughly discussed the care of brakes and reached the following conclusions:

Brakes should be tested each day. Before going half a block from the garage make a service test by throwing out the clutch and applying the brakes. If possible, select a dry spot for making this service test. Under no circumstances should the car be taken farther if the brakes are not operating properly. Drive back to the garage or to the nearest Emsco brake service station and see that the faults are corrected before driving out again.

To keep the brakes in good condition.

Once in two months remove the rear wheels and wash the brake lining with kerosene. This removes all oil and grease, which, if present, take the "bite" out of the brakes. Never oil brake lining.

Brakes squeal when they are glazed or when improperly adjusted. Squealing can often be stopped by removing wheel and roughening the brake lining.

If the brake lining is worn down to the rivets, sink the rivets still further or have the brakes relined.

Wipe off and oil brake mechanism every 500 miles, or at least once a month.

Make a regular systematic brake inspection a habit. The loss of a cotter pin might lead to a serious accident. When a lock washer is removed, don't put it back, use a new one.

ELVERA

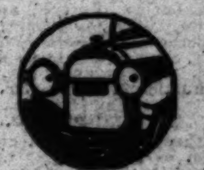
WHY PAY

DELIVERED ANYWHERE

W. E. JOHANNS

1008 Leighton Ave.

WILLYS-KNIGHT



IT IS so simple that repairs are almost never needed—and when they are, any mechanic anywhere can make them economically.

Its oiling system is so perfect at all temperatures that there is practically no wear on its sleeves after tens of thousands of miles.

Its patented sleeve-valve motor is manufactured on license by only a few manufacturers in America and the finest motor car builders of Europe.

The car in every detail is built to reflect the economy and dependability of the motor.

Touring, f. o. b. Toledo,	was, $2195	now, $1895
Roadster, f. o. b. Toledo,	was, 2195	now, 1895
Coupe, f. o. b. Toledo,	was, 2845	now, 2550
Sedan, f. o. b. Toledo,	was, 2945	now, 2750

WILLYS-OVERLAND PACIFIC COMPANY

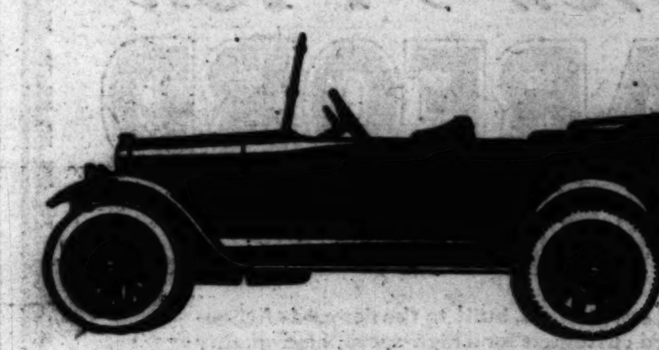
11th and Hope Sts. Los Angeles — 666 East Colorado St. Pasadena

All Present Models Will Be Continued — Ask About Extremely Easy Payments

CITY DEALERS

Bozzani Motor Car Company, 617 North Broadway — H. B. Drollinger, 104 West Pico Street — "Wright's" Service Company, 6230 Hollywood Boulevard — Perry Overland Co., 3849 South Vermont

Price Now $1895



The economical upkeep, the pronounced riding comforts, and the good general service it renders are steadily increasing the popularity of the good Maxwell with the average family.

Terms—$300 Down, $50 a Month

UNION MOTORS, Inc.

DISTRIBUTORS

10th and Flower Streets

Phone 60781

The Good Maxwell

MAXWELL

SUNDAY MOR...

"Old 300,000," the famou... for miles over a rough ... of the slickest roads ... genuine article. Bu...

Pave Roads With Cott... in Imp...

First ... Used...

— THE —
ELVERA
$17.50
OAK FRAME
WHY PAY MORE
DELIVERED ANYWHERE
For the comfort of those occupying the rear seat of a touring car a Tonneau Windshield is absolutely necessary.
Manufactured by
W. E. JOHANSEN
1500 Leighton Ave. Los Angeles, Cal.
Free Installation at factory.

NIGHT

...hat repairs are ...ded—and when ...hanic anywhere ...y.

...ct at all temper... ...y no wear on its ...sands of miles.

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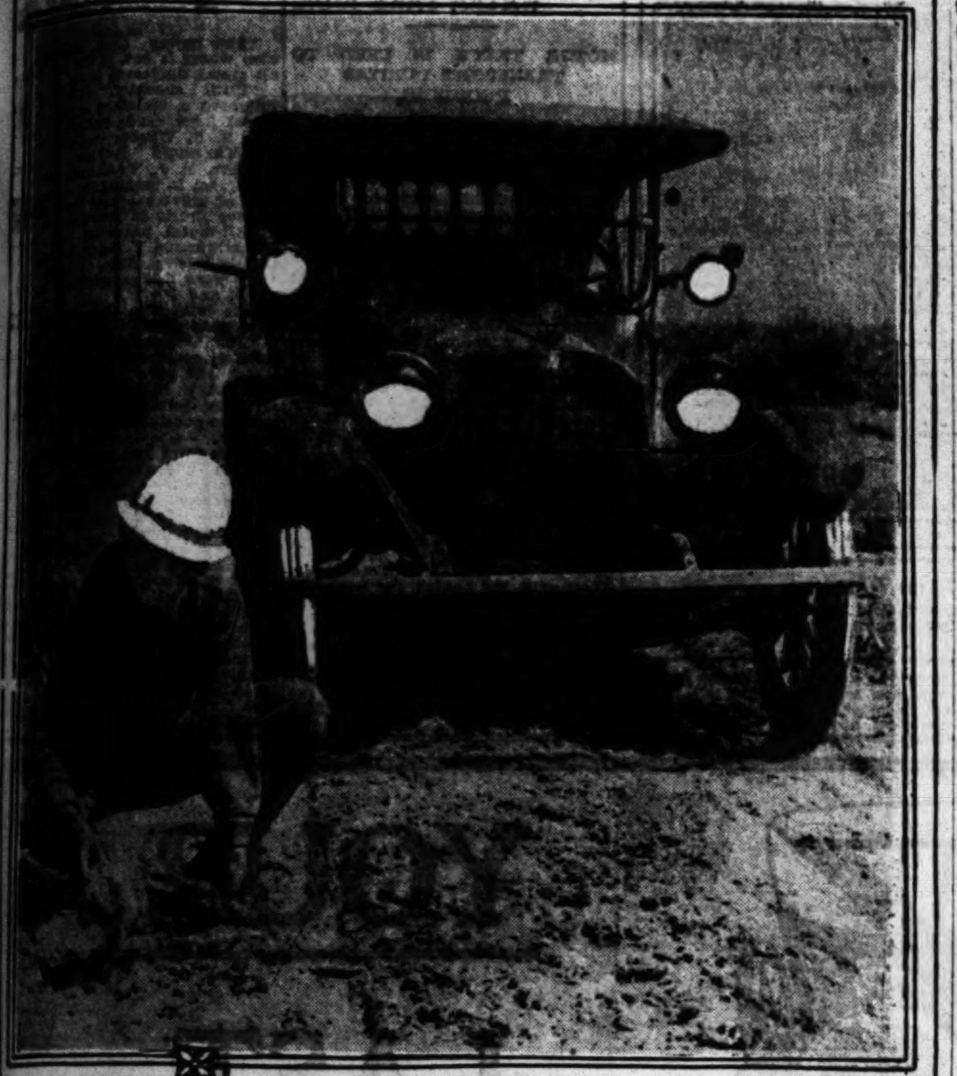


"Fleece Lining"—the Very Latest Thing in Roads.

"Old 300,000," the famous Dodge Bros.' scout car, hit something entirely new in highways when it traveled for miles over a road surfaced with cotton. Yep, it's real cotton, and according to reports it makes one of the slickest roads you ever traveled on. The Dodge party recommended this sort of surface as the genuine article. But it would come a little high for general use. And it might blow away.

Pave Roads With Cotton in Imperial.

Like a few other monarchs we could mention, Old King Cotton has stepped down from his mightly perch and has taken up the lowly, but extremely useful occupation of making roads. And it is doing a mightly good job of it, too.

Two weeks ago Fred S. Albertson of the Albertson Motor Company, Dodge Bros. dealers for Los Angeles and vicinity, sent the famous Dodge Bros. car, "Old 300,000," into the Imperial Valley, and it was on this trip that the cotton roads were discovered. Off of the main highways the roads of Imperial Valley in the vicinity of Indio, Coachella and Mecca, and throughout the whole Imperial Valley in general are extremely poor, the constantly shifting sandy soil preventing the making of trails and country roads.

In order to make satisfactory roads for the purpose of intercommunication, the farmers have found that raw cotton makes an excellent surface for automobile and teams traffic. The road shown in the picture was taken between Indio and the government experimental date farm and is typical of the roads, which branch off of the main highways leading to the farms and ranches. The cotton pods seem to bed down in the sand of the road and give a good traction surface especially for light automobile traffic.

The Dodge Bros. party reported that the intense heat of the valley, although it made it necessary for the drivers to wear sun helmets, had no effect upon "Old 300,000" and no trouble was experienced in the daily grind along the blistering stretches of these "fleece-lined" roads, and upon its return from this trip "Old 300,000" was placed on the salesroom floor of the Albertson Motor Company, where it now sits with the desert dust upon it in contrast to Dodge Bros. car "600,000."

MANY "REPEATERS" ON LIBERTY LISTS.

CENSUS SHOWS THAT 50 PER CENT COME BACK FOR SAME THING.

It has been discovered that 51 per cent of the present owners of Liberty six cars in the city of Detroit are also former owners of Liberty sixes. This means that one-half of the Detroit Liberty owners are "repeaters." A large number of other present owners are still using their first Liberty, and this feature has just been proven here, declared C. W. McKelvey, head of the McKelvey Motors Company, Southern California distributors of the Liberty. When these owners get ready to buy new cars, they have assured us they, too, will become "repeaters."

"The repeater business," according to McKelvey, "has already become one of the most important factors in the auto sales business.

"As fast as the auto selling business in America becomes largely a matter of replacement, this will be true to even a greater extent. We consider that the record of the Liberty six indicates remarkable strength from the standpoint of satisfied customers."

DEPRESSION DOESN'T HIT TIRE BUSINESS.

That the depression in tire manufacturing and sales, generally evident throughout the country, has not been felt by the Stephens Tire Stores Company, was the declaration yesterday of Mr. G. C. Williams, manager of the Los Angeles Stephens stores.

Mr. Williams stated that the tire and tube factory of the A. J. Stephens Rubber Company had been working day and night for several months and in addition had contracted for the surplus stock of several other factories in order to care for the steady demand for tires and tubes, through its outlet chain of Stephens tire stores. In addition to the double shift at its tire and tube plant, the Stephens accessories plant, where a full line of tire accessories and fabric products is manufactured, has been working full time in an effort to keep production on a par with demand, he added.

"The whole Stephens organization has implicit faith in the future of the tire, tube and accessories business," declared Mr. Williams, "and we have such a strong belief in the magnificent future that lies ahead of Los Angeles and its great trade territory that we expect to enlarge our retail capacity here in the not distant future."

First Annual Used Car Sale

A complete clean-up of our stock! We are making exceptional sacrifices in a fine line of high-grade automobiles. A wonderful lot of machines priced to sell. Look them over!!

1919 Revere Sport, 6 wire wheels, 6 cord tires, many extras. 103 h.p. Duesenburg motor. In first-class shape—$1975.00.

1920 Columbia Sport, disc wheels, five cord tires. Four bearing crankshaft, Red Seal Continental motor. You must see this—$1195.00.

1920 Nash Touring, thoroughly overhauled, five tires, bumpers, wing windshields. An exceptional buy—$1195.00.

1919 Lexington Sport. Five cord tires. Gypsy curtains, tonneau and wing windshields, bumpers. Just overhauled. Exceptional price—$1195.00.

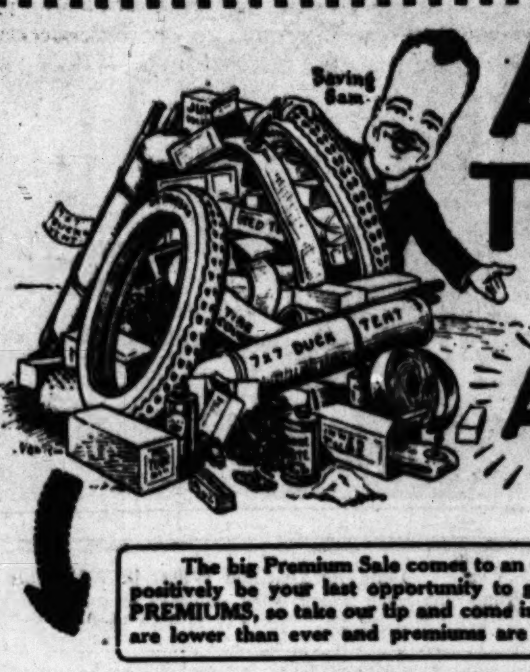
1921 H. C. S. Sport. Six wire wheels and cord tires. Crown fenders. Brand new car. We can save you $1000.

Three 7-Passenger Chandlers. One Chandler Chummy roadster. All in excellent shape. Priced low for quick sales.

Many Other Cars At Reduced Prices

Lexington Los Angeles Co.
Lexington Motor Cars
1132 S. Grand Ave. Pico 3157

AUTO SUPPLIES, TIRES and CAMP COMFORTS GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE!



The big Premium Sale comes to an end this week. This will positively be your last opportunity to get these valuable FREE PREMIUMS, so take our tip and come in this week SURE. Prices are lower than ever and premiums are better.

Many hundreds of motorists have availed themselves of this opportunity to get Auto Supplies, Tires and Camping Equipment of Western Auto quality at Western Auto prices and get in addition their choice of many articles of real worth ABSOLUTELY FREE.

HOW TO GET THE VALUABLE *FREE PREMIUMS*

Come into our store, bringing this ad with you; make your purchases of tires or accessories and present ad to salesman who will give you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, your choice of any of the articles listed under the amount of your purchase. These premiums are given with tires or any other merchandise in the store. Come in this week sure and get all your supplies at once, thereby getting a better premium.

Don't forget to bring this ad—only one premium on each ad.

GREATER PREMIUM LIST

A Purchase of $5 Entitles you to your choice of the following: FREE
1—A-C Circo Spark Plug.
1—Pt. Auto Polish.
1—Lb. Waste.
1—Rubber Heel Plate.
1—Set Trans Lining.

A Purchase of $10 Entitles you to your choice of the following: FREE
1—30x3 or 30x3½ Gray Tube.
1—Jumbo Vulcanizer.
1—Qt. Gets-It Carbon Remover.
1—Qt. Shinebrite Polish.
1—Pr. Luggage Holders.

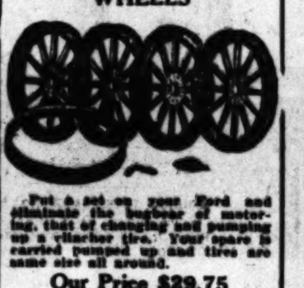
A Purchase of $15 Entitles you to your choice of the following: FREE
1—30x3½ Red Tube.
1—5-lb. Can Speedway Grease.
1—Small Chamois.
1—Myle Maker.
1—Qt. Spryng Oyle.

A Purchase of $25 Entitles you to your choice of the following: FREE
1—Tire Cover; Any Size.
1—Tool Box.
1—Non-Kick Device.
1—Qt. Vapo Oils.

A Purchase of $50 Entitles you to your choice of the following: FREE
1—Jumbo Tube (not over 4-in.)
1—Pr. Primolite Lens.
1—Set 4 Western Giant Plugs.
1—Safety Spotlight.
1—Pr. Rubber Step Plates.

A Purchase of $100 Entitles you to your choice of the following: FREE
1—Nebraska Tire.
2—Jumbo Tubes (not over 4-in.)
1—7x7 Duck Tent.
1—Large Silverbeam Spotlight.
1—Auto Lunch Kit.

DEMOUNTABLE WHEELS



Put a set on your Ford and eliminate the bugbear of motoring, that of changing and pumping up a clincher tire. Your spare is carried pumped up and tires are same size all around.
Our Price $29.75

TIRE VALUES SUPREME

"Western Auto" buys tires in immense quantities to supply our 30 stores; in fact, we take practically the entire factory output of several brands. It is for this reason that we can quote the low prices shown below. Our tires are all strictly first quality, and their guarantee being backed by Western Auto gives you full protection.

FIDELITY TIRES
Owners of small cars have been delighted with our remarkable values in these really high quality Fidelity tires. Long fiber cotton and pure gum friction used throughout. Made only in the 30x3 and 30x3½ sizes.
Free Premiums with Fidelities.

NEBRASKA TIRES
The pride of the "Cornhusker State," where they have been manufactured for about 6 years and they have been so popular in their home State that the factory until recently has been unable to make shipments to the Coast. See our prices on these quality tires.
Free Premiums with Nebraskas.

PHARIS TIRES
Western Auto's old standby, having been carried by us for nearly 8 years, and at the prices quoted below, they represent unprecedented value in this tire that has proven so satisfactory among our customers.
Free Premiums with Pharis.

INDIA TIRES
In a super quality tire like the India, you naturally expect a greater mileage, but you are sure to be greatly surprised at the unequaled amount of mileage that is built into these tires. They have earned their title of "America's Best."
Free Premiums on Indias.

OUR CASH PRICES

Tax Paid

Size	Fidelity Tires, 6000-10,000-Mile Guarantee: Fabric	Fidelity: N. S. Cord	Nebraska Tires, 6000-mile Guarantee: Raised Tread	Nebraska: N.S. Casings	Nebraska: D.S. Tubes	Pharis Tires, 7000-10,000-Mile Guarantee: Fabric	Pharis: Cord	India Tires, 8000-12,000-Mile Guarantee: Fabric	India: Cord	India: Tubes
30x3	$ 8.95	....	$8.75	$9.40	$1.65	$10.75	$....	$15.15	....	$2.30
30x3½	10.85	18.85	....	11.60	1.95	12.80	19.35	17.90	$24.45	3.25
32x3½	....	....	....	13.50	2.25	16.20	26.30	23.75	32.95	3.45
31x4	....	....	....	15.25	2.75	17.90	....	26.00	....	4.00
32x4	....	....	....	17.30	2.85	21.50	33.50	28.45	41.80	4.20
33x4	....	....	....	18.20	2.95	22.65	34.50	29.75	43.00	4.35
34x4	....	....	....	18.65	3.05	23.10	35.40	30.20	44.20	4.50
34x4½	....	....	....	....	....	....	39.70	....	49.75	5.60
35x5	....	....	....	....	....	....	49.50	....	61.80	6.60

Other Sizes at Proportionate Prices

STEWART SPEEDOMETERS

These are the genuine Stewart instruments that are universally sold at $16.00. The sale of speedometers has been immense since the rumor of a law compelling the use of one on every car. Get yours now while we still have a few.
Our Price $12.90

A. C. TITAN SPARK PLUGS

The plug that is used as standard equipment on a great many popular cars. You can buy your favorite at "Western Auto" at a substantial reduction.
Our Price 85c

BUICK CUTOUTS

Buick owners can now secure an efficient and easily installed cutout for their cars. These Cooper Cutouts are megaphone shaped to magnify the sound for testing. Comes complete, including pedal and cable, etc.
Buick Special Cutouts $2.85

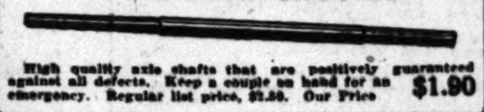
FANSTEEL TIMERS

The efficient magneto break Timer that never requires oiling or cleaning and is guaranteed for one year.
Our Price $4.65

TOOL KIT

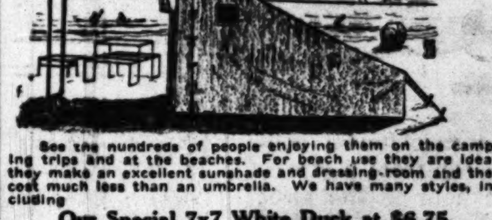
Making minor adjutments and repairs on your car is a pleasure if you have a good kit of tools. They soon pay for themselves on one or two odd jobs. Come in and see our many styles at money-saving prices. As illustrated,
$3.45

AXLE SHAFTS FOR FORDS



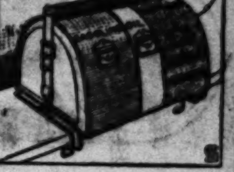
High quality axle shafts that are positively guaranteed against all defects. Keep a couple on hand for an emergency. Regular list price, $2.50. Our Price $1.90

AUTO TENTS



See the hundreds of people enjoying them on the camping trips and at the beaches. For beach use they are ideal, they make an excellent sunshade and dressing-room and they cost much less than an umbrella. We have many styles, including
Our Special 7x7 White Duck at $6.75

BOYCO SERVICE UNIT



Count them on the autos. Nearly everybody has one, because they surely do provide a handy means of carrying a reserve supply of water, oil and gas.
Our Special Price, $5.75

SPEEDSTER BODIES FOR FORDS

We can supply you with a snappy well built speedster body that will make your Ford look like a million dollars and also provide a handy and economical method of transportation. Type as illustrated $97.50

FOLDING CAMP COT

Very popular among motoring campers on account of their strength and lightness. They fold into a small, compact package 4 in. by 5 in. by 3 ft., and are easily carried by the handle attached. These cots will support the largest person in comfort and safety.
Our Special Price, $4.50

FLOAT-A-FORD SHOCK ABSORBERS

The one biggest thing in the pleasure of driving your Ford is comfort, isn't it? Why not secure this in the highest possible degree by installing a set of Float-a-Ford Shock Absorbers? They are the only ones that perform three functions—(1) That of easy riding; (2) shock absorbing; (3) rebound snubbing. Why pay more when you can get the best for ....$22.50 Float-a-Fords.

WESTERN AUTO SUPPLY COMPANY
911-17 S. Grand Ave.
Branch Cor. 12th and Main Sts.

OTHER STORES
Los Angeles (2 Stores), Bakersfield, Fresno, Denver, Long Beach, Oakland, Pasadena, Phoenix, Riverside, Sacramento, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Francisco (2 stores), San Jose, Santa Ana, Seattle (2 stores), Stockton, Spokane, Walla Walla, Yakima, Tacoma, Bellingham, Portland, Boise, St. Paul, Dallas, Kansas City
STORES BEING OPENED IN
San Jose, Salt Lake City, Santa Ana, etc.

FOLDING GAS STOVES

Outing pleasures with city comforts if you have a gasoline stove. Several types in stock, some equipped with cooking utensils, etc.
Small size—Special price, $5.75

RALPH HAMLIN WEARS A SMILE.

Trip to Franklin Plant Seems to Agree With Him.

Finds Conditions in East Are Better Than Ever.

Believes Day of Air-Cooled Car Has Arrived.

Ralph Hamlin, the Franklin distributor, has returned from the factory at Syracuse with a most expansive smile, which is easily explained by the progress the Franklin has made in the last few months. Though business, and the automobile business especially, was supposed to have suffered from temporary depression this year, the Franklin has gone ahead and hung up a better sales record for the first seven months of this year than it did in 1920.

July was a banner month for the Franklin organization, all records being broken, and the go-getters have planned another record for August. Recently adopted sales methods of the air-cooled enthusiasts are most unique and productive of results so that even the most conservative salesman is innoculated with "pep" fever.

Hamlin believes the day of the air-cooled car is at hand as more and more observing motorists are interesting themselves in the exceptional features of the Franklin. According to an exhaustive survey conducted by the factory very few other manufacturers registered a gain in sales over last year, and consequently, for the period of six months, ending June 30th, the Franklin climbed to fourth place in value of sales among American automobiles.

DEVICE PREVENTS BATTERY TROUBLE.

DASH CONTROL MINIMIZES DANGER FROM OVERHEATING STORAGE BATTERY.

Overheating of the automobile storage battery with all its resultant annoyances and expense is daily being given more attention by the storage battery manufacturers and service stations. It is recognized that much of the trouble with batteries can be avoided by intelligent care on the part of the motorist. Overheating means overcharging and the latter may be due to too great a current from the generator to a battery that otherwise is in a healthy condition, or it may be due to the effects of a normal current to a battery that is low in electrolyte.

To provide the automobile driver with the opportunity of regulating the charging current to his battery, some means must be offered to regulate the charging rate from the dash. The majority of the automobiles are equipped with "third-brush" generators and the only way the charging rate can be varied is by shifting the third brush. Consequently, it is not practical to regulate for the varying conditions of driving and demands on the battery by this method.

A new device called the Bradleystat has been developed for mounting on the dash of the automobile and by a simple addition to the connections on the machine the driver is able to adjust the charging current to meet his own particular requirements. For city driving, with frequent starts, when the battery is required to deliver a great deal of current to the starting motor, the charging current can be adjusted to a high value to keep the battery fully charged. For long trips in summer when long periods of charging result and the battery is not used frequently for starting or burning lights, the charging rate can be reduced to prevent overheating and buckling of plates. In winter, the rate may again be increased because more current is used for starting cold motors and in burning lights.

The Bradleystat is being distributed in Southern California by the H. & H. Electric Company, 411 South San Pedro street.

LOWERED TOP ADDS RAKISH EFFECT TO NEWEST PRODUCT OF THE CHALMERS FACTORY.

The Greer-Robbins Company announces that the new Chalmers sport, that so many—including Chalmers owners—have been waiting to see, has arrived and is now on the salesroom floor of this widely known distributing concern. A close scrutiny bears out the statement made some time ago by Walter P. Chrysler, when he assumed the head of the Chalmers organization, that Chalmers quality would be maintained in every detail and that, whenever practicable, improvements would be inaugurated.

The new sport is in two colors—royal blue and English vermilion, with disc wheels carrying decorative red that harmonizes perfectly with the body colors. It is noticeable that the top has been lowered, thus adding a rakish effect—yet not too pronounced—to a car that already possesses very distinctive lines.

Other improvements include new glossy leather upholstery of high luster finish and a gunmetal dash that replaces the one of circassian walnut. The new dash is far more durable, fully as pleasing in appearance and more easily kept in a high state of finish. Another innovation of tried value, and one that will be appreciated by motorists, is a pocket on the rear of the front seat for carrying the side curtains.

WILLARD DEALERS HOLD A POW WOW.

ANNUAL CONVENTION DRAWS DELEGATES FROM ALL PARTS OF SOUTH.

Retail battery dealers handling the Willard storage battery were called to their annual convention in Los Angeles July 28. Approximately 150 Willard dealers from all parts of Southern California attended the conference, which lasted for one day only.

The convention was part of the educational campaign conducted by the Willard Storage Battery Company from its headquarters in Cleveland. Three heads of factory departments addressed the meetings here. At the time the meeting was held these men had been away from the factory for sixty days, attending similar conventions all over the country.

Representatives from the Willard factory who attended this convention in Los Angeles were S. W. Rolph, assistant to the general manager; H. S. Gardner, manager of retail sales and service stations, and S. E. Baldwin, advertising manager.

Manager A. J. Tobey of the Western Auto Electric Corporation, distributors of Willard batteries in Southern California, at Sixteenth and Hope streets, arranged the meeting of the dealers.

FORMER ATHLETE TO JOIN LOCAL COMPANY.

S. H. Thompson, former University of California athlete, and at once time, a Pasadena High School star, has joined the Ruckstell Sales and Manufacturing Company, makers of the Perfecto two-speed axle for Ford cars. Thompson has been assigned to the Southern California territory, and placed in charge of sales. Thompson is well known among Ford men, and has a host of friends all over the State. He was formerly associated with one of the largest Ford dealer organizations on the Coast and left that ocncern to join the sales organization, which is now putting the Perfecto two-speed axle on the market.

WILL CARRY LARGE SUPPLY OF GEARS.

COLYEAR MOTOR SALES COMPANY IS AGENT FOR SEVERAL MAKES.

It will be of interest for motorists and truck owners to know that the Colyear Motor Sales Company, genuine parts distributors, have been appointed to represent the following gear companies on the Pacific Coast in distribution of their service parts: Brown-Lipe Gear Company, Grant Lees Gear Company, Warner Gear Company, Fuller & Lane Manufacturing Company and Detroit Gear Company.

These gear companies have realized the importance of being represented by a parts distributor who has branches in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle; practically covering the entire Pacific Coast.

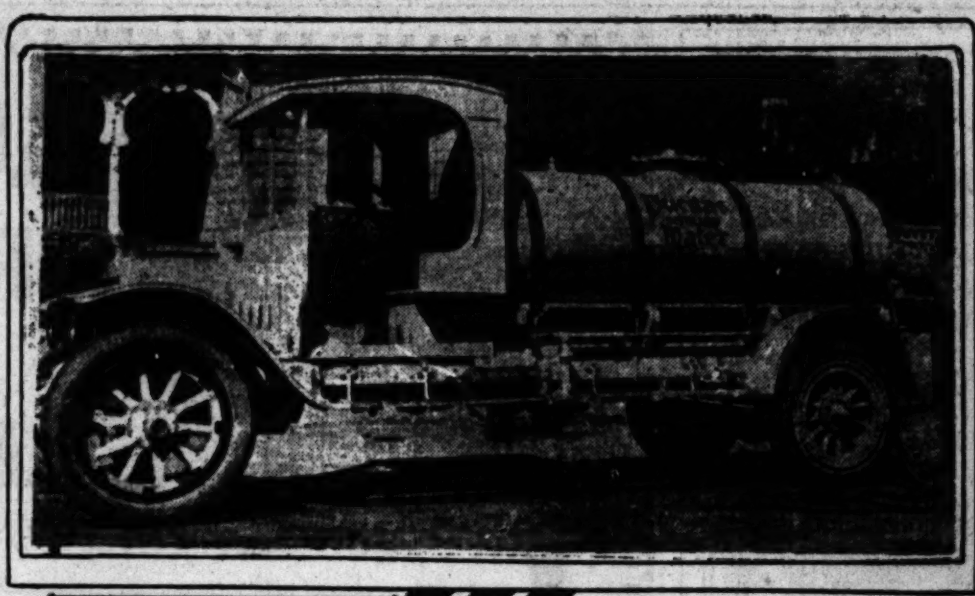
It will greatly facilitate car and truck users in obtaining these standard gears or replacement parts. Garage men, dealers and repair men will be able to supply these parts immediately to the consumer by ordering them direct from the Colyear Motor Sales Company who will keep on hand at all times a complete assortment of gears and parts manufactured by these concerns.

In this manner long replacement delays will be absolutely avoided. Genuine standard gears and their parts can be obtained instead of inferior immitations. Prices will be lower than they have heretofore been offered to the public.

MORE IMPROVEMENTS AT LEACH FACTORY.

Further improvements are under way at the factory of the Leach Biltwell Motor Car Company of Los Angeles, in addition to the recent enlargements of the motor department and the construction of buildings to house the foundry and dry kiln departments. The engineering department also is being housed on the second floor of the motor plant.

A large building is being equipped with lockers for the convenience of the Leach employees, and shower baths also are being installed. It also will be a sort of clubroom for the workmen while adjoining it, a building to house transformers and other electrical apparatus is going up.



Peddling Distilled Water in Wholesale Lots These Days.

This big White tank truck is now being employed by the Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company to deliver Puritas water, the same kind you drink, to garages and battery service stations, who use this sort of liquid in large quantities.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER TAKE RIDE.

MOTOR TRUCK IS USED TO TRANSPORT PURITAS PRODUCTS.

Adoption by the Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Company of a new scheme for hauling Puritas water has come to light. A two-ton White truck has been fitted with a 556-gallon, all-copper tank, and this equipment will be standardized to supplant the old method of carrying the water in fifty-two-gallon drums, according to Walter G. Eisenmayer, general manager.

Painted a solid white, the new tank truck gives an appearance of unusual cleanliness. The pipes as well as the tank itself are copper throughout. In addition the huge container is equipped with a water meter, a unique device that automatically measures the liquid as it leaves the pipes. And with the aid of force feed jumps it is now possible to convey the water to the second floor of buildings direct from the supply on the truck.

"These are only a few of the distinct advantages of the new White tank truck," says Mr. Eisenmayer. "Formerly, we hauled the water in fifty-two-gallon drums. These drums weighed around 500 pounds apiece when full and were both heavy and unwieldly. But more than that they were inordinately expensive. They were lined with special block tin and this had to be renewed after every fourth or fifth trip."

POWER THAT [illegible] IS ABLE TO [illegible]

"The power that [illegible] also wears it out, if the [illegible] all-metal universal joint.

"Until recently, [illegible] tolerated a standard [illegible] versal joint, made [illegible] says F. F. Wilson, vice-[illegible] the Thermoid Rubber [illegible] Trenton, N. J. "Although [illegible] ly correct in mechanical [illegible] type of universal joint [illegible] serious faults in practi[illegible]

"All-metal universal [illegible] be lubricated. Being [illegible] this is seldom done. [illegible] they wear down quickly, [illegible] noisy, and develop much [illegible] which intensifies the [illegible] that rack a car.

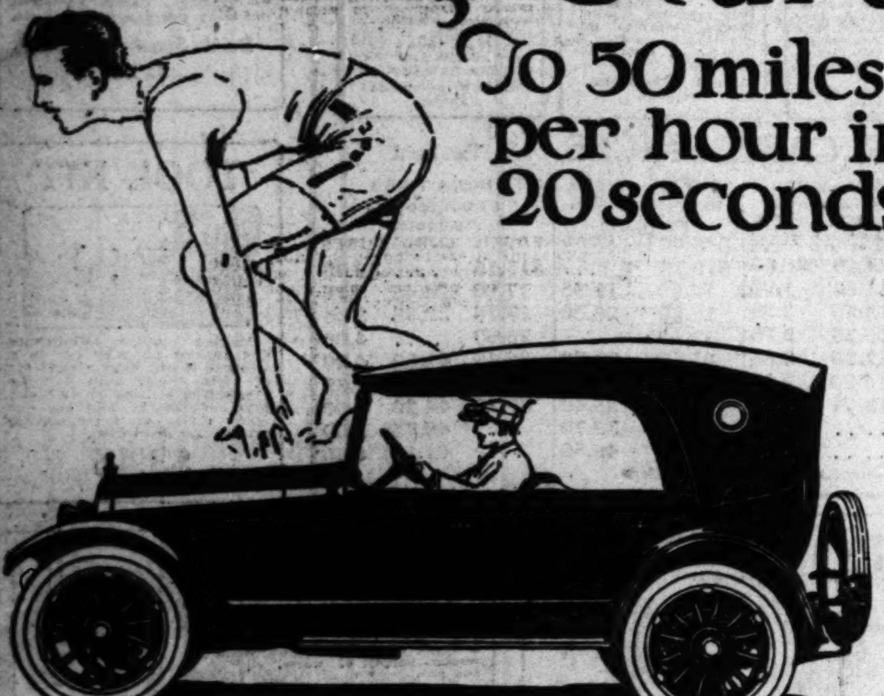
"The Thermoid-Hardy [illegible] joint is constructed of [illegible] which act as a cushion, [illegible] the entire chassis against [illegible] structive jolts and sudden [illegible] and the continual succession [illegible] shocks.

"This joint has no metal [illegible] surface, and consequently [illegible] no lubrication. When [illegible] the motorists or truck driver [illegible] wears down and becomes [illegible] all-metal joints.

"Thermoid-Hardy universal [illegible] have been thoroughly [illegible] years in shops, service [illegible] on the road. Several [illegible] over 60,000 miles of hard [illegible] both passenger cars and [illegible] trucks without reaching [illegible] of endurance. Considering [illegible] a universal joint is subject[illegible] is indeed a wonderful [illegible] ord for the Thermoid-Hardy [illegible] uct."

Standing Start

To 50 miles per hour in 20 seconds

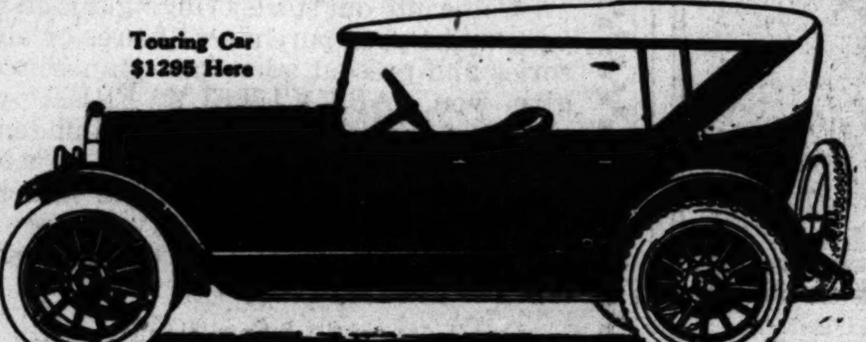


Power, pep and perfect mechanical construction alone can hurl a car from a standing start to fifty miles an hour in the brief space of twenty seconds. The perfected overhead valve motor and gasoline pre-heating manifold are the features which made possible this record.

Under the sleek streamline body of the Stephens Salient Six is a world of activity ready to respond instantly to your demands.

White Auto Company
1800 S. Figueroa Street
West 271

STEPHENS *Salient Six*



Touring Car
$1295 Here

Coupe, $1950 Here

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET A

SCRIPPS-BOOTH SIX

AT $1295 HERE

Here's a few facts we want to pound home concerning this remarkable sale of Scripps-Booth Sixes at factory list price.

SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR—Six-cylinder valve-in-head type, cylinders cast en bloc. Develops more than 40 horse-power. Removable head and lower crankcase. Valve mechanism enclosed.

CARBURETOR — Improved Marvel Type with hot air connection for heating air in cold weather.

LUBRICATION OF MOTOR—Force feed system through drilled crankshaft by gear-driven pump.

RADIATOR — New straight-front design, nickeled shell, detachable core with large radiating surface.

COOLING SYSTEM—Water circulated by pump. Fan, three-blade special design.

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT—Remy double-unit system, starting, lighting. Remy distributor, battery 6 volts, charged automatically and controlled by thermostat.

GASOLINE SYSTEM—15½ gallon gasoline tank at rear with end filler and quantity gauge. Gasoline supplied to motor by Stewart Vacuum System.

DRIVE SYSTEM—Shaft with Peters Universal Joint front and rear.

OILING SYSTEM—New style Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System with grease gun of 600 pounds pressure is furnished as part of regular equipment.

CLUTCH—Easy operating, leather-faced cone type, large diameter, with insert springs, insuring positive action and mild engagement.

TRANSMISSION—New Universal selective sliding gear type with short throw shifting lever of increased length. Three speeds forward and reverse. Improved type of brake lever with hand grip.

BRAKES—Internal and External Special Asbestos lining, with braking surface exceeding 300 square inches.

SPRINGS—Front and rear both semi-elliptic, extra long, specially designed to insure flexibility and easy riding.

FRAME—Pressed channels of special heat-treated steel, depth seven inches, width two inches. Frame drilled for snubbers.

WHEELBASE—115 inches.

WHEELS AND TIRES—Kelsey Wood Artillery type, with steel felloes making stronger construction with lighter weight. Demountable rims, 32x4 tires, plain front, non-skid rear.

THE CAR

The Scripps-Booth Six is made by the General Motors Company, builders of the Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Oakland, Chevrolet, etc.
The Scripps-Booth factory is NOT going out of business.
The Scripps-Booth car is made of standard units.
You are just as sure of getting parts and service on the Scripps-Booth Six as any car you can buy.
The Scripps-Booth is better made and better finished than any car you can buy within $250 of our sale price.

THE PRICE

The price we are selling these cars at was made possible for this reason only: R. C. Durant headed the local company which sold the Scripps-Booth. He wanted to close up the affairs of the company to devote his entire time to the new Durant car.
Earle C. Anthony, Inc., are going to sell the Durant car in Los Angeles County. We offered to clean up his remaining stock of Scripps-Booth cars in a special sale.
The factory had recently cut the price $250. We cut another $250. The price of $1295 is $500 below the price these cars sold at in Los Angeles in May.

THE TERMS

If you desire terms on these cars you can pay 30 per cent down and the balance in 12 equal monthly payments
You can't begin to make your motor dollar go as far anywhere else as you can on one of these Scripps-Booth Sixes.
There's only a few of them left. Come in TODAY if you want one.

EARLE C. ANTHONY, Inc.

1000 South Hope Street
208 C St., San Diego

AUGUST 7, 1921.—[PART VI]

POWER THAT DRIVES IS ABLE TO DAMAGE

OUR
AST
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GET A
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Motors Company, builders of
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NY, Inc.

Our Boys and Girls — PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part VII: 4 Pages — COMIC SECTION.

VOL. XL. — SUNDAY MORNING, August 7, 1921 — HUMOR

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RALPH HAM
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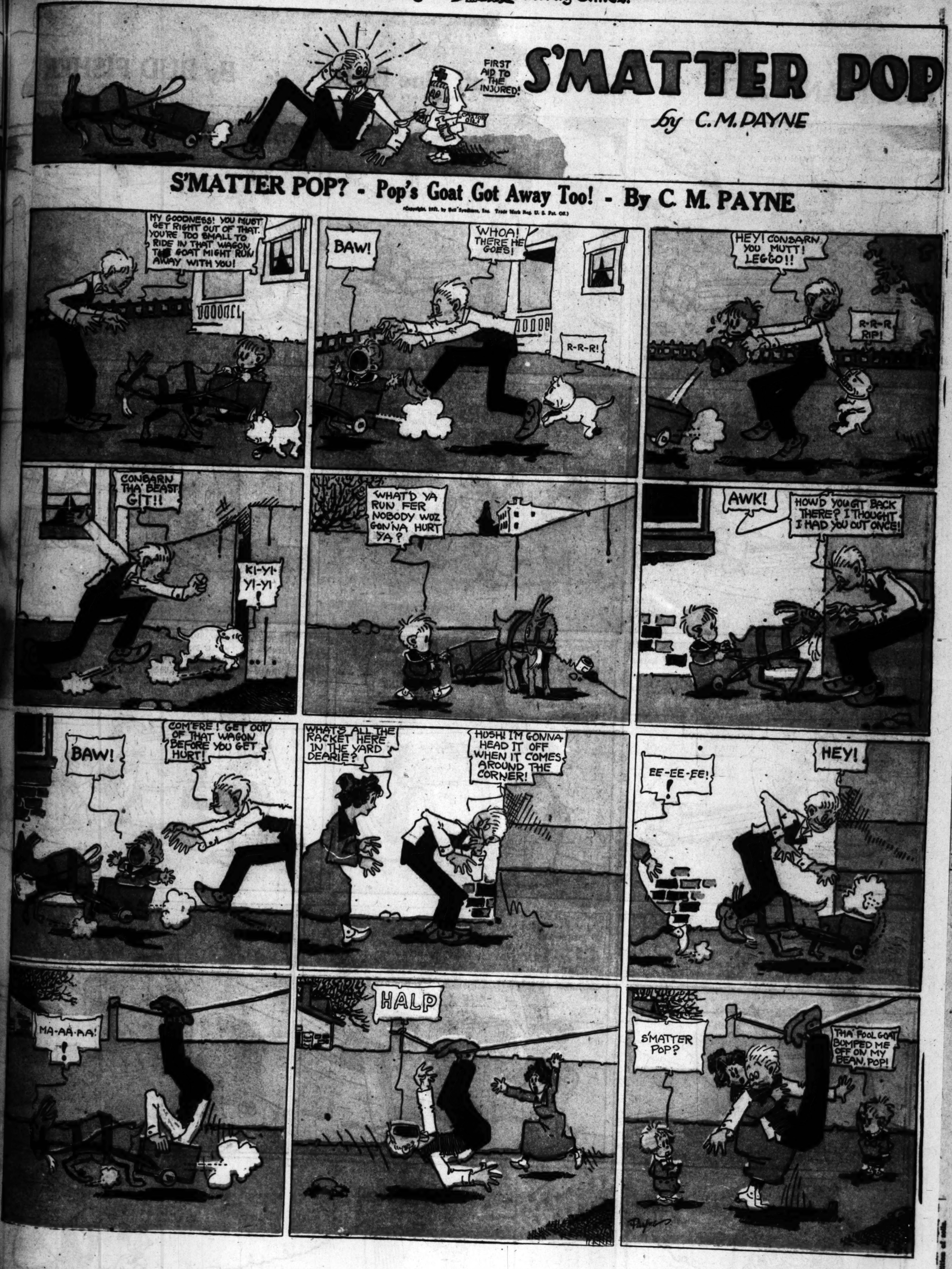
FIRST AID TO THE INJURED!
S'MATTER POP
by C.M.PAYNE
S'MATTER POP? - Pop's Goat Got Away Too! - By C. M. PAYNE
MY GOODNESS! YOU MUST GET RIGHT OUT OF THAT. YOU'RE TOO SMALL TO RIDE IN THAT WAGON. THE GOAT MIGHT RUN AWAY WITH YOU!
BAW!
WHOA! THERE HE GOES!
R-R-R!
HEY! CONSARN YOU MUTT! LEGGO!!
R-R-R RIP!
CONSARN THA' BEAST GIT!!
KI-YI-YI-YI!
WHAT'D YA RUN FER NOBODY WUZ GON'NA HURT YA?
AWK!
HOW'D YOU GIT BACK THERE? I THOUGHT I HAD YOU OUT ONCE!
BAW!
COM'ERE! GET OUT OF THAT WAGON BEFORE YOU GET HURT!
WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET HERE IN THE YARD DEARIE?
HUSH! I'M GONNA HEAD IT OFF WHEN IT COMES AROUND THE CORNER!
EE-EE-EE!
HEY!
MA-AA-AA!
HALP
S'MATTER POP?
THA' FOOL GOAT BUMPED ME OFF ON MY BEAN, POP!

MUTT AND JEFF -:- Jeff Goes Mutt One Better -:- By BUD FISHER

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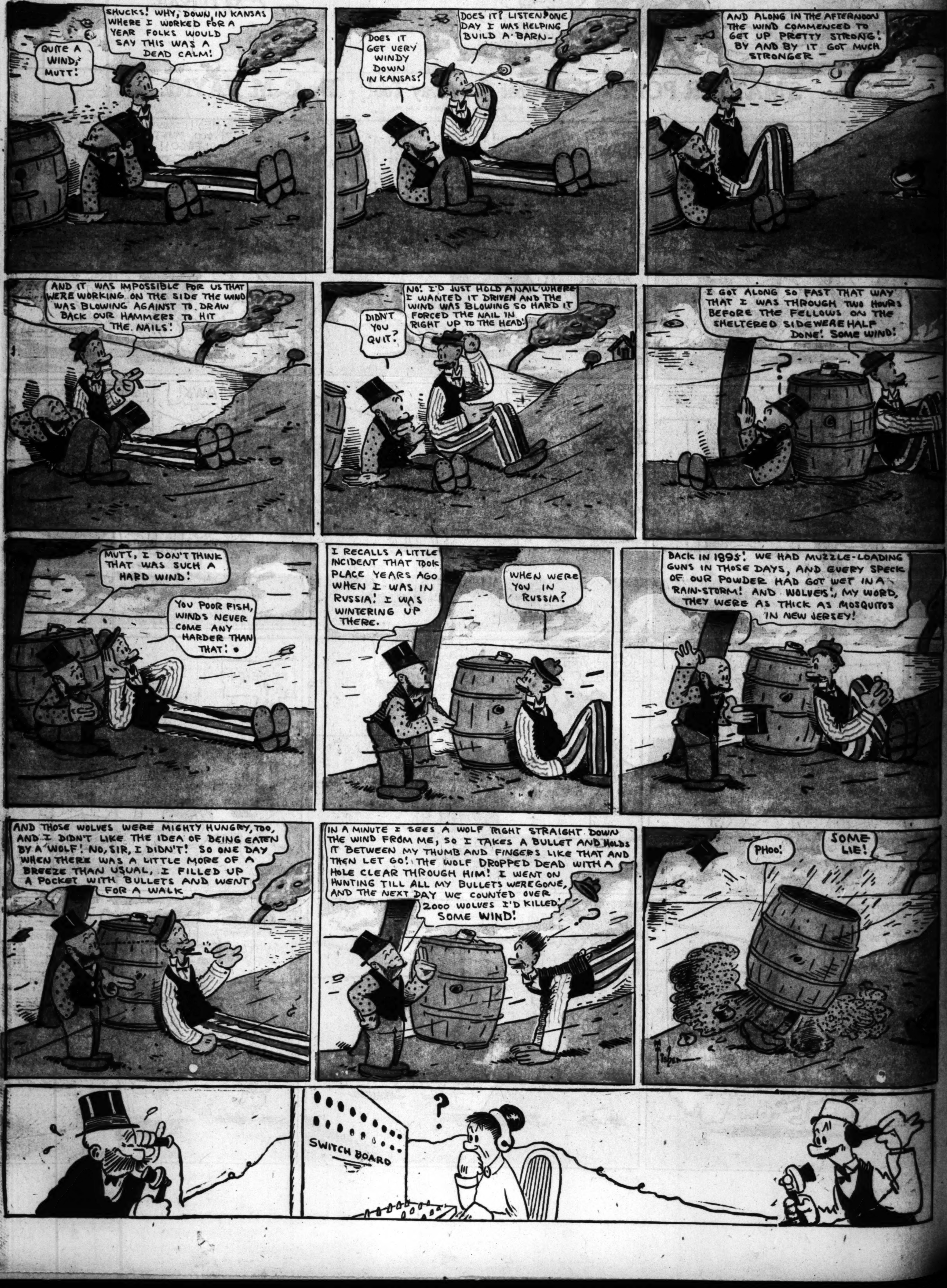
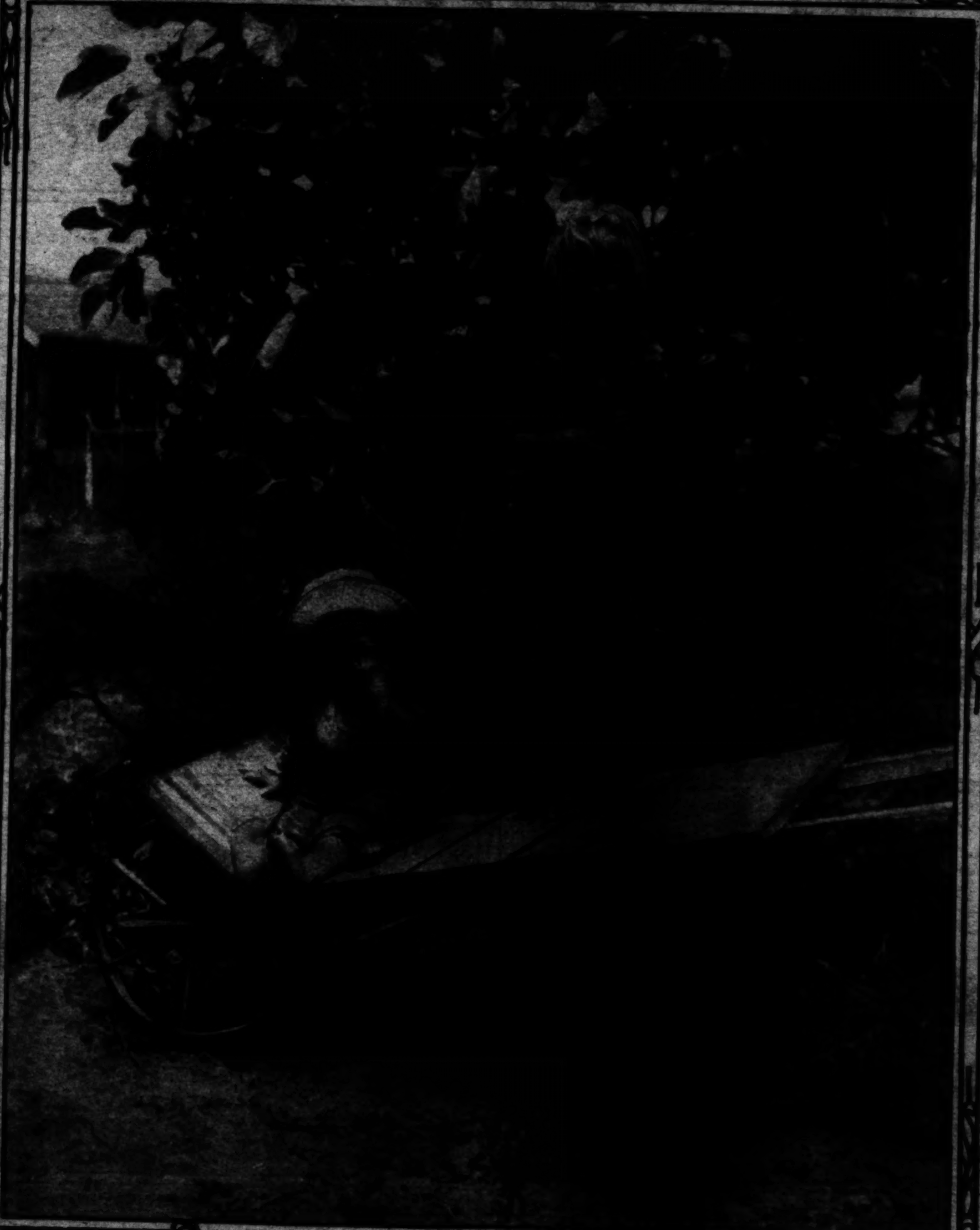


FARM AND TRACTOR SECTION

Los Angeles Sunday Times

PROGRESS AND PRODUCTION

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1921.



Figs Right Off the Tree.

The Garden Beautiful in Southern California.

INFORMATION BOTH PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC. BY ERNEST BRAUNTON.

THOSE who live in the Imperial and Coachella valleys need not despair of having, eventually, a wide range of trees for street and roadside. There is a row of elms growing at Coachella, thriving as though in their native land. They are of the species Ulmus pumila, brought from the dry lands of China some years ago by explorers for the United States Department of Agriculture. On the ranch of W. R. Faries they are doing well without irrigation, and are far preferable for summer's shade to the soil-robbing cottonwoods.

Timely Garden Work.

Sow seeds of perennials now, such as columbines, larkspurs and snapdragons; and about September 1 put in the first crop of sweet peas—or sow the latter any time in September or October. The results are always good, as sweet peas thrive best when the soil is cool. If cool weather prevails, or if near the coast, the first planting of Dutch bulbs may be done, though if any doubt exists, leave them for another month. Freesia and calla bulbs should be dry and out of the soil now. In another month they may be replanted.

Uplift of Gardening.

Though history records that care and cultivation of ornamental plants has had a refining influence upon all races of people in all times, it is probably more marked today in our own race than at any time or place in the world's records. Observant writers have noticed that the greatest number of true plant lovers are to be found among the educated and refined. By education is not necessarily meant graduation from either schools or colleges; nor by refinement, those drilled in the rules of etiquette merely; but people who are both educated and refined by their very nature, and who intuitively love nature in all her departments, are themselves, unconsciously, perhaps, the most perfect specimens mentally of the highest type of animated nature. A manifest desire of the American people to beautify their surroundings has become more general within the last decade, than at any like period of history. We have awakened from the old stereotyped methods, to realize the possibility of design in the adjustment of the house, roads, paths and other adjuncts necessary to the convenience and comforts of the home. We have found that we may have utility without sacrificing beauty; every feature is considered as to its particular fitness, and each arranged with regard to making a harmonious whole. Those of moderate means can never hope to rival the wealthy in interior decorations, such as sculpture, paintings and other works of art, but do not lose sight of the fact that trees and plants will grow as well for you as for a Vanderbilt or a Huntington. Your yard, though less in extent, may with a slight annual expenditure, and with fifteen minutes each day devoted to its care, be made to look as beautiful as a like area in the estate of a millionaire.

Garden Notes.

Snyder advocates the use of the following application to soils just before sowing to lawn grass: A mixture of six parts of bone ash, two parts muriate of potash and one part nitrate of soda, at five pounds to the square rod.

A small amount of salt is in some cases beneficial to both crop and soil, but never should its application exceed 300 pounds an acre. Some crops feed on it, but not underground crops, and salt slightly improves the physical condition of soils.

A successful backyard gardener.

A forest home in Hollywood, showing the possibilities for seclusion and privacy even in the busy, thronging city.

Papaya tree in fruit.

The most informal feature in a garden is a rock garden, and it should therefore be farthest from the house; for if it be not wild and rough as though man had never a hand in its making, it will not be a marked attraction as a rock garden.

Many garden crops are attacked by bacterial diseases due to poor soil conditions, and this is particularly true of old gardens. Good drainage and deep and thorough working will aid much, as will the application of land plaster or gypsum, wood ashes or other alkaline matter.

It was noticed by the writer that avocado trees had tender growths much scorched by the hot spell of a month ago, and young trees had their exposed trunks damaged. These observations led to the suggestion that in gardens where few trees are planted, good care and protection may be given; for a tree once bark-burned recovers slowly and growth is much retarded by such injury.

Moraea Iridioides.

This plant is a native of South Africa and belongs to the natural order Iridaceae. It is an evergreen iris, grows about three feet tall; the flower stalks are reed-like, as tall or taller than the foliage; perennial in character, bearing beautiful flowers throughout the year, and is the only member of the iris family which may be called perpetual blooming. The flower is white, marked yellow with blue style crests, and if cut while in bud, they expand to perfection, lasting for several days. The stems must of necessity be cut short; otherwise the succeeding crop of bloom will be destroyed. The plant may be propagated by division, but the better way is to grow it from seed.

Planting Too Deep.

The requirements of seed in germination are moisture, air—or rather, oxygen—and a certain temperature, while darkness seems to be favorable. By planting deep we get lower temperature, more darkness and perhaps more moisture, but we exclude oxygen. We may even get too low a temperature or too much moisture by so doing. The seeds of many perennials are very delicate on account of over-civilization, crossing and so forth, and planting too deep has probably caused more failures in growing them than any of the numerous mistakes so easily made.

The Papaya Tree.

The papaya (Carica papaya,) pictured on this page, sometimes called the tropical papaw, was raised from seed obtained from the Philippine Islands. The papaya is a favorite breakfast fruit in the tropics. It contains papain, so-called "vegetable pepsin," which is much used as a digestant and remedy for dyspepsia. The green fruits are excellent when boiled as a vegetable and also make good pickles. This fruit is worthy of serious consideration by small farmers in the regions where it can be grown, and it should be called to the attention of those handling semitropical fruits commercially.

More Shrubs.

More flowering shrubs should be used in all gardens. There is pleasant allurement in any garden where one may wander along paths continuously aligned with shrubs large and small, now almost beneath your feet, and again above your head, all sending out perfume—or, at any rate, bright with blossom. All these bespeak permanence, for shrubs may not, like annuals and perennials, be moved or discarded at will. They suggest repose.

Los Angeles Sunday Times
FARM AND TRACTOR SECTION

Some Orchard Intercrops are Better Than Others.

Hubbard squash, planted in a Lankershim peach orchard, began to climb the trees three months after planting.

An intercrop of sweet corn, judiciously planted in a mixed orchard. Space is left between trees and intercrop for cultivation.

Cabbage in a Zelzah pear orchard. This crop absorbed too much of the surface soil moisture, which the trees badly needed.

A barley intercrop in a La Habra citrus orchard. Not enough space left for cultivation. Crop was cut for hay but should have been plowed under.

In the Coachella Valley date orchards there is ample room for intercrops during the first ten years. These onions helped pay for the offshoots.

Potatoes in a plum orchard, Van Nuys. Trees received too much water during early summer, while in bearing; result, fruit too watery.

Passing Fashions in Breeds and Varieties.

THE GOOD OLD BREEDS. BY HENRY W. KRUCKEBERG.

IN BANTAMS we grow many of the breeds and varieties recognized in England and America; we have also accomplished something in the creation of new breeds, notably in the American class. Our progress, however, has been somewhat weakened by a neglect of some of the older breeds, which are not only strikingly individual, but also practical in economic values and desirable from a fancier's point of view. Indeed, we confess to a liking for a number of the old breeds which are now chiefly conspicuous by their absence in the showroom. In the decline of local exhibitions this may be of less importance, though variety of breeds is always an interesting sight. And especially a large number of breeds, whether old or new, adds much to the educational values of poultry shows.

Among the older breeds of bantams that possess an interest by reason of type and color markings are the White-Booted, the Maylay, the Nankin, some of the Games, the Belgium, the Rumpless and some of the French breeds. All of these are beyond the experimental period, hence can be handled with reasonable success by the novice and amateur.

In the standard breeds, fashions have also changed during the last quarter of a century. To mention but a few, the Cochins (four varieties) have certainly faded away; likewise the Dark Brahma, the White Langshan, the Buff and Brown Leghorn, the Dorking (four varieties,) the several varieties of Hamburgs, the Polish, the Houdan and many others might be named. All of these once filled a place in the poultry sun; but alas, at the present day, they scarcely make a shadow. How shall we account for the rise and fall of breeds? In productiveness the Brown and Buff Leghorn was the equal of the Whites; in economic values the Brahma is quite as good as the Orpington, while in type and color scheme many of the old breeds are quite as satisfying to the sense of sight as are the popular breeds of today. To be sure the white-shelled egg has crowded its brown brother somewhat to the wall; but many of the old and somewhat (at present) neglected breeds also laid white-shelled eggs. There evidently are fashions in poultry culture as there are in human apparel. If so, may we not hope that some of the old favorites still possess sufficient vitality to "come back?" In the interest of the fancy and an enlightened poultry culture, let us hold fast to that which is good, and make it, by intelligent breeding, better and better with the passing of time. The maintenance of unpopular breeds is essentially within the province of the fancier, rather than the commercial man. Not because devoid of merit and productive values, but because the demand for breeding specimens is apt to be limited until such a time as they may, by reason of exhibitions and performances, again occupy a position in keeping with their importance and values.

Sodium Fluorid for Lice.

Nothing has given so much satisfaction in getting rid of chicken lice as sodium fluorid, according to poultry specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture. It kills adults and young lice, including the young which emerge from eggs present at the time of treatment. Sodium fluorid can be obtained in two forms known as commercial, and as chemically pure. Both of these are in the dry state, the first being a dry powder and the second in small crystals, somewhat lumpy. While the chemically pure material is effective, it is not so easily applied by the dusting method as the more finely powdered commercial form, and furthermore, it costs more. The commercial grade should contain 90 to 98 per cent sodium fluorid. This material is the sodium salt of the chemical element known as fluorin, and hence is a compound very similar to ordinary table salt, which is known chemically as sodium chlorid. In asking for sodium fluorid, therefore, it is important that the name, "fluorid," be carefully stated to the druggist. Up to the present the demand for the material has been very limited. Prior to the work done by the department specialists, its only known insecticidal use was against cockroaches, for which it was very effective. Owing to this limited demand many druggists do not handle sodium fluorid, but it is easily obtainable from manufacturing chemists and druggists will get it for customers if requested. In a dry state sodium fluorid does not deteriorate rapidly. It should be kept in a dry place either in bottles with stoppers or in closely covered cans. In this condition it will remain active indefinitely.

If proper methods are followed remarkable control is obtained. One thorough application of sodium fluorid to all fowls will destroy completely all the lice present. It is essential, however, to see that treatment is thorough, and that every fowl is treated. It may be applied in two forms—as a dry dust and as a dip. In the dust form the action of sodium fluorid is comparatively slow; hence, if examined the next day after treating, or even two or three days later, a few lice may be found, but the material persists, and after four or five days all lice disappear. It kills, too, all lice emerging from eggs on the feathers. For best results small amounts of the material should be placed on different parts of the infested fowls. Specialists have found what they call the "pinch method" to be entirely effective against all lice, and to have the advantage of economy of time and material. The material is placed in an open vessel on a table, the fowl is held by the wings or legs in one hand, while with the other hand a small pinch of the chemical is placed among the feathers next to the skin in this way: One pinch on the head, one on the neck, two on the back, one on the breast, one below the vent, one on the tail, one on either thigh, and one scattered on the underside of each wing when spread. Each pinch can be distributed somewhat by pushing the thumb and fingers among the feathers as the material is released. It is advisable when dusting to hold the chicken over a large shallow pan, as in this way the small amount of material ordinarily lost is recovered. The material may be applied with a shaker, but this method has disadvantages when compared with the pinch method. The material is shaken into the feathers with one hand while the feathers are opened with the other. A second person is needed to hold and turn the fowl. In this method the amount of sodium fluorid used may be reduced by adding some finely powdered material such as road dust or flour. If the material is used alone somewhat more of it is required than by the pinch method, and more or less of it floats in the air and causes irritation to the throat and nose. Care should be taken to avoid the burning effects of the chemical on the operator's hands. Fowls should be turned into the open as fast as dusted to prevent possible injury from breathing the dust. For young chickens, young turkeys, and indeed, all newly-hatched fowls, the dusting method is recommended rather than dipping. This applies, also, to sick fowls.

The common objections to dipping poultry to rid them of lice have been overcome by the specialists by using the sodium fluorid solution. A rather warm, sunny day is preferred so fowls will dry quickly. Windy weather should be avoided. Dipping is preferred over dusting because it reduces the cost of materials, is more rapidly done, and discomfort for the operator is avoided. The lice die more quickly, too. A supply of tepid water and a tub are needed. Three-fourths to one ounce of commercial or two-thirds of an ounce of chemically pure sodium fluorid added to each gallon of water should be used. It is readily dissolved by stirring. The tub should be filled to within six or eight inches of the top. Hold the fowl's wings over the back and quickly submerge the fowl, leaving the head out. Duck the head once or twice. Let the bird drain a few seconds; twenty to thirty seconds' immersion is enough for the body and only an instant for the head.

Faking in the Showroom.

Often the reprehensible practice of faking is more pronounced at the State and district fairs than at the regular winter poultry shows. We presume this is somewhat due to the fact that often the rules are not so strictly applied at these fixtures as at the regular winter poultry exhibitions. Be that as it may, it is a disreputable practice and no one but a tin-horn sport will ever be guilty of it. The Standard defines faking as any "self-evident attempt to improve a fowl by clipping its comb, changing the color of the earlobes, staining or splicing feathers, filling up holes from which feathers have been plucked in clean-legged breeds or using any device to deceive the judge in such a way that he will have a more favorable opinion of it than he would have had if it had not been manipulated. This is not held to include washing, oiling the plumage or any legitimate grooming calculated to give the fowl a more cleanly and attractive appearance." It is to the credit of the California fancy that the show management has but seldom found it expedient to penalize exhibitors for this class of deception; there have, however, been cases. To the credit of pure sportsmanship it is pleasant to report that those guilty of the practice were denied the showroom and expelled from their respective associations. We anticipate no repetitions of the offense; nevertheless, let this be a note of warning alike to the exhibitor and to the management of shows to guard against the dirty practice.

The importance of shade for fowls these hot days cannot be overemphasized.

This row of sunflowers on an East Los Angeles place makes a presentable border and will help feed the poultry flock.

Dusting with sodium fluorid—an effective way to rid poultry of lice.

Los Angeles Sunday Times
FARM AND TRACTOR SECTION
SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1921.

FARM AND TRACTOR SECTION

Devoted to the multiform agricultural interests of the great Southwest and issued every week with the world's biggest Sunday newspaper.

EDITED BY HAROLD M. FINLEY.

Communications from practical farmers, ranchers, stock raisers, poultrymen, gardeners and others engaged either in a large or small way in the vital work of food production are gladly received.

Good clear photographs of interesting farm and garden activities are always welcomed. The Los Angeles Times Farm and Tractor Section is the only farm journal in the west printing illustrations in the incomparable rotogravure process.

Will It Work.?

LOS ANGELES City Councilmen, temporizing, have now let the contract for feeding the city's garbage to hogs to interests outside the county, Los Angeles county having made it plain that the scheme was so thoroughly objectionable that the original contractors found no place to put up their proposed feeding plant. This is far from a settlement of the problem. It remains to be seen whether the unsavory mess shall be allowed to pass through Los Angeles county to the dumping grounds, and whether the communities near these dumps shall not in their turn rise up against it. There is also the deep-seated objection of the public to eating garbage-fed pork to be reckoned with.

Health authorities have shown that the feeding of garbage to hogs endangers health both through the existence of the disease-breeding piles of garbage and through the selling of the pork product of city waste, which, in the mass, is invariably a filthy composition. Restaurant and hotel garbage, carefully selected and quickly handled, may, it is true, be adapted to hog feeding, but the public is keenly aware that the garbage fed under the present contract would of necessity, and by the very terms of the agreement, include all city garbage waste, and the very idea is nauseating. Many swine breeders and feeders, too, feel that it is unjust that they should be producing hogs under decent conditions in direct competition with the garbage feeders. The Farm and Tractor Section predicts that more will be heard of this garbage mix-up vefore many weeks, or even days, have passed.

Our Two-Crop Soil.

PROF. GORDON H. TRUE, head of the animal husbandry division of the University Farm at Davis, who recently returned from Wisconsin, says: "California's pre-eminence in agriculture is largely due to the diversity of crops we now raise, and also to the fact that we have a great deal of two-crop-a-year land. Wisconsin is quite prosperous now in comparison to other States of the Middle and Northwest, due to the diversity of farming practice there. While down in Illinois I had a talk with a farmer who was a great booster for his country. He said he could not see why Illinois land was not worth just as much as California land. I pointed out to him that our land was the sort that works the year round. We can grow two crops while people back there can produce only one in a season." And the number of Middle Western farmers who have transferred their activities to the Golden State would seem to indicate that the advantages of California over other sections were becoming pretty generally apparent.

How Much Longer?

IT IS noted that the retail cost of food declined three-tenths of 1 per cent during June, an almost imperceptible amount, while, according to the same report by the Department of Labor, the wholesale price of farm products declined 3½ per cent; that is, the farmer was obliged to submit to a further reduction in the price of what he sells, which is already in some cases below the prewar level. Declines in the prices of clothing and other commodities which the farmer buys were less than 1 per cent. There will be no real return to prosperity until either the farmer gets more for what he raises, or the prices of what he buys are greatly decreased, or both.

A good variety of old-fashioned flowers in your garden adds to the attractiveness of the home surroundings.

CITY AND COUNTRY HAVE COMMON INTEREST IN SEWAGE DISPOSAL.

BY J. A. BELL.

MORE than half a century ago a very great genius, of whom it can be said with literal truth that he touched nothing which he did not adorn, gave his momentary attention to the unsavory subject of sewage. In a chapter of "Les Miserables" we read:

"Paris casts 25,000,000 of francs annually into the sea, and we assert this without any metaphor. How so, and in what way? By night and by day. For what object? For no object. With what thought? Without thinking. What to do? Nothing. By means of what organ? Its intestines. What are its intestines? Its sewers. Twenty-five millions are the most moderate of the approximate amounts given by the estimates of modern science. Science, after groping for a long time, knows now that the most fertilizing and effective of manures is human manure. The Chinese, let us say it to our shame, knew this before we did; not a Chinese peasant—it is Eckberg who states the fact—who goes to the city, but brings at either end of his bamboo a bucketful of what we call filth. Thanks to the human manure, the soil of China is still as youthful as in the days of Abraham, and the Chinese wheat yields just 120 fold the sowing. There is no guano comparable in fertility to the detritus of a capital, and a large city is the most important of dungmixons. To employ the town in manuring the plain would be certain success, for if gold be dross, on the other hand our dross is gold.

"What is done with this golden dung? It is swept into the gulf. We send at a great expense fleets of ships to collect at the southern pole the guano of petrels and penguins, and cast into the sea the incalculable element of wealth which we have under our hand. All the human and animal manure which the world loses, if returned to the land instead of being thrown into the sea, would suffice to nourish the world. Do you know what those piles of ordure are, collected at the corners of streets, those carts of mud carried off at night from the streets, the frightful barrels of the nightman, and the fetid streams of subterranean mud which the pavement conceals from you? All this is a flowering field, it is mint and thyme and sage, it is game, it is cattle, it is the satisfied lowing of heavy kine at night, it is perfumed hay, it is gilded wheat, it is bread on your table, it is warm blood in your veins, it is health, it is joy, it is life. So desires that mysterious creation, which is transformation on earth, and transfiguration in heaven; restore this to the great crucible, and your abundance will issue from it, for the nutrition of the plains produces the nourishment of men. You are at liberty to lose this wealth and consider me ridiculous in the bargain; that would be the masterpiece of your ignorance. Statistics have calculated that France alone pours every year into the Atlantic a sum of half a milliard. Note this: With these 500,000,000 one-quarter of the expenses of the budget would be paid. The cleverness of man is so great that he prefers to get rid of these 500,000,000 in the gutter. The very substance of the people is borne away, here drop by drop, and there in streams, by the wretched vomiting of our sewers into the rivers, and the gigantic vomiting of our rivers into ocean. Each eructation of our drains costs us 1000 francs and this has two results; the earth impoverished and the water poisoned; hunger issuing from the furrow and illness from the river."

We do not seem to have learned much since the poet novelist penned this tremendous indictment against the wastefulness of his countrymen far back in the middle of the last century. The great city of Southern California is still discharging its sewage into the ocean and its engineers could think of nothing better only the other day than to ask the people to sanction the construction of a still greater sewage system to facilitate and perpetuate this waste.

A Producer's Roadside Market in San Fernando Valley.

Clean, wholesome vegetables and fruits, grown by the farmer-proprietor himself, are offered at this stand, which is one of a number of its legitimate kind set up recently on highways near Los Angeles in competition with the ubiquitous oriental and the fly-by-night wagon peddlers.

Fortunately, the people were wiser than the engineers and withheld their sanction. While a complete solution of the sewage problem has not yet been evolved or presented to us, it is felt that the problem must be soluble in some method more satisfactory than the present system of absolute waste accompanied by the pollution of our incomparable beach waters.

The problem has within the last few years, for this community at all events, grown into a question of the very first magnitude. Two reasons for this sudden acuteness can be readily discerned. The first is the prodigious growth of our cities, particularly of Los Angeles, and the difficulty of maintaining public utilities of all kinds at par with the growth of the population. The second is the sudden displacement of the horse by the motor car, truck and tractor and the consequent loss of what until recently was the most reliable source of our best fertilizer. The scarcity and cost of fertilizer is now a sinister menace to our fields and orchards. In 1910 the average cost of barnyard fertilizer to the farmer was between $8 and $9 a ton; in 1920 it was between $23 and $24 a ton. To the farmer the idea of Hugo "to employ the town in manuring the plain" is beginning to appeal with irresistible force and the action of cities in disposing of their sewage cannot much longer continue to be dissociated from the requirements and welfare of the country.

The fertility of the country is poured into the cities; it is only common sense and equity that the cities should restore back to the country in what measure they can the source of that fertility. Viewed from this angle the sewage problem is not one to be handled by any unit of the community with an eye solely to its own interests and regardless of the effect its action may have upon the rest of the community. For in the last analysis, the land is the life. Boast as we may of our splendid cities, our magnificent buildings, public and private, our tall chimneys and whirring wheels, our great ships and the ever-swelling tide of commerce, the basic fact remains that we who do these things must still eat, and it is from the land that we eat. To maintain its fertility, to adequately support human life is the one paramount problem of human existence and it always will be paramount.

A MUTUAL INTEREST.

If then a satisfactory solution of the sewage question involving the salvage of its valuable fertilising constituents is one that is just as vital to the country as it is to the town, the natural corollary would be that the burden of the solution should be borne by both, inasmuch as both are beneficiaries. We have a flood problem in which the potential physical injury to the country is far in excess of what may be anticipated to the cities, but we consider the welfare of the country in respect of immunity from injury by flood as an intimate and inseparable reflex upon the welfare of our cities and we accordingly combine nearly the whole of the great county into a single flood-fighting organization. Would the organization of the greater part of Los Angeles county into a single sewage-disposal organization present any insuperable difficulties? Is it of any less importance than the control of our floods and the conservation of our water, fundamental as these are? In undertaking to control floods we undertake a task some of the basic elements of which are not within our control. We cannot control the rate at which rain may fall upon our watersheds; we cannot control the length of time during which it may continue to fall. These are wholly without our power to regulate; we can only anticipate their effect and take what we deem adequate measures to protect ourselves from the result. But in the sewage problem all the elements in the case are entirely within our own control, from the origin of the sewage to its ultimate disposition.

In the spring of this year a commission of prominent engineers made a report to the Los Angeles City Council upon the city's sewage conditions, accompanied by certain specific recommendations looking both to the relief of the immediate sewage situation and to an ultimate and more permanent solution of it in the more remote future. In the main these engineers recognized the fundamental gravity of the problem and though they recommended the expenditure of a very large sum of money in the construction of a new outfall sewer, it was evident from the general tenor of the report that they regarded this as a temporary expedient that was only warranted by the urgency of the existing conditions. Among the salient facts brought out in this report was this, that the Los Angeles city sewage contained so much grease and mineral oil as to render the extraction of the valuable fertilising constituents of the sewage relatively costly. And the first of the recommendations based upon their investigations which the commission makes is that all reasonable steps be taken to exclude from the sewers all substances which can be otherwise disposed of, and which, if discharged into the sewers, would complicate the utilization of the sewage for irrigation and, more particularly, as a fertilizer. What constitutes "reasonable steps" that would bring about the segregation of the sewage into forms that would facilitate the economical extraction of the fertilizing elements is not stated by the commission, but in the absence of a cheap practical method of separating the grease and oils from the general sewage mass, the one sure and reliable method that at once suggests itself is a dual system into one of which is discharged that part of our sewage that contains the fertilizer, and the other the part that carries the elements that militate against its economical extraction.

The sewage disposal problem in this county is not confined to the city of Los Angeles. A joint system of sewage disposal is one of the live questions at present occupying the attention of the cities of the San Gabriel basin and the solution which seems to meet with the greatest popular favor is the construction of a trunk sewer from the foothills to the ocean connected by tributary sewers to the several communities embraced within the sanitary district so formed. But while the union of the cities into one organization to handle their problem would be a step in the direction above indicated the discharge of their sewage into the ocean would be merely an aggravation of the present wasteful system and a still further pollution of our beach waters. Public sentiment at present is probably more keenly alive to the injury that sewage does to the beaches than to the waste of fertiliser involved in discharging the sewage into the ocean. This is natural enough. The beaches are the playground of all the people; the question of fertilizer interests chiefly the farmer and a few political economists.

Almost any departure from the accepted methods of handling our sewage is certain to receive strong criticism, but, on the other hand, the seriousness of the problem must

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

CONTROL OF WEEDS IN HOME GARDENS.

Most of the weeds that pester the home gardener are the result of seeds embedded annually in the soil. Water favors their easy germination. It will take at least three growing seasons and lots of hard work with intensive cultivation and cropping of the soil to eliminate all the weeds from this source alone. Their growth is so rapid that one must cultivate at least every two weeks to keep down all new weeds.

Hand weeding means a great deal of work, but nevertheless must be resorted to.

"Smothering" 'Em Out.

The big leaves of the Hubbard squash cover the ground and discourage all weed growth.

Weeds will aid any soil if plowed under at regular intervals, although this, of course, is not practical in the small space occupied by the home garden. To place weeds on a comport heap requires a great deal of time and the decomposed material must again be spread out on the soil and turned under in order to be of value as a fertilizer.

Another method of handling weeds is to make a trench with your wheel hoe every six garden rows and throw all weeds on either side, ' this trench as you go along. Much effort is wasted in pulling weeds out of dry, hard ground. The best time to do this work is as soon as the soil is in a workable condition after watering. The set sprinkler method will do better here than irrigation. Don't worry if the weeds do pile up and overflow the trench; in a few days they will wilt down. After you have rid this particular section of weeds and they are fully decomposed, plow over a little soil and next season plant a root crop in this row; the yield will surprise you. Rotate your weed trenches every new [illegible] handling weeds, nevertheless it works. You only handle the pesky weeds once and then they decompose and directly fertilize the soil. For planting in your favorite weed patch, try heavy covering crops. The big leaves of the Hubbard squash cover the ground and won't let the weeds grow underneath. In the orchard you can make a good mulch by throwing all the weeds in the immediate vicinity underneath your trees.

If you are unfortunate in having a vacant lot weed patch next to you offsetting your garden, not much can be done but to cut them down before they seed—or set up a barrage by making a chicken wire or lattice fence, and have it closely interwoven with vines. Raspberries, Mammoth Thornless blackberries, or even grapevines, will help to keep weed seed from blowing in.

Take care never to bring in any foreign weeds when feeding greens to the stock. A large patch of almost impossible Bermuda grass was thrust upon one gardener I know when a former owner fed it to his horses. Water may carry weeds, but that's the least of our troubles. Be sure and buy good, clean seed; the best is always the cheapest. The gardener certainly can control his seed. Deal as far as possible with your local seed firms, especially in buying nursery stock. You may be introducing a disease as well as weeds if you don't.

Above all, don't lose courage, as most of our vegetables are very distant relatives of the weed family and who knows but some day our much-abused scientists may give all the weeds a college education.

MANY CROPS WHERE COTTON ONCE REIGNED.

BLYTHE.—The Palo Verde Valley is staging a comeback and it is not depending upon the price of cotton in doing so. Diversification of crops was preached extensively soon after the break in the cotton market, for the valley was a one-crop district and cotton was king. Times have changed and it's a different story now, for one may see alfalfa, grains, fruits and vegetables as well as hogs, chickens, cattle, dairy products and bees produced where the so-called "white gold" was grown.

Tomatoes, of the vegetables, hold first place and if the market holds up the farmers that planted them will net approximately $600 per acre, it is believed. Already preparations are being made to increase the acreage of tomatoes as well as other truck garden products. The tomatoes produced this year are large, firm, well-colored, of excellent flavor and suitable for long shipments. One rancher brought in some excellent specimens of tomatoes he grew on his ranch near Blythe. Three tomatoes totaled four and a quarter pounds, while one weighed one and three-quarter pounds.

THE FALL FAIRS.

Downey Community Fair, August 25 to 27.

California State Fair, Sacramento, September 3 to 11.

Tulare County Live Stock and Agricultural Show, Tulare, September 13 to 17.

San Fernando Valley Fair and Market, San Fernando, September 13 to 18.

Kings County Fair, Hanford, September 19 to 24.

San Diego County Fair, San Diego, September 21 to 24.

Fresno District Fair, Fresno, September 26 to October 1.

Ventura County Fair, Ventura, October 5 to 8.

Southern California Fair, Riverside, October 11 to 16.

Date Festival, Coachella Valley, October 21 to 23.

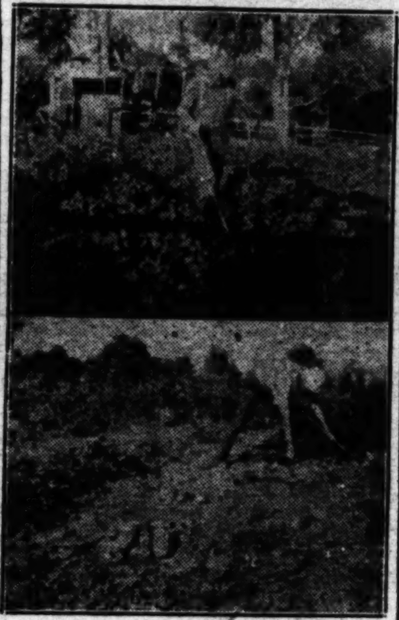
California Association of Nurserymen, Los Angeles, October 20 to 22.

California National Live Stock Show, San Francisco, October 22 to 30.

California Horse Breeders' Association, Los Angeles, October 30 to November 5.

National Swine Show, Springfield, Ill., October 3 to 8.

Pacific International Live Stock Exposition, Portland, Or., November 5 to 12.



Getting Rid of Weeds.

(Top) making a trench with wheel hoe. (Bottom) pulling weeds and throwing them in the trench.

KILLING THE SNAKE IN THE ROADWAY.

BY GEORGE B. BOWERS.

The women screamed and the chauffeur speeded up to crush the six-foot yellow streak gliding across the California road. The wheel missed by a foot, the frightened snake hid its head in a clump of grass after the big car had stopped to let out two men to search for stones and clubs.

A gardener hoeing on the opposite of the road vaulted the stone wall with a hoe in his hand. The women in the car pointed hysterically to the hiding reptile. Instead of chopping the mottled yellow, he laid down his weapon to grip the snake with both hands. As soon as the head was free from the grass, the snake curled around the friendly arm to be shaken off over the wall in the orchard from where it had escaped.

The men searching for missiles dropped their stones and clubs to hurry away as if they wished to avoid the angry gardener.

It was a gopher snake, the gardener's best friend. It clears the gardens and orchards of gophers. In a single night a gopher may destroy a fruit tree that had required years to grow. These little pests appear to destroy for the mere joy of destruction. Wary of poisons and traps, they are difficult to control without the help of the gardener's friend, the gopher snake. It is able to follow the gopher through its long tunnels and deep burrows where traps, poisons and gas never reach him.

Why do so many people wish to kill every snake they see? In the instance just related, the ignorant though well-meaning pleasure-seekers would have deprived the gardener of his valuable assistant. It is a good rule never to kill a snake unless one is sure that it is so dangerous as to endanger human life.

EXPECT BIG CROP.

SANTA ANA.—The walnut harvest in this territory will be begun at least two weeks earlier than in ordinary years, in the belief of J. V. Woodside, secretary of the Santa Ana Walnut Growers' Association. The nuts are filling out fine and the present condition of the crop points to a harvest that will enable the packing house to be running to full capacity by September 15, Mr. Woodside declares. The association is preparing to handle a bumper crop. There was little June dropping, and the older orchards are expected to produce more heavily than last year, while several new orchards will come into bearing this season.

Estimates place the 1921 crop of prunes at 75,000 tons for California, and 15,000 tons for Oregon.

The Foundation for Poultry Success
PCA
Dry Mash
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Farm News of the Great Southwest.

DOWN-TO-DATE REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.

SAN BERNARDINO.—The Farm Bureau directors have decided to establish several experimental plots in various soils of San Bernardino county for the trying out of various new crops and the different methods of treatment of the old ones. An extensive test will be made of melons, for it is maintained that on certain types of soil in the county the very finest melons, with respect to quality and size, can be grown and that farmers are missing an opportunity in not growing more of them, especially with the big market so close. There will be plots for the demonstration of methods of pruning, of fertilization and of irrigation, of spraying and fumigation, of budding and, in fact, of everythng that will help to increase the production of the farms of the county. There will be check plots to prove up on results and it is planned to have signs up so that the people will know what is being done and just what results are being obtained. The directors of the bureau were all enthusiastic about the plan and it is believed that great good for agriculture in the county can be obtained through it.

FARM ADVISOR RESIGNS.

RIVERSIDE.—R. E. Nebelung, county farm adviser, has tendered his resignation. Mr. Nebelung has accepted a position with the government of the Union of South Africa, his duties relating to the development of the citrus industry in that region. Mr. Nebelung's services as farm adviser have been greatly appreciated throughout the eighteen months of his work with the county.

INDIANS HANDLE 'COTS.

BANNING.—The local cannery ended the apricot run Saturday noon, July 23. The plant had been in steady operation all during the season, running several hours overtime every day. Dry yards have finished their cutting. Labor troubles interfered with the steady operation of the Banning Drying Company ,but these were settled by the employment of a party of students from Sherman Institute. The places of Mexican cutters who struck were filled by Indian girls from the institute. They are encamped in a nearby lot, the camp being run in strict army style, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. Present offerings for dried apricots are at 15 cents per pound. Twenty-five dollars a ton has been quoted on apricot pits at the dry yards and cannery.

NO LEMONS IN WASH.

COVINA. — No more lemons are being dumped into washes in this district, it is needless to say. Last week the Covina Heghts Citrus Exchange received a check for $3595.18, in payment for 334 boxes of lemons shipped East. This is net to the exchange, the grower having to pay out of this the picking and hauling charges.

GROWERS WILL SPRAY.

REDLANDS.—Many of the orange growers of the Redlands district are planning to spray their groves this year, not from choice, for it is generally believed here that fumigation gets the best kill, but simply because of necessity. The fumigation companies cannot take care of more than a fourth of the acreage (in fact, about 3500 acres,) that needs treatment. The spraying has been done here with fair success and the horticultural men claim that if care is used, especially in the mixing of the materials, good results can be expected. Oils and sulphur will be generally used here for the spray. Many of the growers have been forced to buy their own spray outfits because the commercial companies have practically all on hand that they can do. The weather now is ideal for spraying and for fumigation, with hot, clear days and cool nights. The next two months, it is believed, will be an ideal time for killing the scale that cuts down the production of so many good groves. Some burn from the use of spray has been noticed in this district, but on investigation it was found to have been caused by the materials not being properly agitated so as to be mixed thoroughly before spraying was done.

PEACHES TO BE DRIED.

BRYN MAWR.—The canneries are making no bid for the peach crop and there is a probability that for the first time in many years the peaches of the Redlands district will be dried. So far the canneries have made but few contracts for the peaches and it is well known among the growers that they have big stocks of canned peaches on hand. As a result, plans are now being made to take over the drying yards which have been used for the apricots and to use them for peaches. The crop is an excellent one, of fine quality and above the average in size. The early peaches, those that are ripening now, find a sale in the markets, but when the later varieties come in, and they form the bulk of the crop, it will take hustling to handle them. The peach crop is not quite so difficult to handle as the apricot crop, as it is spread over a greater length of time. The handling of the apricots taxed the capabilities of the drying yards here, but the work has been completed with about 200 tons of dried fruit on hand. A good sale for 'cots is expected and pits are being carefully saved in anticipation of a market.

WATCHING FOR THE WEEVIL.

PHOENIX (Ariz.) — State Entomologist Don C. Mote is taking all possible precautions against introduction of the alfalfa weevil from Utah or Idaho. The pest is said to have been taken from Reno, Nev., in hay, with exhibition live stock. With control measures in mind, all live-stock shipments, inbound, are quarantined at the State's border, and all bedding and hay are removed or destroyed. A field agent is kept constantly employed, scouting the alfalfa fields of Arizona, looking for evidences of the weevil or of other insect pests. Thus far, the yellow butterfly appears to be the most serious feature affecting the industry, but little damage is done by it.

WILD HORSE RODEO.

PRESCOTT (Ariz.)—In southern Yavapai county, a round-up of about 1000 wild horses is on. Most of them are unbranded and of no value. It is proposed to turn such animales over to the Arizona Live Stock Sanitary Commission's representatives, to be killed or to be disposed of for soap-making or fertilizing uses. The ponies have been troublesome for years, and have been monopolizing the best of the pasturage. It is a notable fact that many of the wild horses have lofty lineage, dating back forty years to the time when Hambletonian Seven and the great Almont were stabled at Jerry Sullivan's ranch in Williamson Valley, and when high-grade stallions were on the Campbell & Baker and other Yavapai county horse ranges. Mountain lions took a large toll from the colt crops, and light horses were found to have a sale at only poor prices. So the valuable horses were shipped and the remaining animals were neglected. Twenty years ago there was a great roundup, but few of the horses were found worth breaking.

STAMPING OUT DISEASE.

FLAGSTAFF (Ariz.)—Dourine is reported to have been about stamped out among the horses on the Navajo Reservation, where the disease was found epidemic and general a few years ago. The work of testing and killing infected horses has been in charge of Dr. F. L. Schneider of the Bureau of Animal Industry, with co-operation by the office of State Veterinarian R. J. Hight. This year about 250 horses have been killed in the western end of the Navajo Reservation, near Tuba City, after the eastern end had been cleared of the disease. The trouble is understood to have spread to a degree to the ranges of Apache and Navajo county, south of the reservation.

BIG YIELD REPORTED.

VAN NUYS.—What is believed to be a record yield of potatoes for a large acreage in the San Fernando Valley, was secured this season by W. L. Petit of Van Nuys, who owns and operates a large tract of land west of Van Nuys. Mr. Petit had 190 acres planted to potatoes and the average yield per acre was 125 sacks of 100 pounds, or over 200 bushels. The average price received was around a dollar per sack. The land has never been planted to potatoes before and the crop was grown without a cover crop. The potatoes were of excellent quality, running free from disease and being uniform in size. They were shipped out from the Encino Station. Mr. Petit has about thirty-five acres of potatoes not lifted at the present time.

RAIN RELIEVES DROUGHT.

TUCSON.—A heavy downpour of rain two weeks ago restored feed on the ranges and provided relief from extreme heat which had troubled residents and stockmen. The rain extended over the southern and southeastern part of Arizona and meant much to cattlemen. Stock losses in the southern part of the State increased greatly during the recent heated spell.

CATTLE SHIPMENTS.

PRESCOTT (Ariz.)—A shipment of 1500 head of cattle, the third this spring, has been made by the Coburn Brothers Cattle Company from Cordes siding, south of Prescott, to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. From the Verde section, from the Wingfield, Lester Clayton and Fain & Murdock herds, a shipment of 1000 head has been made to the Blaney Land and Cattle Company for grazing on ranges in Michigan. The prices paid were $22.50, $33.50 and $43.50, the best known this season for range stock. Heavy shipments also have been made to Buffalo, Wyo. The demand for feeders is active, mainly for shipment to distant eastern and northern points.

PEACHES BRING GOOD PRICES IN THE EAST.

ONTARIO.—Storms, which this spring swept the Middle West and East, severely damaging the fruit crops, and late frosts which seriously curtailed production in Central California and some portions of the Southland, are declared responsible today for the opening up of a splendid new market for Ontario district peach growers.

With a bumper crop on the local trees, all the fruit is not going to the canneries this season. First-class fruit is bringing $35 and $40 a ton. This is packed in twenty-pound boxes, precooled and packed in refrigerator cars for shipment by express to the eastern markets, where it is said to arrive in as good shape as it came from the trees and where the peaches are reported to be selling as high as 10 cents each.

J. R. Johnson, a prominent local grower, has just shipped an eighty-ton crop to the eastern markets with marked success.

NOT A CAR LATE.

EL CENTRO.—The Southern Pacific Company announces that, up to July 3, the company moved out of the valley 126 cantaloupe trains, and in every instance the trains were on time at their destination, sometimes over 3000 miles from this city.

LA HABRA HEIGHTS—3600 ACRES

Ideal for avocado, citrus and winter vegetable growing; protected from wind and frost, good water, beautiful homesites, and Hacienda Country Club in this property. Adjoining and higher than La Habra and East Whittier Districts. Any acreage desired. Prices and terms reasonable.

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VALUE OF CULLING IS CONCLUSIVELY SHOWN.

VENTURA.—The recent poultry-culling demonstration by R. B. Easson, poultry extension specialist, at the Cannon ranch was well attended and everyone seemed deeply interested in Mr. Easson's talk and work.

As Mr. Cannon had kept a record of the egg production of 163 hens for ten days previous to culling and for ten days after, noting both the eggs laid by the culls and by the selected hens, a report of the results should prove of interest to farm flock owners.

It will be noted in the attached report that the egg production fell off for a day or two on the part of the selected hens and the culls, by reason of the disturbance they were subjected to during the demonstration. However, the records show in an outstanding manner just what this culling did, for although over one-half of the flock was culled out, the egg production afterward was not much below that of the whole flock before the demonstration.

If we should double up the number of culls, making the cull flock 114 hens, or eight more hens than the selected flock, and double their egg output, we will find that we have still about one-third as many eggs as the selected flock is giving.

Feeding only two-thirds of a flock, and getting nearly 100 per cent of the eggs obtained before culling, cuts down the cost per dozen of eggs to a surprising degree. All commercial flocks are treated in this manner, to a greater or lesser extent, and it seems as though it would be worth while for all to learn how to do it.

Here is Mr. Cannon's record of production: Total number of hens before culling, 163. Eggs laid before culling (day.) 10, 65; 9, 60; 8, 59; 7, 57; 6, 63; 5, 56; 4, 57; 3, 54; 2, 48; 1, 55. Total, 564.

Total number of hens after culling, 106. Eggs laid, after culling (day.) 1, 36; 2, 55; 3, 44; 4, 47; 5, 49; 6, 51; 7, 48; 8, 48; 9, 50; 10, 48. Total, 476.

Total number of culls, 57. Eggs laid, after culling (day.) 1, 7; 2, 10; 3, 7; 4, 11; 5, 11; 6, 13; 7, 10; 8, 10; 9, 12; 10, 13. Total, 104.

COOP FOR TURKEYS OR BANTAMS EASILY MADE.

A photograph on this page shows an inexpensive and practical "Swiss chalet" style coop for turkeys, with brood, laying bantams, and growing chickens, made by Roland D. Johnson, 1428 Myra avenue, Los Angeles. The coop is set up on lug boxes to show it better, but is ordinarily placed on the ground.

The "second story," says Mr. Johnson, has three decided advantages over the ordinary coop roof; it saves material, allows of better ventilation, and gives height for a person to crawl in and clean the coop. The door is built in the back end, away from the camera. The roof of the lower half swings open to admit of air and light, the fowls being kept in by a sliding screen covered with poultry netting. The second story window is screened with hardware cloth. The coops average three feet wide, four feet deep and three feet high on the Johnson place, and these cost an average of 60 cents each for material. A wheelbarrow load of crating at 25 cents furnishes the frame, and a load of grocery boxes at 35 cents, the siding and roof. Some roofing paper and scraps of netting and hardware cloth come in handy.

An Economical Coop.
A Los Angeles man makes these Swiss Chalet," all-weather coops for turkeys or bantams at a cost of 60 cents.

WHITTIER.—With the canning and fruit drying season on, the fruit evaporation demonstration recently given at the East Whittier Woman's Improvement Clubhouse proved of exceptional interest to the large number of women who witnessed it. The demonstration was under the auspices of the Whittier Farm Bureau Center and was conducted by Miss Lillian D. Clark of the State College of Agriculture. She not only demonstrated the best methods of drying fruits and vegetables, but also illustrated the making of a cheap and effective evaporator to be used in the home.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS FROM KERN COUNTY.

BAKERSFIELD.—The first grapes to ripen this season in the San Joaquin Valley were placed on the market here on July 12, more than two weeks earlier than the first shipments to southern and eastern markets on July 25. The first ripe grapes this year are of the Thompson Seedless variety, and were grown on the sixty-acre vineyard of D. L. Wishon & Son in the Lerdo district, where 400 acres of vines are cultivated. Mr. Wishon began shipping consignments East on July 18, more than a week earlier than shipments were started from the Fresno raisin belt. Some of the vineyards in the Lerdo district were pruned by the Henry method, which is at variance with the established method sanctioned by the State University and Department of Agriculture. The vines pruned by the Henry method are said to be producing a yield several times that of their normal production under the established method. Viticultural experts have stated that use of the Henry method will prove injurious to the vines eventually, nullifying the increased profits to be derived from the mammoth yields which it produces. Many vineyardists of Kern county, who have contracted with Los Angeles buyers for disposal of their crops this season, will receive $60 a ton for the grapes, which it is anticipated will bring a return of $900 an acre.

For the purpose of having established in Kern county an experimental farm station under the direction of the United States Department of Agriculture, to promote the agricultural industry here, the board of directors of the Bakersfield Civic Commercial Association has appointed a committee to broach the subject in every possible way that may secure the assistance of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace for the project.

One hundred dairymen attending a recent meeting at Pomona in the interest of organizing a dairy department in the Kern County Farm Bureau pledged their aid to the plan and indorsed it as a boon to the local dairy industry after speeches had been made by R. H. Klamt, assistant farm adviser; A. S. Goode, prominently identified with the California Cattlemen's association; Sam H. Greene of San Francisco, secretary of the California Dairy Council; G. P. Penfield, county dairy inspector, and J. B. Cauzza of the Meadowland Creamery.

The Kern county exhibit at the State Fair in Sacramento this year will consist of a miniature ensemble, including small reconstructions of a model farm, showing canals with running water; pumping plants; the various new agricultural projects in the Weed Patch, Delano, McFarland, Wasco and Shafter districts, and oil fields modeled after those of the Kern River, McKittrick, Fellows, Lost Hills and Elk Hills fields.

Farmers of the Arvin district set aside July 12 to burn all weeds in the district, which constituted a menace to the farm fields. A great deal of obnoxious growth in the district was eradicated in the single day.

BUREAU INDORSES GROWERS' EXCHANGE.

Following the report of Chairman Grimes of the Bureau Marketing Committee, the board of directors of the Los Angeles County Farm Bureau, at their last monthly session, unreservedly indorsed the California Potato Growers' Exchange, a nonstock, nonprofit, co-operative marketing association organized through the efforts of this committee of the farmers' organization. With the opening of the potato season it was evident that growers were certain to face heavy losses, due largely to lack of adequate marketing facilities. Recognizing the need, the marketing committee decided to confine its attention to setting up a co-operative marketing association. After three weeks of hard work Mr. Grimes reported that 75 per cent of the potato crop of the San Fernando Valley had been signed up under the new organization, which is now actively selling and moving from fifteen to twenty cars of spuds a day.

The organization has a standard marketing agreement with a number of the larger shippers and sets a minimum price every day at 10 o'clock, this price to hold for the following twenty-four hours. A charge of 2 cents a bag is assessed against members for expenses, any surplus accruing to be pro rated back to members at the close of the season.

FAIR PLANS SHAPING.

FRESNO.—According to Guy E. Leonard of the Chamber of Commerce, plans are well under way to make the Fresno district fair better this year than ever before. New departments are being added and a new building is being built for the automobile show. With the addition of special prizes for horticultural and agricultural exhibits, entries are expected to surpass previous years. The fair dates for this year are September 26 to October 1. In place of "The Days of the Old West" there will be harness and running races for the four days, with the San Joaquin Valley auto classic as a grand finale. Another new section will be the home manufacturers' section, in which will be exhibited the manufactured articles of Fresno county. In addition, there is a decided effort being made by those in charge to bring back the community spirit, with a tendency to minimize the unduly spectacular having no especial interest or reason for being.

AN INTERESTING TREE.

PORTERVILLE. — Of the many agricultural features in the city of Porterville, where a specialty is made of backyard farms and gardens, one of the most interesting is an apple tree, planted twelve years ago by Swan Baker, in his yard at 517 Third street. Mr. Baker ordered a "winter apple" from the nursery, but on maturing it proved to be a summer variety, and such has been the record of the tree that no regret is felt over the exchange. It is twenty-two feet tall, with a lateral spread of twenty-four feet. This year it produced 800 pounds of apples, many of which weighed a pound apiece. Another feat of this apple tree is that a second crop is borne in the late fall. The second blossoms appear before the last of the first crop is gone.

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Molby's Record Strain White Leghorns

We are brooding 10,000 chicks in order to supply pullets for September delivery. Place your order now for first grade pullets from high producing stock. Price reasonable.

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If we can breed them good enough for such noted and successful poultrymen as M. A. Schofield, Joseph H. Tumbach, Fred Richardson, Charles G. Weaver and many others, surely they would please you. Priced at $10.00 each and up. We have a few too good for the butcher at $4.00 each or $3.00 each for the lot; they are all from high record hens, but do not come up to the $10.00-grade in looks only.

We believe we can give the people of California more real value for the money than they could possibly obtain by sending away for unacclimated birds.

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WINNERS OF 12 OUT OF 17 RIBBONS AT STATE FAIR, 1920.
Buff Orpingtons, Speckled Sussex, Bronze Turkeys and Pekin Ducks. Stock and Eggs for Sale. Orders now being booked. Send for our 1920-21 Price List and Announcement.
JAMES MARWICK
Santa Barbara California

THIS YEAR'S STATE FAIR TO BE LARGEST.

SACRAMENTO.—Since 1854, when the first State fair was held, California's annual exposition has grown steadily through the years until today it has attained proportions that entitle it to rank among the larger fairs of the country. While the growth in the past few years has been marked, there is little doubt but that this year's exposition and those of succeeding years will see continued development.

Some idea of the growth of the institution can readily be seen when attention is called to the fact that the first State fair was held at San Francisco with the meager appropriation from the State of $5000. The total amount of premiums offered at that exposition was only $4680.

In 1855 the fair was held in Sacramento, in 1856 at San Jose, in 1857 at Stockton, in 1858 at Marysville, and in 1859 at Sacramento, where it has been held continually each year with the exception of 1915, when no races held in connection with the State ma-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco.

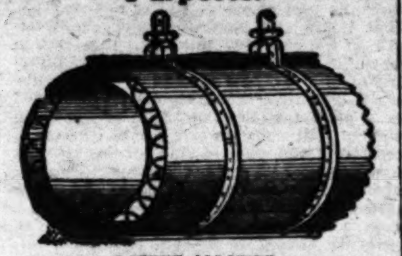
It is interesting to note that there were no races held in connection with the tState Fair until 1873, when the premiums amounted to $8925, and the race purses totaled $14,-200. Up to 1916, the amount of money offered for the purses exceeded that offered for premiums. During the incumbency of John M. Perry of Stockton as president of the State Agricultural Society, the premiums offered were $41,536, and the purses totaled $16,500.

In 1920, the offering for premiums in live stock and other products amounted to $52,-976. This amount, in addition to many more thousands of dollars offered as premiums in other departments, brought the total figure close to the $100,000 mark, which this year will be greatly increased.

The service the California State Fair has rendered to the cause of agriculture and live-stock advancement can in no way be estimated. Year after year it has been the means for establishing standards, practices and types. Year after year it has offered inspiration and encouragement to thousands.

The fair is going to render a greater service to the farmers and the people generally of the State this year than during any previous period in its history, the management announces. The dates are September 3 to 11.

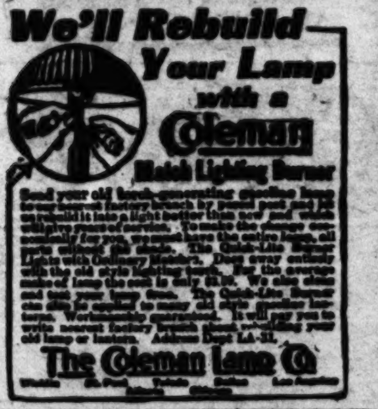
Bonelli System Monolithic Concrete Pipe for All Purposes.



PATENT ALLOWED.

Concrete when properly mixed and poured wet between two forms as contemplated in the Bonelli System, and then allowed to remain contained between the forms for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before removing the outside forms, makes a concrete pipe that will not leak at all after a few days' time, and will stand a pressure according to the thickness of the wall you make and the reinforcing that is put in. We pour as many feet or miles as are desired, making a continuous jointless pipe with all Ts, Crosses, Elbows, Outlets, Gates, Stand Pipes, Plugs, Expansion Joints, Valves, etc., made and set at the same time without any joints to leak or bother. Local economic conditions regulate the kind of inside forms to be used, which are of great variety. A better pipe for less money. You may be convinced of the above facts by calling at Arthur Black's Ranch, Palmdale, Cal., where it is in use. Ask him or John Boyle, Upatere Ranch.

BONELLI MONOLITHIC PIPE COMPANY, Kingman, Arizona, U.S.A.



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Tel. West 4129. Los Angeles, Cal.

GROWERS SAVE PAPER, SHIP BETTER MELONS.

CALIPATRIA.—Now that the cantaloupe shippin gseason is over, growers are finding a comfortable balance on the right side of the ledger due to the abolishment of the cantaloupe wrappers this season. It is figured that the growers of Imperial Valley were saved more than $20,000 through the experiments of Federal investigators in shipping the fruit without wrappers early in the season.

Uuwrapped Cantaloupes Ship Best.
Imperial county growers have been losing money all these years by wrapping their melons. Upper picture shows how unwrapped fruit looks after arriving at destination; lower, how some wrapped melons look under same conditions.

Wrapped cantaloupes, it was found, do not refrigerate so well in transit, nor do they reach the consumer in as good a condition as the unwrapped melons. The growers shipping under certain brands generally affix a small sticker to each melon, or this work is done by machinery at a fraction of the cost of wrapping.

More care was taken this season in the valley not to bruise the fruit. The gunny sack was abolished as a picking bag, and the regular orange picking bag of canvas substituted. The pickers, therefore, did not have the opportunity to drag their bags along the ground, as they were held up by shoulder straps.

IS RODENT POISON KILLING THE BIRDS?

SANTA BARBARA.—Poison barley, scattered over fields for the destruction of ground squirrels, does not bring death to doves and quail in any large number, but is ridding the counties using poison barley of squirrels, magpies and crows, according to County Horticultural Commissioner Eugene Kellogg of Santa Barbara county. The statement is made because of a wide agitation started by officers of the Fish and Game Commission to stop the scattering of poison barley on the ground that the game birds are being exterminated. The Horticultural Commissioner says that wheat as a bait for squirrels has been entirely abandoned because the game birds, it was found, do pick up the wheat, but that they do not go after the barley to any such extent as to cause serious inroads. The commissioner says that, according to his understanding, gallinaceous fowls are not subject to strychnine poisoning, and it is strychnine that is placed on the barley to rid the farming districts of squirrels. He states he has found some dead doves and quail in fields where poison barley had been scattered, but he doubts that they were killed by taking of the barley.

Deputy State Game Warden Barnett of Ventura county, on the other hand, is firmly of the opinion that the doves and quail are being destroyed by poison barley, and he has started a move in his county to either find a substitute for the poison barley or a new method of getting it to the squirrels. Santa Barbara county hunters are backing the game warden, for they declare they have examined the crops of both doves and quail found dead in fields where poison barley has been scattered and have found the barley. As 96 per cent of the farmers are interested in preserving game birds, the investigations are to be taken up by the county farm bureaus and experts will be called in to make a thorough investigation and, if possible, find means of lessening the danger to game birds providing it is found that poison barley put out for squirrels is destroying doves and pigeons.

THE FIRST MUSCATELS.

WASCO.—According to a statement made by the Palm ranch, the first shipment of muscatel grapes of the 1921 season was delivered from this ranch to Mannels & Tracy, at Shafter, on July 27. Picking of muscatels is now in full swing on the ranch, and tests by the horticultural inspector are said to show that the grapes contain 18½ per cent sugar, an excellent showing for first shipment. The Palm ranch consists of one section, owned by F. A. Seymour and A. Reiners of Fresno and George W. Henderson of Wasco.

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We have an agent in every district. Let him show you what it is doing; or write,

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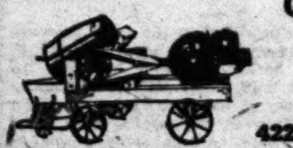

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Large, $1.00 Doz. Small 50c.
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Large, $1.50 Doz. Small, 75c.
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Send for our latest illustrated catalog price list. Also free booklet on bees.
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FREE LAND—New government law in Nevada allowing you 640 acres. Let us locate you, best of land, level as a floor. Abundance of fine water, free range in mountains. Write today for particulars. C. F. Compton, Sulphur, Nevada.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—NEW WINE BOTTLES, 150 gross, Sauterne fives, including corrugated plain shipping boxes and partitions, or any part thereof. Apply 806 East Sixth Street, Los Angeles.

Western Nursery Co.
2780 W. Pico St.
Los Angeles
Telephone 71624

FIRST CERTIFICATE FOR GRADES ISSUED.

BY PROF. F. W. WOLL.

The first certificate in the California State register of production for grade cows, which was established last year by the College of Agriculture, was issued recently to V. M. Del Ponte, a Del Norte dairy farmer, and a member of the Klamath River Cow-Testing Association. His cow, Mouslie, a mature grade Jersey, produced during a lactation period of 243 days, 8528 pounds of milk and 360.50 pounds of butter fat (average test 4.22 per cent.) Certificates have since been issued to eighteen other cows in this association and applications for admission to the register have been received for a considerable number of cows whose production is now being reported to the College of Agriculture each month.

The production of the nineteen cows at present admitted to the grade register range between 350 and 457 pounds of butter fat for the ten-month period, or an average of 384.3 pounds. This is very good for a beginning, especially in view of the fact that all these records were made outside of what is considered the best dairy sections of the State. The highest record so far made was that of a grade Jersey, twelve years old, owned by G. B. Von Alvensleben of Del Norte county, which produced 8486 pounds of milk and 457.08 pounds of butter fat (average test 5.38 per cent.)

The register of production for grade cows in this State is, therefore, now in full operation, and the College of Agriculture is prepared to receive applications for admission to the register from California dairymen, whether members of cow-testing associations or not, under the rules and regulations governing the register. Under the rules adopted, the record period is ten months. In order to qualify for a certificate, cows with first calf or more must produce over 350 pounds of butter fat during this period, and heifers with first calf and under three years of age at the time of freshening, must produce at least 300 pounds of butter fat. In addition, a cow must carry a calf at least five months during the ten-month period, and must be free from tuberculosis so far as is known. A further requirement is that the owner of cows to be entered must agree not to use or dispose of their male offspring for breeding purposes. Up to Jan. 1, 1924, cows will be accepted for first entry in the register without regard to the breeding of their sire, but after that date, only cows sired by a pure-bred registered dairy bull will be entered on the register. There are no expenses connected with admission of cows to the register, and the certificates of production are issued free of charge to owners of cows that have met the requirements given above.

The register of production for grade cows was established by the College of Agriculture with a view to improving the dairy herds of the State through establishing production records and giving distinction to cows that qualify for the register. The result will be that extra efforts will be made to have these cows do well and to develop their heifer calves into valuable future members of the herd. The latter point will be of increasing importance as dairy farming becomes a more specialized business and as farmers appreciate more the value of good dairy cows and learn that they cannot, as a rule, reach and maintain a high standard of production in the herd unless they take advantage of the progress made, and build up the herd from their best cows.

The California grade register is based upon the work of the cow-testing associations in the State, and is conducted in cooperation with these associations. Grade cows tested under the rules governing the system of semiofficial tests of dairy cows in this State, are, however, also eligible for a certificate, and many such cows will doubtless be entered on the grade register in the future, as this becomes better known and appreciated by our dairymen. The register is intended to do for owners of grade cows what various advanced registers are doing for pure-breds, and offers similar opportunities to all owners of grade cows in the State to win recognition for all high-producing cows that they may own.

Further information concerning the grade register, with rules, record blanks, etc., will be supplied upon request by the division of animal husbandry, College of Agriculture, University Farm, Davis, Cal.

Livestock Bulletin.

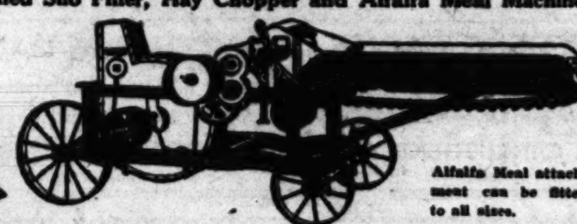
(Continued rom Page 11)

cattle and swine was presented to E. D. Woodhouse. The ribbons for this contest were given by the Southwestern Berkshire Congress. Alexander M. Wilson, head of the swine department of the Italian Vineyard Company ranch, served lunch to the visitors.

King Pontiac Netherland Segis 3d, the splendid son of Gerben Abbekerk Maid, now has a thirty-pound daughter, Dorothy Pontiac, who recently made her record of 30.04 pounds of butter from 527 pounds of milk in her records at each freshening, having made 18.25 pounds butter from 365.1 This heifer has shown consistent increase in her records at each freshening, having pounds of milk as a junior two-year-old; 22.84 pounds of butter from 472.6 pounds of milk as a junior three-year-old, and now with the thirty-pound record noted above, as a junior four-year-old. Rosamaines Novena Netherland, a junior two-year-old daughter of Rosamaines, Pontiac Netherland, the bull now owned by the Pottenger Sanitorium Company, Monrovia, made 22.51 pounds of butter from 481 pounds of milk in seven days. Juliana Canary Mercedes, at three years and one month, made 27.59 pounds of butter from 640 pounds of milk in seven days. She is sired by Prince Juliana Walker, who is over 90 per cent the same blood as the great heifer, Miss Valley Mead De Kol Walker, whose sons have commanded record prices in California. All three of the heifers noted above are owned by Peter B. Kyne and O. H. Cash, at their Sierra Vista stock ranch, Perris.

The ACME Cutter

Combined Silo Filler, Hay Chopper and Alfalfa Meal Machine



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Center hung blower fitted with six arm blower fan that will not clog.

Big range of pulley sizes permits in speed of cutting head and blower to suit length of cut and height of silo. All gears are well guarded.

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Please send me free booklet giving price and full information and illustrations showing detailed mechanical construction of the Acme Cutter.

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Gives Greatest Value for Least Money. It Makes Them Fat.

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DUROC-JERSEYS.

DIAMOND BAR DUROC-JERSEY SHOW HERD FOR SALE

As we will not exhibit at the fairs this fall, we offer for sale the entire show herd which we are now fitting, as we consider it will be better business, both for us and the breed, to have these animals win in our customers' hands.

They are without doubt the best hogs Diamond Bar ever fitted and should win at any show in the country.

Our prices are very reasonable, as we want these animals to be in the show rings this fall.

Herd consists of Aged Sows, two Senior Yearling Sows, ten Junior Yearling Sows, ten Under Year Sows, three Under Year Boars and three futurity litters.

Act at once if you want one or more of these great individuals to help you win this fall.

DIAMOND BAR RANCH

SPADRA, California Los Angeles County

Watch La Tierra de Uva Rancho Durocs

PATHFINDERS—ORIONS—SENSATIONS—Three Top Boars in Our Herd. Uneeda Orion B, 2nd prize aged boar State Fair, 1920, and Grand Champion Glenn County Fair, 1919; Valley Views Sensation, 3rd prize Junior Boar Pig, and litter mate to 1st prize and reserve champion of State Fair, 1920; Arenal Sensation, a wonderful young boar prospect; together with a wonderful string of prize-winning sows and gilts, including Miss Sensation, 1st sow pig and reserve Junior Champion at State Fair, 1920, and Junior Champion at Riverside, 1920. C. C. ELLIS, Owner, Exeter, Calif., M. N. Grahn, Swine Dept.

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Will sell a few proven sows bred to the wonderful sire,

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Our herd is built on best foundation blood lines. Young boars and gilts for sale at all times. Visit our herd and see the big-boned, stretchy, arch-backed individuals we are offering.

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Sold by weight, any age, either sex, 25c per lb. Crates, $2.50; and pedigree, $1.00 extra. Our hogs are Big Type, Herd-improving. We have 400 head to select from.

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POLAND CHINAS

The breed noted for adaptability, prolificacy, and universal popularity. You are invited to inspect my select herd, headed by EASTMAN'S KORVER, the boar with Type, Size and Quality.

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We are offering for sale some fine big sows and gilts bred to our great herd boars for early litters. Some very special bargains to farmers and new breeders. Every one tuberculin tested and cholera immune.

ALEX M. WILSON Supt. Swine Dept. GUASTI, CAL.

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Bred Sows. Bred Gilts. Young Service Boars. Our herd contains the most prominent and prolific strains. Priced for your profit.

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Will hold the biggest live stock show of the year.

Write for Premium List to E. R. Elkins, Fair Director.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG. SAN FERNANDO, CAL.

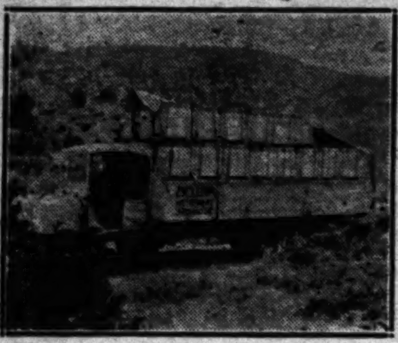
GREAT DEMAND FOR TRACTORS SHOWN BY PRODUCTION FIGURES.

THAT the power farming idea has taken firm hold, not only on farms of this country, but abroad, is shown by an accurate statement of tractor and farm machinery and implement production for the year 1920, made by the Bureau of Public Roads.

The increase in the use of tractors and modern machinery at home and abroad, has been remarkable, and Southwestern farmers have been in the van in adopting modern steel helps to better farming. The export trade in tractors and implements from Los Angeles by water routes has greatly increased recently.

The figures given below show that, large as the tractor production was in 1919, amounting to 164,590, falling prices of farm products did not deter farmers from demanding tractors and other improved equipment, so that the increase in production in 1920 was more than 12 per cent.

Gas tractors to the number of 203,000, with a total value of $193,00,000; more than



Trucking Bees.

Ninety-six colonies being moved from orange groves to the buckwheat that grows high in the mountains.

1,000,000 plows, with a value of over $40,000,000; 225,000 farm wagons, with a value of nearly $25,000,000, and 412,000 haying machines, with a value of nearly $25,000,000, were manufactured in the United States during 1920, according to the detailed reports from 583 manufacturers. The value of implements manufactured was $537,000,000, and gas tractors constituted more than one-third of the total.

The exact number and value of these and other classes of equipment manufactured—of those sold in the United States, and of those sold for export during the year—are given in the accompanying table.

Every manufacturer of farm equipment in the country was asked for a report of his activities, and while a few did not respond, it is certain that at least 99 per cent of the entire industry is represented in the figures above, and, for most classes of equipment, the information is practically complete.

The reports of a considerable number of firms covered fiscal years ending in the latter part of 1920 or the early part of 1921. The reports of such firms do not represent exactly their activities for the calender year of 1920, but in every case the report covered an entire year, and it is believed that, for all practical purposes, the totals may be considered representative of the industry for the calendar year.

The following is a summary of the reports received from the manufacturers for the years 1916 to 1919, inclusive:

	1916	1917	1918	1919
Manufactured ...	29,670	62,742	132,697	164,590
Sold in the U.S..	27,819	49,504	96,470	136,162
Sold for export..	.....	14,854	36,351	19,693
On hand Dec. 31..	.....	15,525	15,401	27,740

Manufacture and sale of farm equipment in 1920:

	No. Mfd.	Total Value	Val. Foreign Sales.
Tractors	203,207	$193,562,000	$30,850,000
Steam traction engines	1,766	4,661,000	370,000
Plows & listers..	1,361,578	48,322,000	19,188,000
Tillage implements	....	72,919,000	1,665,000
Planting machinery	472,248	20,097,000	1,458,000
Cultivating machinery	580,179	15,736,000	670,000
Haying machinery	411,556	24,703,000	6,230,000
Harvesting machinery	232,177	41,015,000	7,339,000
Machines for preparing crops for market or use	196,772	35,612,000	2,016,000
Horse-drawn vehicles	449,095	42,423,000	339,000
Other items ...	....	93,544,000	7,495,000
		$536,945,000	$78,614,000

BEES VALUABLE TO GROWERS OF FRUIT.

Editor Farm and Tractor Section:

Commercial bee keepers of today move their bees many times each year to keep them busy making honey after the honey flow slows down in one location. To move a colony of bees care must be taken to give them plenty of air, as the jarring and excitement cause them to create a great amount of heat. This excess heat will melt the combs and honey. By removing the lid of the bee hive and nailing a screen on top of the hive in place of the lid the bee man will give this heat a chance to escape. The bees should be moved on a cool night if possible.

The honey produced in California alone in a good year is about 500 carloads so it will be seen this occupation ranks with some of the largest rural industries. The flowers producing the greatest amounts of this honey are sage, orange, alfalfa, fruit trees, buckwheat, cotton, mustard, star thistle, mesquite, lima beans, manzanita and eucalyptus.

In some fruit districts the fruit growers pay the bee keepers 50 cents a colony and move them besides to their orchards, to pollinate the fruit bloom. There are many fruit and berry yields that would be raised at a loss if it were not for the bees pollinating the flowers. A number of prominent orange growers have told me they were positive their orchards would not have produced the large crops they have if it had not been for the bees pollinating the fruit bloom. If the fruit growers spray their trees with a poisonous spray while the trees are in full bloom they not only cause a loss to the bee keepers, but a greater loss to their own fruit crop. Here is something for them to think about.

A. E. LUSHER, Pomona.

FOR SALE—TRACTORS.

Merry Garden Auto Cultivator. Pulls a five-inch plow six inches deep in sand, adobe or clay. Price, fully equipped, $275.00. DWIGHT E. SMITH Southern Distributor, 1645 No. Normandie, L. A.

Sewage Disposal.

(Continued from page 1.)

be apparent to anyone who makes any real effort to forecast approaching conditions. Let us consider some of the conditions of our case. We have a county great in area, as great or greater than some of the States of the East. There are probably over a million people living in the county. It contains one great city and dozens of smaller ones, but it is at the same time one of the greatest agricultural counties in the United States. The physiography of that part of it which can be intensively occupied consists mainly of two large valleys merging into a coastal plain, with the drainage lines, with one or two exceptions, concurrent. Practically all of the seacoast of this county that does not consist of harbors is a superb beach, an unsurpassable recreation ground, not only for the million people who now live here and the millions who will in the near future live here, but for the other millions who year by year seek Southern California in increasing numbers for rest and recreation. We have here all the elements for treating our sewage problem on a heroic scale—a vast area whose topography lends itself naturally to the concentration of artificial drainways, a huge urban population producing an enormous volume of sewage rich in fertilizing matter, a wealthy agricultural community at the very doors of the cities demanding that its lands be maintained in the highest possible state of fertility, an incomparable seacoast that must, at any cost, be preserved from defilement.

An attempt may be made to formulate a crude outline of a sewage disposal system for this county—or for the greater part of this county—that would meet the several phases of the situation.

(1.) The sewage could be handled as a unit by all that portion of the county, the topography of which naturally lends itself to the project. The area in question comprises by far the larger portion of the intensively occupied land of the county or the land which can be intensively occupied. No single community in it is remote and isolated from the remainder and it is beyond question that a single sewage disposal system, designed for the wants of this entire area, would, both in construction and in operation, prove very much more economical and efficient than a series of individual and unrelated systems.

(2.) The sewage should not be discharged into the ocean, at least in an untreated form. This involves the selection of an area to be used for the concentration and treatment of the sewage. Such an area should preferably be near, but not on, the seacoast to obtain the advantage of gravity flow of the sewage from inland points and a minimum lift for pumping in concentrating the sewage of the coast towns.

(3.) Every possible means should be employed to segregate at its origin the fertilizer constituent from the grease and oil constituent of the sewage.

(4.) The so-called purified water resulting from the treatment of the sewage for its fertilizer and oil content should so far as it is economically possible be used for irrigation. The proportion of this water that it is necessary to waste should be discharged into the ocean so far out from the shore as to be well within the influence of the tidal currents that twice a day sweep up and down our coast, which would insure the complete diffusion of this water in the ocean. Our entire beach heritage would by this system be forever preserved from pollution from this source.

While the value of the recoverable products of the sewage would undoubtedly prove an important factor in operating and maintaining a system of this character, it certainly should not be a governing factor in deciding its feasibility. Were no by-product at all to be derived from the sewage, we would still have the sewage problem and the proper measure of the cost of a system of sewage disposal is the health of the people and the preservation unimpaired of the extraordinary natural charms with which this county, in greater measure than perhaps any similar area in the world, has been endowed. Any return over and above the attainment of these objects is just that much clear gain. It is probable that in the present stage of the art of sewage treatment, the resultant fertilizer product could be sold to the farmer at a price which he would find commercially profitable and at the same time cover the cost of its production. But even if this could not be accomplished, the price the farmer could profitably pay should be the governing factor in setting that price, the apparent loss in production being absorbed in the incalculable profit accruing from the insurance to the people's health, the maintenance of the fertility of our farming lands and the preservation from defilement of our wonderful natural playgrounds, the beaches.

Were the sewage of the urban areas of this county that could be economically treated as a unit concentrated and treated for its fertilizer content, the product would be in the vicinity of 150 tons daily. In twenty years this product will easily double, but our farming lands will be diminished in area owing to the encroachment of the cities upon the country. Three hundred tons daily is in round numbers 110,000 tons annually. If sold to the farmer at $10 per ton, the gross income arising from it would be $1,100,000 annually—a sum our farmers could readily pay and which ought to be a rather substantial item in the cost of operating the system. What the addition of 110,000 tons of the finest fertilizer in the world would imply in the wealth it would add to our farming lands as gauged by their annual output is not of course susceptible of exact expression in dollars and cents and we must be content with the certainty that it means many millions.

In their voting down of the proposal to construct a new outfall sewer at the recent elections—and thus perpetuate the present shortsighted system of handling the sewage problem—there was no spirit of parsimony upon the part of the people of Los Angeles. That is not and never has been characteristic of the people of this city. It is certain that the actuating spirit was one of disapproval of the whole method of sewage disposal, and their action should be construed as a protest against any further continuation of that system. It would, therefore, seem that the time is ripe for formulating a solution of this most pressing and distressing problem that will be at once comprehensive and final.

Shrubs should be massed about the borders of the home grounds or in the rear. Occasionally, low masses of shrubs may be placed at the angles of drives or walks.

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The Livestock Bulletin.

BY ROBERT E. LYANS

The Los Angeles County Farm Bureau Cow-Testing Association started another year's work July 1. The interest in cow-testing work is increasing, as indicated by a number of new herds represented. The association in Los Angeles county has for the past year been the largest one in the West and with the increase in interest and with the new herds which have already been signed up, it will undoubtedly continue to hold this position. The records of the past cow-testing year, which ran from July 1, 1920, to June 30, 1921, are being compiled and the report will be announced shortly. There is much interest in the dairy cow competition, which has been in operation during the past year, and dairymen are eager to learn the results. The cups to be given as monthly prizes and the fine sweepstakes cup offered by the Los Angeles Times Farm and Tractor Section will be presented to the winners at the annual meeting of the Los Angeles County Farm Bureau to be held September 28 at Ganesha Park, Pomona.

During the recent series of poultry culling demonstrations conducted in various parts of the county by R. B. Easson, extension poultry specialist of the University of California, under the auspices of the poultrymen's Department of the Los Angeles County Farm Bureau, the working of the Southern California egg-laying contest was explained and copies of the rules and regulations given out. There is a great deal of interest among poultrymen of Southern California in the contest, which will start October 1, and run for one year. It is limited to entries from Southern California for the first year and poultrymen of the Southland should support this contest by sending in their entries. Farm advisers in each of the Southern California counties have copies of the rules and regulations and application blanks which may be secured from them on application. This material can also be obtained from the Pomona Chamber of Commerce, from the Poultry Producers of Southern California, or from any member of the egg-laying contest committee.

With railroads extending one and a half fare privileges, with a program in which poultry problems will be discussed by experts from all parts of the country, and a long list of free tours and entertainments, the American Poultry Convention at Seattle August 8-13, promises to attract more than 1000 poultry farmers from the Pacific Coast and interior points. The program is varied. Tuesday, August 9, there is to be a reception at the New Richmond. Wednesday there will be a tour of near-by successful poultry farms. Thursday noted speakers from all parts of the United States will address the convention. Friday there will be a trip to Tacoma by boat. The party from Tacoma will visit the State agricultural experiment station at Puyallup, luncheon being furnished by the Puyallup Commercial Club. In the afternoon there will be a clam bake at Point Defiance Park, Tacoma, the party being guests of the Pierce County Association.

The Los Angeles County Farm Bureau is outspoken in its opposition to the practice of feeding garbage to hogs on the grounds of the menace to public health, both from the spread of disease through flies and rats in the vicinity of garbage farms and through the unsanitary condition of the meat resulting from the feeding of garbage. It also feels that feeding garbage to hogs is unfair competition with what it calls the legitimate swine growers.

The records of the Riverside County Farm Bureau Cow Testing Association for July show that 370 cows were tested, the average butter fat production for the month being 30.67 pounds per cow. Thirteen cows gave more than fifty pounds and fifty-seven more than forty pounds. The average production of the thirteen highest individuals was 1486 pounds milk containing 55.14 pounds butter fat. The cow, Edith, Holstein, belonging to H. A. Younkin of Corona, heads the list with 1620 pounds milk and 71.28 pounds butter fat.

A stock-judging contest was held by the animal husbandry class of the Chaffey Junior College of Agriculture summer course at the Italian Vineyard Company ranch on the morning of July 23. There were thirty-three contestants and keen rivalry was displayed. Besides the contestants, many others were placing the animals and getting ideas. There were four classes of stock: Guernsey cows, Duroc-Jersey aged sows, Berkshire aged boars and Berkshire aged sows. The contests were divided into two parts, first the placing in order of rank, and second the giving to the judges of the reasons for this placing by each contestant.

The judges were Prof. E. H. Hughes of the college of agriculture, University of California; Prof. R. A. Condee of the George Junior Republic and the Chaffey Junior College of Agriculture, and Robert Walker of the Diamond Bar Ranch. The ribbon winners in the Guernsey cattle division were: First, E. D. Woodhouse; second, F. E. Onyett; third, John Bartlett; fourth, J. D. Kirkpatrick. The successful contestants in swine judging were: First, N. H. McCollom; second, F. E. Onyett; third, E. D. Woodhouse; fourth, E. W. Merrick.

The championship ribbon awarded for the total highest number of points for both

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE.)

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PUMPS RUN AND FARM LABORS LIGHTENED BY SILENT MOTORS.

BY ARTHUR L. DAHL.

CALIFORNIA farmers use more electricity on their farms and in their homes than those of any other agricultural section in the United States. This fact in part accounts for their leadership in the production of many kinds of fruits and vegetables, although one could truthfully say also that the leadership won by Californians helps explain why so much of the "juice" is used in our rural districts. Farmers and fruit growers of the Golden State are progressive and they quickly adopt anything that will aid them in their work. Electricity is one of the best sources of power in the world, and our producers realizing this have put the mysterious energy to work for them.

It would be difficult to find another spot in the world endowed with such natural advantages as California's. Added to a wonderful climate, fertile soil and the other elements needed for growing things, Nature has given us great reservoirs of oil for fuel, and in addition has placed over one-tenth of the potential water power resources of the United States within our borders. But a fraction of this power has yet been developed and used. It means much to the State from the standpoint of her industrial development, but it means equally as much to the horticultural and agricultural interests of California, for only through the development of our natural water power can we develop thousands of acres of land that would otherwise be undeveloped.

In the interior valleys of California are vast areas of land that are capable of growing crops if water can be developed

"Juice" for the Motors.

Typical steel tower carrying high voltage lines from power plant on mountain streams.

for the surface. In many instances, all the surface flow of streams has been already appropriated and is used, which precludes the watering of this additional land from present surface waters. The development of such areas depends almost entirely upon the utilization of the subterranean water supply under the lands to be cropped, and bringing this water to the surface electricity must be relied upon almost exclusively.

The part played by electrical energy in the development of Southern California's underground water resources is well known.

In the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley, lands which, a few years ago, barely supported a few head of cattle, are now competing with Fresno in the production of raisins, and with the Imperial Valley in the growing of cotton. The soil is good, and with water drawn from below the surface, desert land is turned into a garden. But it takes electricity, produced by the falling waters from our mountains, to provide the power cheap enough to pump this water. Thousands of silent motors are now working day and night to lift the fresh, pure water from below the surface, and deliver it into the irrigating canals or pipes, and as fast as the commercial power companies complete new installations, the electric force is contracted for by waiting ranchers. And this thing will go on with increasing speed until all of the water power and all of the valley lands of the State have been fully developed.

In the Sacramento Valley, electricity plays a most important part, for there the motors are used, on hundreds of farms, to pump water out of the rivers and convey it to fields lying above the gravity line. Rice fields are irrigated by electric power, and where surface streams are found inadequate to supply the season's water requirements, wells are sunk and motors installed to draw upon the underground water reservoirs. On one of the largest orange groves in the Palermo district, the owner does not trust to his surface water rights, ample as they were thought to be a few years ago, but he has sunk several wells and installed electric motors, to keep his irrigating ditches full when his trees need water the most. Everywhere throughout the State the same story is told, for electricity and irrigation are coming to be termed twin brothers.

While the pumping of water is the largest and most important task performed by electricity on California farms, it is by no means the only manner in which this power is utilized. In bringing the power line near enough to the farm to be available for pumping, the owner almost invariably carries it a step further and has it installed in his house and barn to provide light and power for domestic and farm needs. There is no light that is equal to that of electricity from the standpoint of serviceability, safety and cleanliness. The fact that the electric light requires so little care also recommends it to every farm woman, who remembers the hours and hours spent in the past in cleaning and filling oil lamps. From the standpoint of fire protection alone, the installation of electricity on the farm is warranted. Oil lamps sometimes do explode, while they are easily turned over by the cat, children or even a careless motion of an adult, while an electric globe is absolutely "fool proof." You can break it, but in doing so you kill the power, too, and no harm results.

Electricity in the home enables the housewife to eliminate much of the drudgery and time-consuming labor of the past. It makes possible the use of a vacuum cleaner; it will run the cream separator, or the sewing machine. On a hot day an electric fan will keep the wife cool while doing the family ironing, and an electric iron will obviate the necessity for keeping up the kitchen fire. In a dozen ways electricity can be made to serve in the home, at small expense and with great saving of time and effort, and farm women are finding out this fact and putting it into effect.

Electricity means just as much to the farmer, for a motor in the cellar or barn will enable him to perform a score or more tasks in an easy and quick way. Where a number of cows are kept on a dairy farm and milking machines are used, electricity is the ideal power, and the power consumption for this purpose is not great. The same motor can be used to churn butter, operate a bottle washer, or a cream separator. A small motor will supply power for turning the grindstone or a lathe for small repairs, while one of larger capacity will run a corn sheller, ensilage cutter, feed grinder, hay baler or other barn machine. Some farmers have motors mounted on wheels, which permit of their being moved from place to place for various jobs. By running wires and putting in wall plugs at the places where power is needed, a single equipment will serve many purposes.

The use of electricity saves time, for when electricity is used one need merely turn a switch to have the power available, and it can be turned off again in an instant. The modern electric motor is about as dependable and serviceable as any machine, having a long life and requiring practically no adjustments.

Electric power is the safest power in the world, for one can start an electric motor and go away on some other task with the assurance that it will keep on performing its task so long as required. This is not true of the gasoline or other oil motor, for excellent as are their operation, a certain amount of personal supervision is required. On many farms, where water is to be pumped regularly for days at a time, the owner starts the motor and adjusts the speed, and then locks up the pumphouse and goes about his business.

A farm dwelling, barn and outbuildings wired for electricity, and using this power for lights, pumping water for domestic use and for the stock, and for operating the household contrivances to save the time and strength of the wife, and the labor of the farmer in his daily routine, will do as much as any other single element to make country life comfortable and attractive, and the installation of such equipment, wherever possible, will return big dividends in happiness, comfort and convenience to all the members of the household.

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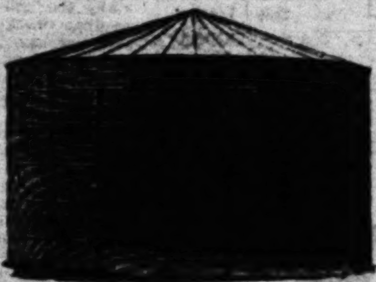

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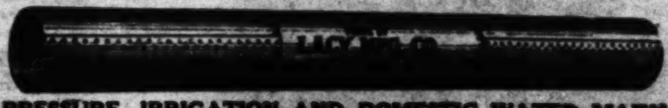

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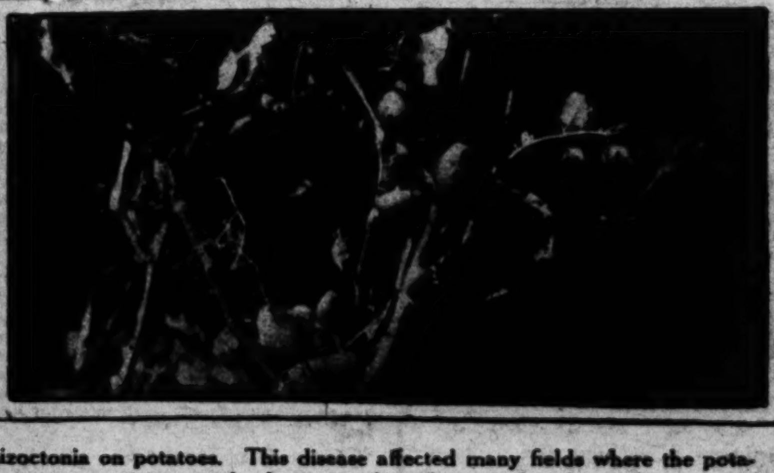
Rains in May were appreciated by fruit growers, but caused second growth on potatoes in many districts. Second-growth spuds are not accepted in standard grades.

The nematode, for years little understood, caused great damage to sugar beets, tomatoes and potatoes this year. Rotation to grain is about the only cure.

The busy flea beetle is unusually active this season in the truck gardening districts. These tomato plants were set out at the same time. The one on the right was attacked by the beetle.



Rhizoctonia on potatoes. This disease affected many fields where the potatoes were not completely covered, and were therefore subject to infection.

SELECTION AND CARE OF TURBINE PUMPS.

BY R. A. TUCKER.

In buying a pump the first thing to consider is the results to be accomplished, that is, the amount of land to be irrigated, the quantity of water to be pumped, the depth in the well to which the water will recede while pumping, the diameter of the well, lift in feet above the surface of the ground, and so on. In order to get the very best information and advice, the prospective buyer would do well to call upon a responsible house which has a large number of pumps in successful operation, to visit his well and make an analysis of the work to be done and submit hi erecommendation for the type of pump best suited to these conditions. The pump people will not betray the confidence imposed on their good judgment, but on the other hand will give the prospective buyer the very best of their knowledge and experience.

There are quite a number of engineering features which, together with the conditions under which the pump will operate, determine the type of pump to be used. The large pump manufacturers are selling the pump user's valuable engineering service and experience, as well as rightly designed equoipment. It is almost impossible for the pump man to intelligently give a prospective pump buyer a price on a pump and the cost of its installation without having first gone into all phases of the conditions under which the pump is to be operated. The number of pump runners, the speed, the size of the well, the lift, are all very important items in determining just what pump is best suited.

The speed of the pump is a very important item, as it has been proven by a great many years of actual experience that the slower speed pumps last a great excessive speeds. Nowadays a great many purchasers, having access to electric power, desire their pumps to be direct connected to vertical motors. The speed of these pumps is, of course, governed by the cyclage of the electrical energy furnished by the power company. Ordinarily these speeds will be from 725 R.P.M. to 1800 R.P.M. Here in Southern California the current furnished by the Edison company is fifty cycle and the most popular speed under this current for turbine pumps are 975 R.P.M. or 1450 R.P.M. Inasmuch as the manufacturer designs his pump to give the very best of service, he will, of course, choose the slower speed if the results desired can be obtained thereby. There is practically no limit to the depth to which a turbine pump can be installed, the deepest to the owner's knowledge being [illegible] feet. [illegible] pump is owned by J. B. La [illegible], a grape grower near Cucamonga. The shallowest is installed to a depth of ten feet and pumps a very large volume of water. As a general thing, a turbine pump is not efficient when delivering less than 180 gallons per minute, although there may be other conditions, such as sand, etc., which would make it advisable to install a turbine for a lesser quantity than 180 gallons per minute rather than a pump of the plunger type.

After the turbine pump is installed all that can be seen on the surface is the pump head, which is a very simply constructed piece of machinery. The ball bearings in the pump head are usually contained in a sealed bath of oil and the manufacturer of the higher grade turbines equips the heads with sight circulating systems so that the operator may at all times see the exact level of oil in the basin. This oil does not need replenishing very often and requires very little attention. The line shaft which goes down to the pump runners and transmits the power to these runners is usually inclosed in a tubing with bronze bearings every few feet. This tubing is filled with oil and is arranged at the earth's surface with a force feed gun or drip cup so that this tube may furnish the proper lubrication to all of these bearings. I think that it is probably due to the extreme simplicity of the design of the higher grade turbines that the average operator is inclined to give them so little attention; nevertheless, they do require attention regularly and when this is given the operator can rightly expect to get along with practically no pump troubles.

RECORD GRAPE SHIPMENT.

BAKERSFIELD.—The community known as the "Weed Patch" lays claim to shipping the first carload of grapes out of the San Joaquin Valley this year, repeating its performance of last year. On July 14th, the first car went out to eastern markets, together with several truckloads of Thompson grapes to Los Angeles. The grapes shipped from this district tested 18 to 22 per cent sugar content on the above date. A Chicago buyer secured thirty carloads at $60 per ton, net to the growers. The first grapes came from the B. W. Brewster and Brooks vineyards. From two to five carloads are now leaving the district daily. It is believed that the Weed Patch district will become one of the greatest grape producing regions in the country. The Earl Fruit Company is planting 3000 acres to table grapes, and Wylie M. Giffen is planting 1600 acres. In addition, thousands of acres are being planted by individuals from every grape district of California.

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No Strings—No Conditions—No Risk to you—or to us!

"NO BEARINGS" makes us BOTH safe. Nothing to ATTEMPT to lubricate, to wear, to get out of order, to be cut by sand!

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Hundreds sold—Never had a salesman—Send for circular.

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Los Angeles, Cal.

The "Grown-up" Orange Trees in a San Gabriel Orchard.

A giant seedling orange tree, nearly forty feet in height, on J. A. Bell place, San Gabriel. The trunk measures 50 inches in circumference one foot above the ground. The crop this year will be about thirty boxes to the tree.

Deciduous fruits do just as well as citrus fruits in the fertile San Gabriel soil. Here is a sample bunch of Wickson plums, pulled out from a leafy retreat.

A corner of the Bell place, which is opposite the San Gabriel Country Club golf links. Here ornamentals combine with fruit trees to make an ideal setting of all-year-around beauty.

A VENERABLE GROVE.

Some of the oldest and most remarkable citrus trees in America are to be found on the country place of J. A. Bell, near San Gabriel. Mr. Bell is not a farmer, but a civil engineer, with a strong love of the soil, especially the soil of California. Giant seedling oranges, believed to be from seed purchased in London forty years ago, and annually bearing an exceptionally number of boxes to the tree, stand beside Australian navels planted over a quarter of a century ago. All receive the constant attention of their owner, whose pride in them is great. How many years will an orange tree survive in the soil and climate of Southern California? This question has been asked over and over again and has led to not a little discussion. The state of health of the old trees on Mr. Bell's place would indicate that trees cared for as he cares for his will at least stick on the job of living and bearing up to around half a century. Mr. Bell says he sees no reason why they shouldn't live as long in California as in their so-called native environments in less arid lands.

Besides the fruits shown in the pictures, there are growing on this little place lemons, apricots, figs, nectarines, guavas, pomegranates, Bartlett pears, peaches and blackberries. In a sunny spot, flanked by big nectarine and apricot trees, is a tiny kitchen garden, where lima beans, onions, garlic, lettuce, carrots, bell peppers and rhubarb grow cheerfully cheek by jowl. Pretty nearly everything in the vegetable line will grow here equally well, but the trees have preempted the space. Here is a date palm, with a bed of pansies nestling in its shade; there a clump of bamboo, swaying above a row of Russian violets. The owner is evidently a hedge lover. Across the front of the place is a fine privet hedge, and smaller ones line the walks and driveways about the house. Roses, of course, climbing and bush, red, white, pink and yellow. Old-fashioned flowers of the north, sweet peas, snap dragons and blackeyed Susans, grow side by side with the magnificent Matilija poppy. There are zinias, chrysanthemums, geraniums, irises, calla lilies, amaryllis, hollyhocks, petunias, cosmos, gilliardias, marigolds, larkspur, periwinkle, bublia, cockscomb, watsonias, gladiolas, stocks, primroses, lilacs, jasmine, ferns, tiger lilies, dahlias and coreopsis. Included also in the plantings of this interesting place are ribbon grasses, several varieties of bamboo, carrisa, privets, pittosporums, rice plants, papyrus, crepe myrtle, syringa, buckthorn, plumbago, and honeysuckle.

A huge Valencia tree, planted at about the same time as the seedlings, with a girth slightly larger. It is a heavy producer.

An Australian navel, budded to Valencia four years ago. The original tree was almost worthless as a fruit producer.

Giant Valencias getting their monthly drink. Mr. Bell is careful in spreading the water over the entire surface of the orchard. He plows out his furrows in a swastica design near the trees.

Boundary lines can produce something more useful than weeds. The beautiful hedge shown is a row of Concord grapevines loaded with fruit. On the other side grow Muscats, Alexandria and Black Hamburgs.

Building a Herd on the Solid Foundation of Quality.

BY ROBERT V. LYONS.

IN STARTING a pure-bred herd of dairy cattle, the breeder has two standards from which to choose. He can select animals with outstanding individuality, or he can establish a herd which will afterward become noted for high milk and butter production. However, the constructive breeder of today is not satisfied to have one at a sacrifice of the other. However much show type a dairy cow may possess, she must be able to produce a creditable record in order to pass the critical judgment of the buying public. Blood lines, too, go a long way toward establishing merit in any herd, so the beginner must necessarily select foundation stock that will be popular among his fellow-breeders.

Robert N. Clapp of Nuevo grasped this important phase of breeding operation when he began to build up his Sycamore Acres herd of Holsteins. Starting in less than two years ago, Mr. Clapp has produced a herd which is rapidly becoming noted for high production and splendid individuality. When he commenced to breed Holsteins, he decided to have nothing but the best he could procure and during the last year he has made selections not only from eastern herds, but also from some of the high quality herds in California. At the A. J. Stalder dispersion of the Rossmaines Rancho herd, he purchased almost a score of splendid individuals which have developed into excellent producers. Notable among these purchases is to be found the great cow Gerben Abbekerk Maid, who produced ten living calves in ten years, and besides a thirty-day milk record of 3460.7 pounds and a record of 124.6 pounds in a single day. Also included in this offering were Aralia Maid, Abbekerk Pontiac, Rossmaines Ormsby Abbekerk, Moneta Segis Pontiac, Novina Cara Mia, Aralia Pontiac, Rossmaines May Korndyke and others almost as good.

One of the striking cows in Sycamore Acres herd is Segis Kalker Gelsche, a cow that stood second at the National Dairy Show. Then there is KP Lucy Wayne, out of Lucy De Kol Wayne, the female that won over Minerva Beets at the Iowa Dairy Congress in 1914. Another excellent cow in Mr. Clapp's herd is Nancy Calamo Korndyke, sired by the grand champion bull, Paul Calamo Korndyke, and out of the great show cow, Nancy Spofford, who is the dam of Nancy Lucy Hengerveld, the first forty-pound cow to go on record in the State of Iowa, and now in the Maxwell Farms herd in the San Fernando Valley. Nancy Calamo Korndyke has been a consistent winner wherever shown. Mr. Clapp says that his herd is now practically 100 per cent King Segis blood and he believes that this will prove as beneficial in respect to individuality as in the line of production.

Rossmaines Korndyke Beauty, a senior yearling heifer, has both seven and thirty-day records to her credit, which makes her the champion milk producer of the State for a senior yearling. This heifer's age at time of freshening was 1 year 11 months. Her seven-day record is 575.1 pounds milk and 22.24 pounds butter, while for thirty days she made 88.27 pounds butter from 2268.7 pounds milk. This phenomenal heifer will be continued on strictly official test for the full year. She was sired by King Pontiac Netherland Segis 3rd, the bull that is building fame at the head of the R. R. Stalder herd at Wineville, while her dam, Gelsche River Korndyke Johanna, was sired by Prince Gelsche Walker Korndyke, and he by Prince Gelsche Walker. Mr. Clapp also owns Rossmaines May Korndyke, a full sister to Rossmaines Korndyke Beauty. This heifer has a record of 21.12 pounds of butter from 561.3 pounds milk in seven days and 88.98 pounds of butter from 2077.3 pounds of milk in thirty days.

Following along King Segis blood lines, Mr. Clapp has placed a two-year-old bull, King Segis Pontiac Aero, at the head of his herd. This wonderful young bull is out of Evalena Calamo Korndyke, a daughter of Paul Calamo Korndyke. In selecting this bull for a herd sire, Mr. Clapp has chosen an individual of wonderful type, and from his excellent pedigree he should prove to be a great producer. In the herd are twenty-two daughters of King Segis Pontiac, which shows how much Mr. Clapp thinks of King Segis blood. Among some of the early purchases made by Mr. Clapp is to be found the cow Stanislaus Plebe Laura Pontiac, with a record of 32.52 pounds of butter from 812.7 pounds of milk in seven days, and Moneta Segis Pontiac, a three-year-old that has made 29.91 pounds of butter in seven days.

The Sycamore Acres herd now numbers practically 125 head all told. Mr. Clapp is milking about thirty head. A string of ten semiofficial test cows are being milked three times daily and the rest are milked twice. The milk is cooled to a temperature of 40 degrees and is sent in to Los Angeles at night, arriving for distribution in the morning. This is a long haul, but the milk is cared for in such a manner that a recent test showed only a 4000 bacterial count. About twenty-five head of calves are fed on the whole milk, until they are about ten weeks old, and are then put on skim milk with calf meal. Mr. Clapp says the little fellows are developing fine. He is not troubled with any of the calf ailments that usually take away so many valuable calves. He says he intends to develop his herd to the point where he will be milking at least fifty head by fall, and keep his milking herd at that point the coming year. The following year he will no doubt be able to increase this with a number of fine young heifers that are approaching maturity.

Sycamore Acres Ranch comprises eighty acres, and Mr. Clapp rents thirty acres in addition. Twenty acres in alfalfa will give seven good cuttings, twenty acres in silage corn will go to fill the two silos now on the place. He has twenty acres of oats, which he cuts as hay for his young stuff, and twelve acres in five-year-old peaches, with twenty-five acres set to grapes of the Zinfandel, Materos and Muscat varieties. The main fruit crops in the Nuevo Valley are apricots, peaches and olives. A great many carloads of potatoes are shipped out annually. Alfalfa makes a splendid growth in this district, and cotton, which was planted last year for the first time, did remarkably well. Mr. Clapp has some planted again this year that is showing up fine. The price of cotton made it discouraging to go into very extensive planting of it again, but when the price is right, fine cotton can be grown in the region at a good profit. A great many Nuevo people are putting poultry into their orchards and these thrive the year around, the sandy soil seeming to be very well adapted to the poultry industry. Mr. Clapp contemplates building, this fall, poultry laying houses large enough to accommodate 1000 hens, with runs in the orchard. His experience the past year with about 300 hens resulted in netting him a good return on his investment.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Clapp, owners of Sycamore Acres.

Holstein cows in Sycamore Acres herd.

A fine group of pure-bred calves.

Rossmaines Korndyke Beauty, senior yearling heifer in Sycamore Acres herd. She is champion milk producer for age in California.

King Segis Pontiac Aero, Sycamore Acres herd sire.

TO BUY PUMPS.

PHOENIX (Ariz.)—The board of governors of the Salt River project has voted to spend $100,000 immediately for drainage pumps, to control the water table west of this city and southwest of Peoria. These pumps will also supply more water for next year.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

GREATER SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1921.

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION

LAST WORD IN MODERN PRINTING.

SEA NYMPHS

Jean Black taking a sun bath at Venice.

Teddie Graham, 6 months old, having his picture "took."

Stella Botter standing, Nellie Proctor in the circular tube.

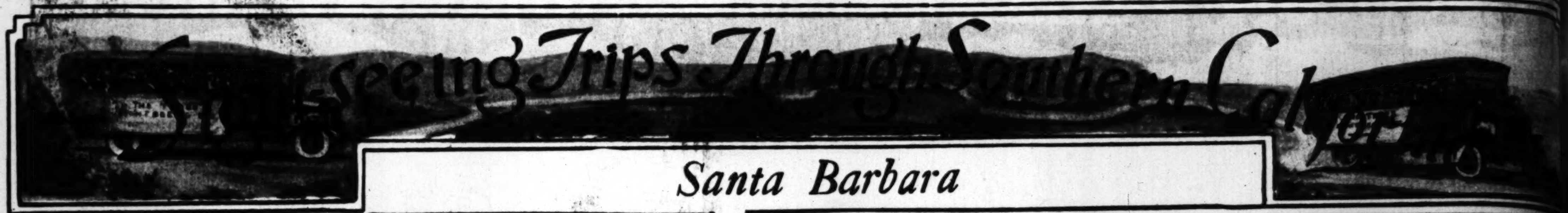
Bernice Espey making ready for a race to meet an incoming comber.

Frances Proctor's best beach smile.

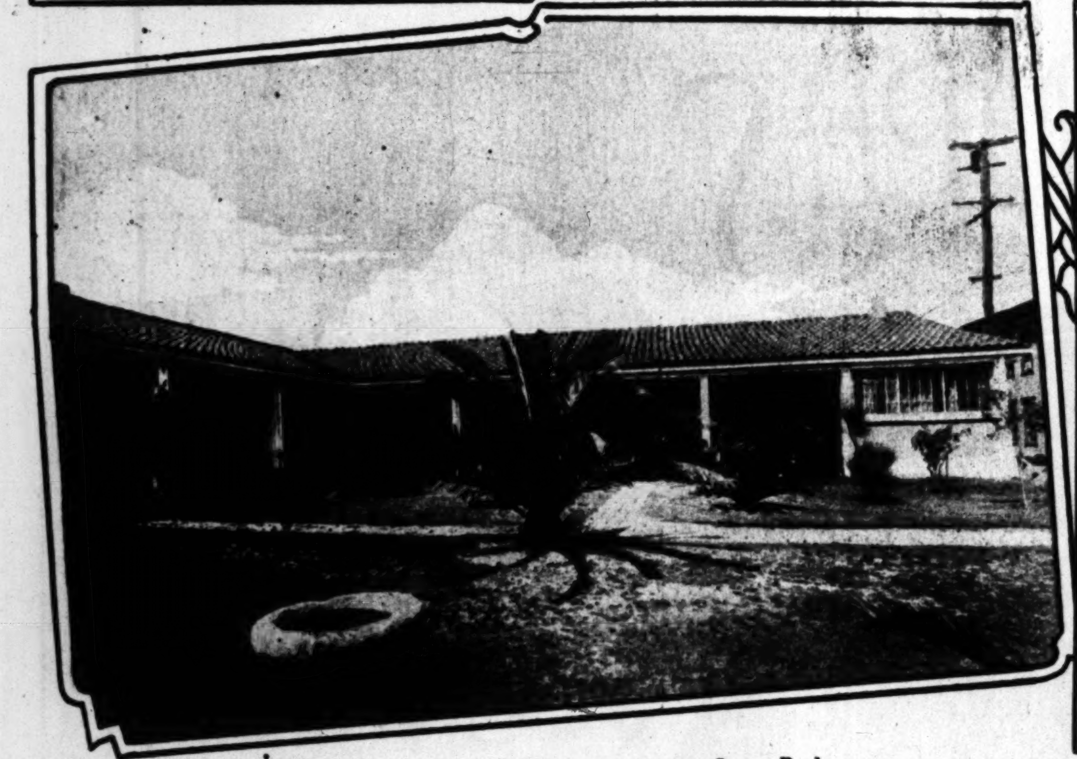
Lucella Mueller doing a back dive at Bimini.

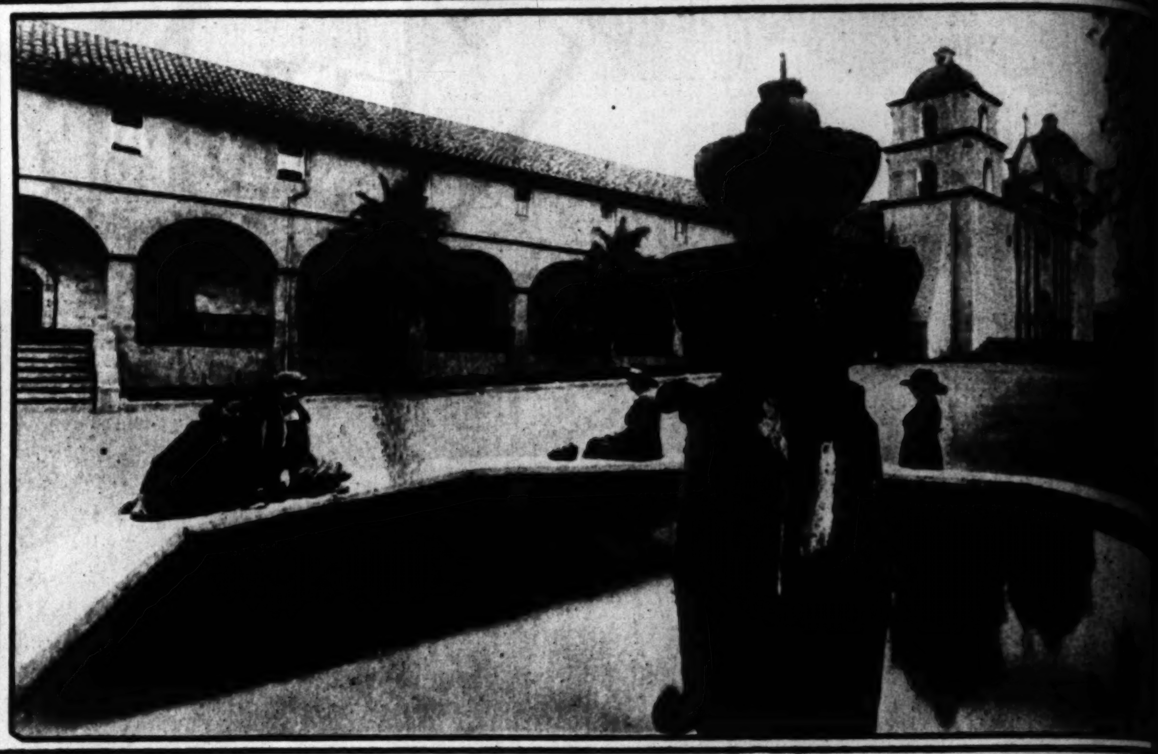
La Verne Lindsburg in smiling contemplates the sea.

E. J. Spencer, Times Staff Photographer.



Santa Barbara


Courtyard of the De la Guerra mansion at Santa Barbara.

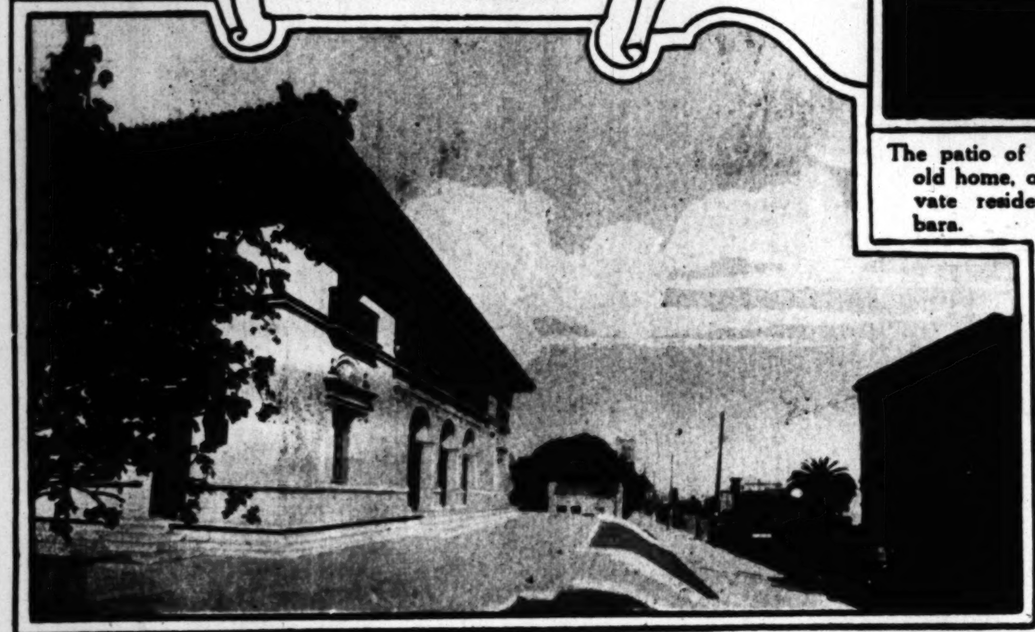

Fountain in the courtyard of the Santa Barbara Mission.

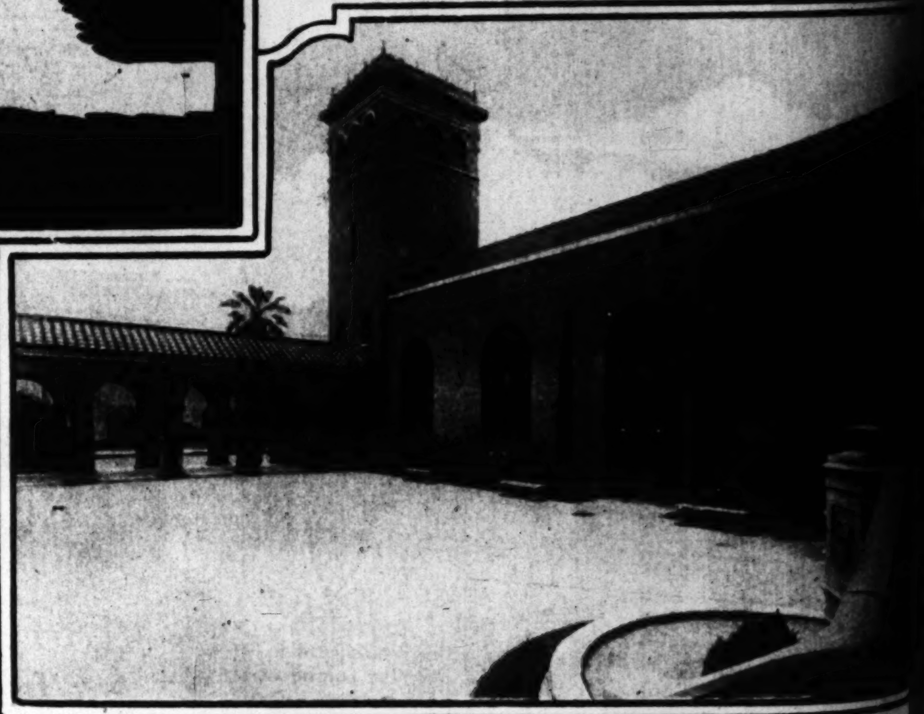
Santa Barbara's Courthouse, a vine-covered structure.

Judge C. A. Storke, who has lived in Santa Barbara for the last 49 years, pointing out some of the historic landmarks.

The patio of Don Gaspar Orena's old home, one of the historic private residences of Santa Barbara.

Santa Barbara's public library. A stately structure along classic


Postoffice at Santa Barbara.


Pulpit in patio of the First Presbyterian Church, Santa Barbara.

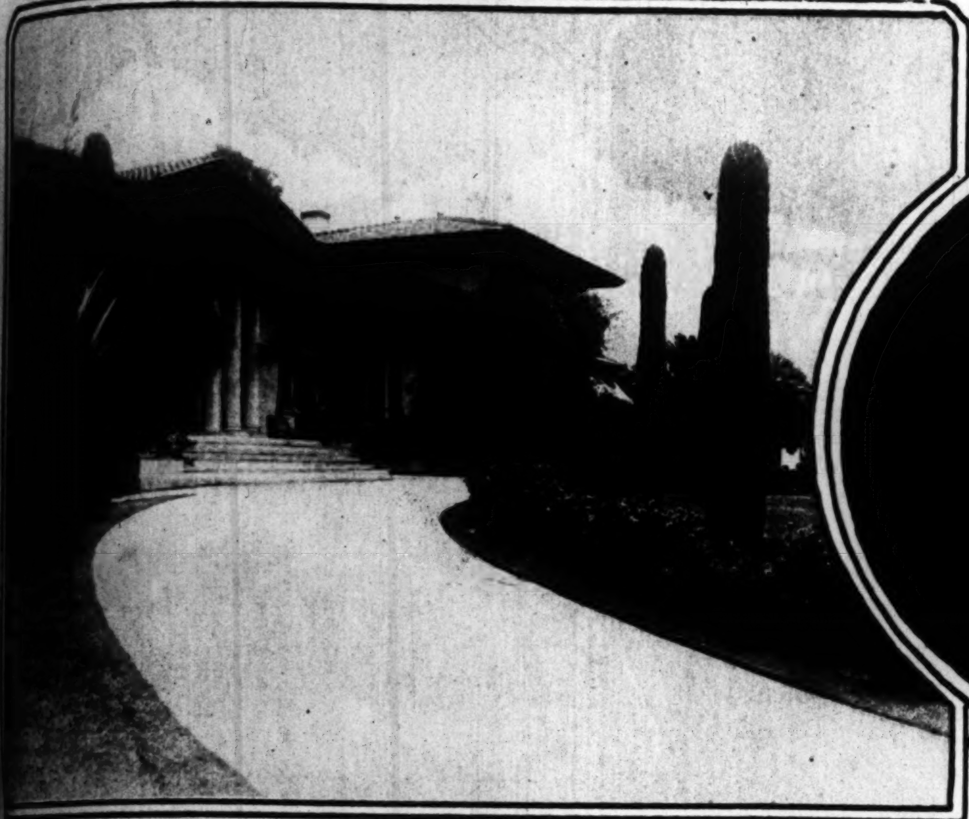
A corner in patio of the adobe on Carrillo street where the first white child was born.

On the beach at Santa Barbara.

Type of homes in the hills of Santa Barbara along Lasuen and Paterna

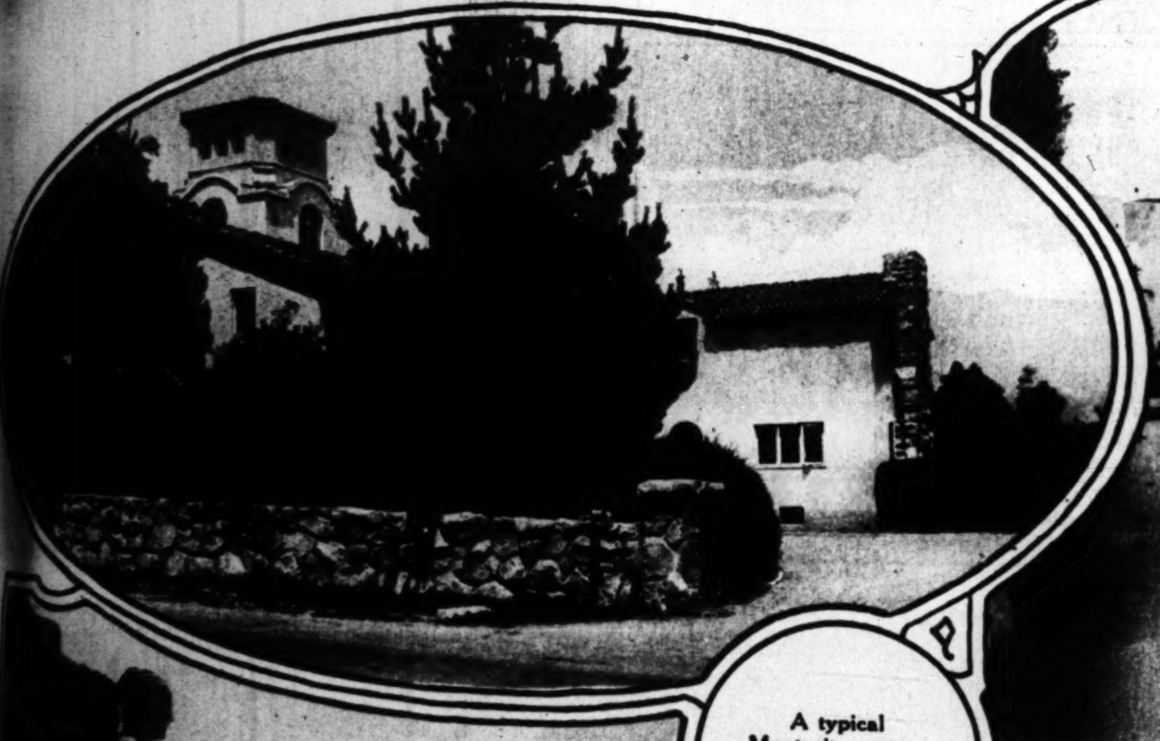
E. J. Spencer, Times Staff Photographer

Santa Barbara—A City of Magnificent Homes Built on Historic Ground.



Driveway leading to the entrance of the El Mirasol Hotel, Santa Barbara.

Lodge at the gateway of home of Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Montecito, Cal.

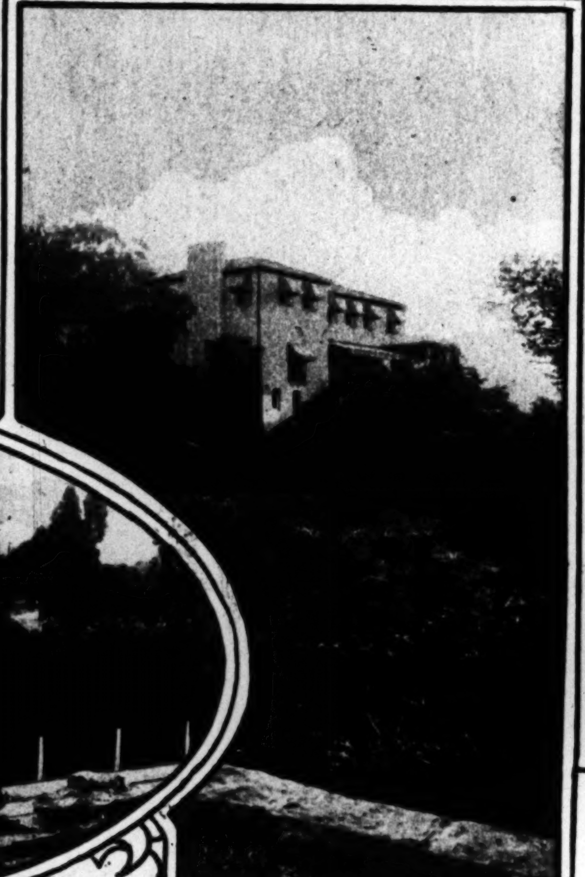


A typical Montecito estate, surrounded by a great granite wall.

View of a portion of the gardens of the Samarkand Hotel, Santa Barbara. This is a unique structure following the lines of Persian architecture.

North of the bath house on the beach at Santa Barbara.

The Arlington, one of Santa Barbara's great tourist hotels. The grounds are a veritable riot of flowers and shrubs



A beautiful home out on the Lasuen road.

The Santa Barbara Mission from the ruins of the old reservoir.

Row of stately palms on the ocean front, Santa Barbara.

E. J. Spencer, Times Staff Photographer.

Camera Glimpses of Persons, Places and Things in the Week's News.

Orchestra of the "Goblin Fair" given by the children of the Berkeley Hall School.

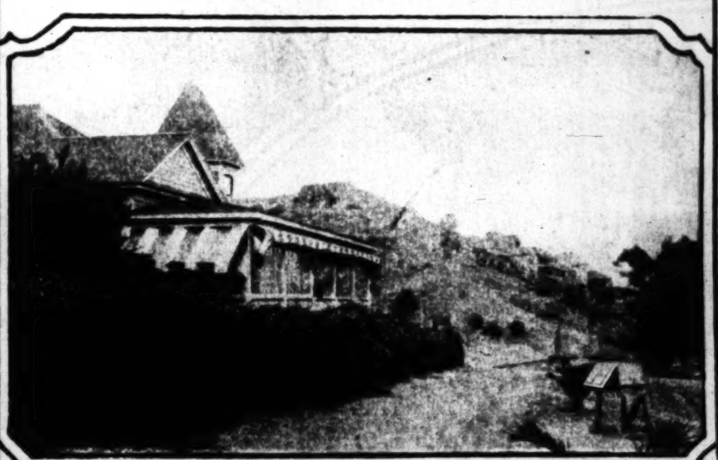
Copyright. Keystone View Co. Photo Service, Los Angeles.

A modern Samuel of Posen" caught by the camera on the streets of Los Angeles.

Using a cactus plant for a pulpit.

"Mice," a feature of the "Goblin Fair," in which the children of the Berkeley school were permitted to give free rein to their imagination.

Copyright Keystone View Co. Photo Service, Los Angeles.

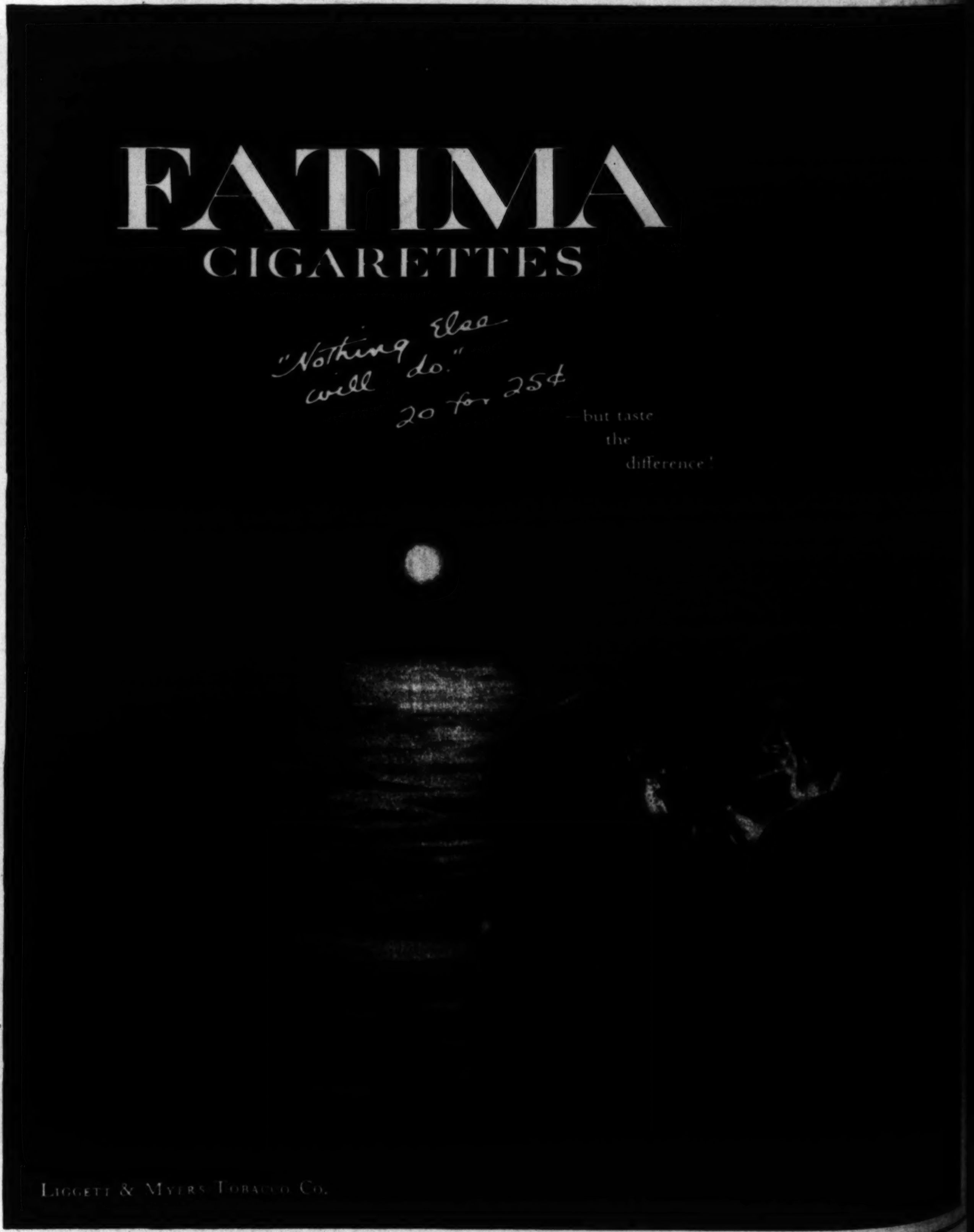


The Avalon Club House at Avalon, Catalina Island.

Left to right: Capt. Moffet, chief of the Army Air Service; Lieut. Bradley, Maj. Turner, Sergt. Rucker and Lieut. Sanderson, marie flyers who made the trip to Virgin Islands.

Keystone View Co.

Josephine Hill and Gertrude Olmstead, lily-painting on the beach at Santa Monica.



Fashions Under the Personal Direction of

Peggy Hamilton

[illegible] Paris model. Bullock's Sports Wear Store

"The girl who dips, but never splashes." Courtesy of J. W. Robinson.

Shoes courtesy of Innes Shoe Company.

Novel street dress shown by Hamburger's.

[illegible] will be a joy next fall. Black cashmere duvetyn [illegible] in caracu. 1921-1922 model from Worth, [illegible] shown at the New York Store.

Courtesy of Magnin's Ambassador Shop.

Harry Fink & Company feature among other new creations this charming dance frock.

Original photo conceptions by Peggy Hamilton. Photos by Keystone Photo Service.

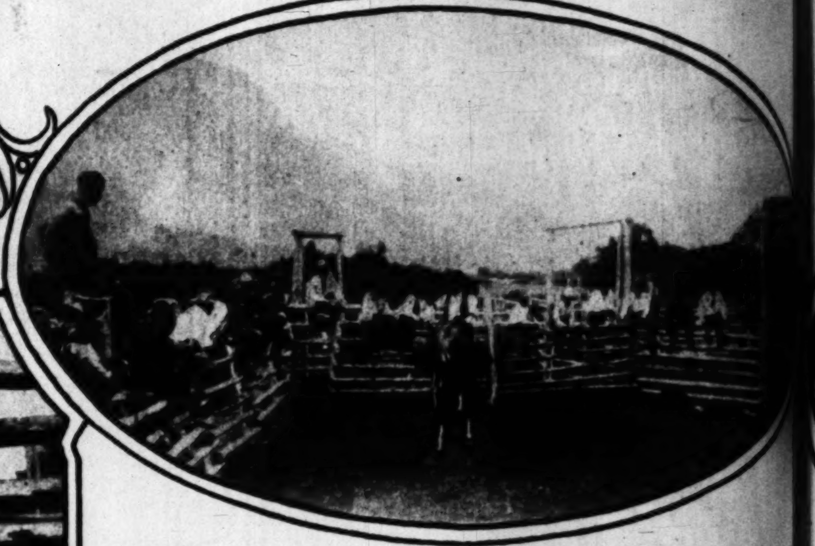
Spirit of the Old Days Still Animates the Great Western Ranches.

Start of a pack train for a camping trip into the mountains from the Valley Ranch, Valley, Wyo.

Going over the "Hump" from Valley Ranch to Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle of New York and Philadelphia and her family, mounted for a day in the saddle.

"Uncorking a Bronc." One of the daily scenes of what is known as a "Dude" ranch.



An exhibition ride on "Yellow Hammer," one of the outlaws of the ranch.

Larry Smith of the Valley Ranch all dressed up and no place to go.

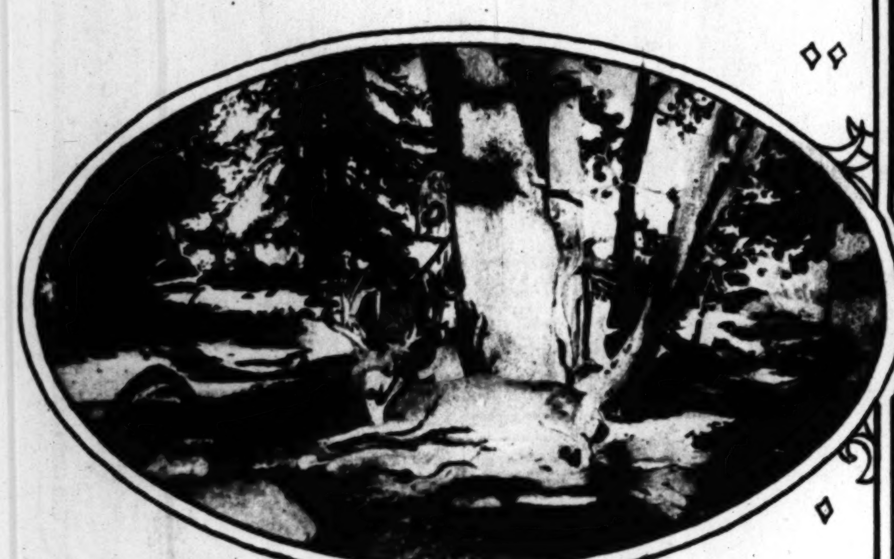
A group of school boys returning from a summer camping trip in the mountains.

"Slim" Smith, formerly one of Buffalo Bill's bronc riders, straddling a "nasty one."

Big Horn ram shot by Larry Smith on Needle Mountain near Valley Ranch.

Carl Downing, assistant game warden of Wyoming, with his favorite hound "Jiggs" on a scouting trip in the sheep country.

Throwing a bronc preparatory to branding.

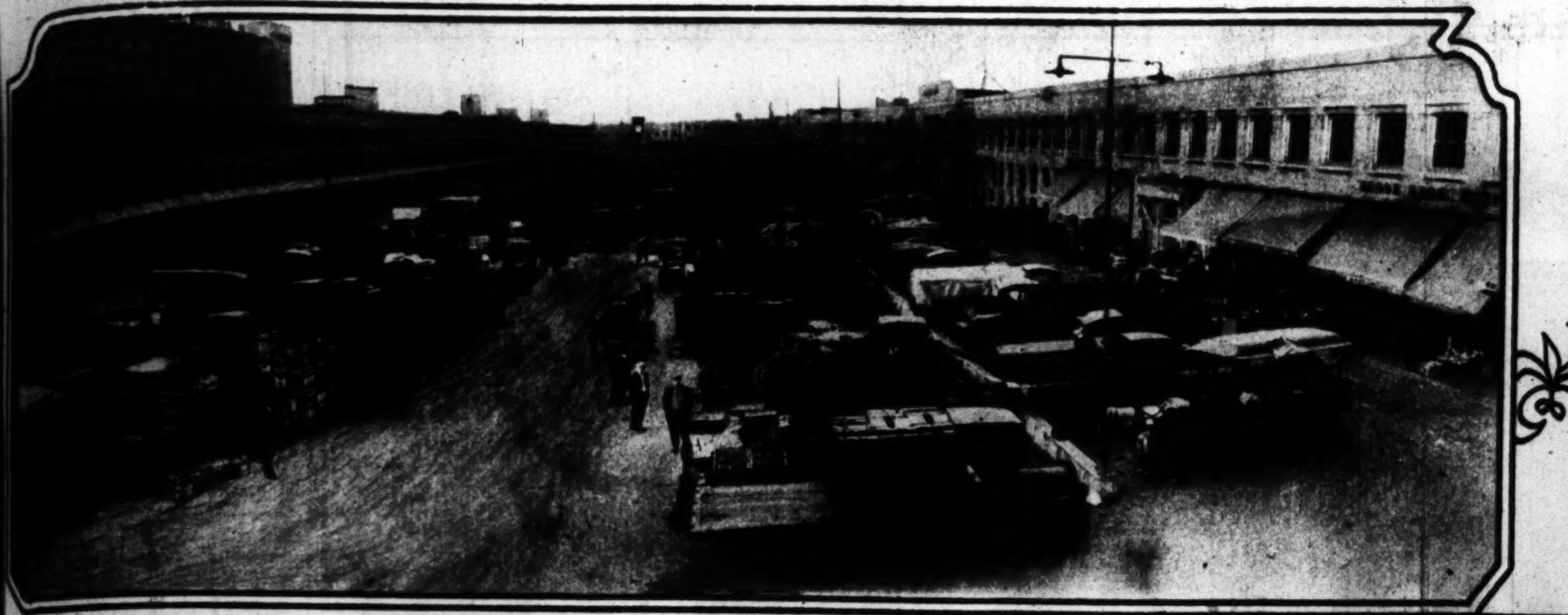


A perfect head secured by Ed Jones of the Valley Ranch. Jones was cook on the famous "Million Dollar Gates hunting trip" some years ago.

Forest Ranger Cox of the National Forest Service pointing the way to a group of Woodcraft boys.

Halter breaking a wild one. It's fun if you know the game, otherwise it's dangerous.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets Important Factor in City's Everyday Life.

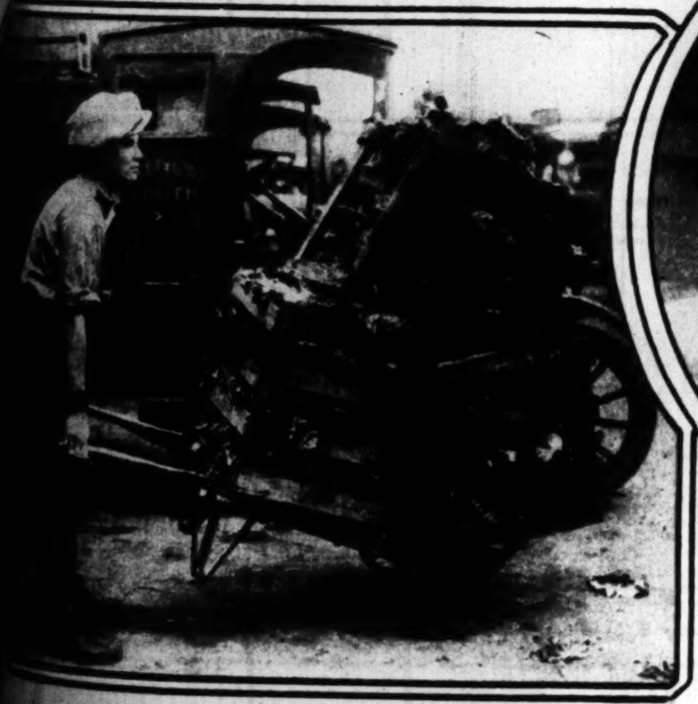


The great Terminal market where the bulk of the city's fresh fruit and vegetable supply is distributed each day.

Looks like a corner in one of the cities of the old world, doesn't it?

An early morning scene when little Tokio goes to market.

The refuse piles are thoroughly explored by the scavengers.



Fresh, crisp lettuce comes in by the carload.

A group of Universal City beauties at a roadside fruit stand

A street flower stand in Los Angeles.

Next Sunday's rotogravure section of The Times will be a "hummer." The beauties of San Diego, La Jolla and Coronado will be shown in two full pages of photographs. The work in vocational training carried out in the Los Angeles public schools will also be graphically shown. Peggy Hamilton's page of fashions, showing the advance styles in women's wear, will be of special interest.

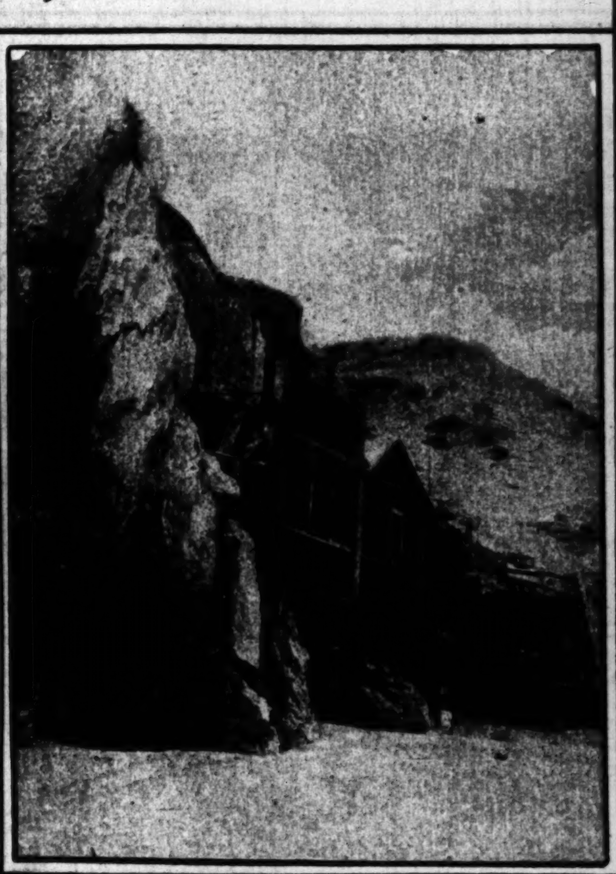
The fruit vender never lacks for customers.

Business is always rushing at the Wholesale Terminal.

E. J. Spencer, Times Staff Photographer.

What the World is Doing Pictorially Told.

Churchmen congratulating President Harding on his stand for peace. Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, bishop of Tennessee, on the President's left; H. G. Wyckoff of Watsonville, Cal., seated.



Flotsam Castle, built under the cliffs at Rendo Beach.

Children dancing the Highland Fling.

Photo by Philip Brigandi.

Festival and pageant of the Los Feliz school.

Photo by Philip Brigandi.

A group of dainty maids at the Los Feliz school pageant.

Photo by Philip Brigandi.

A band of sheep feeding on the range.

On the beach in the good old summer time.

Photo by Geo. Watson, Times Photographer.

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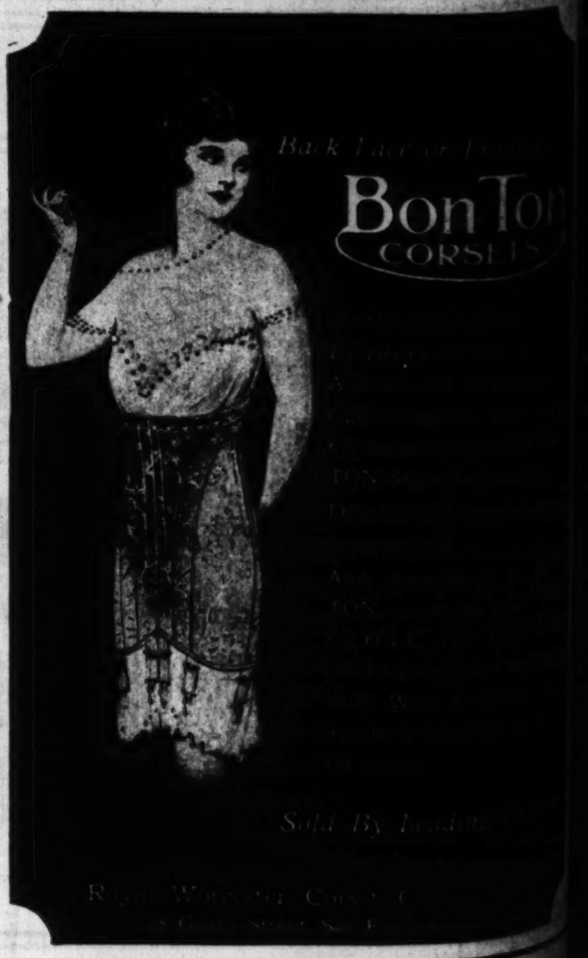
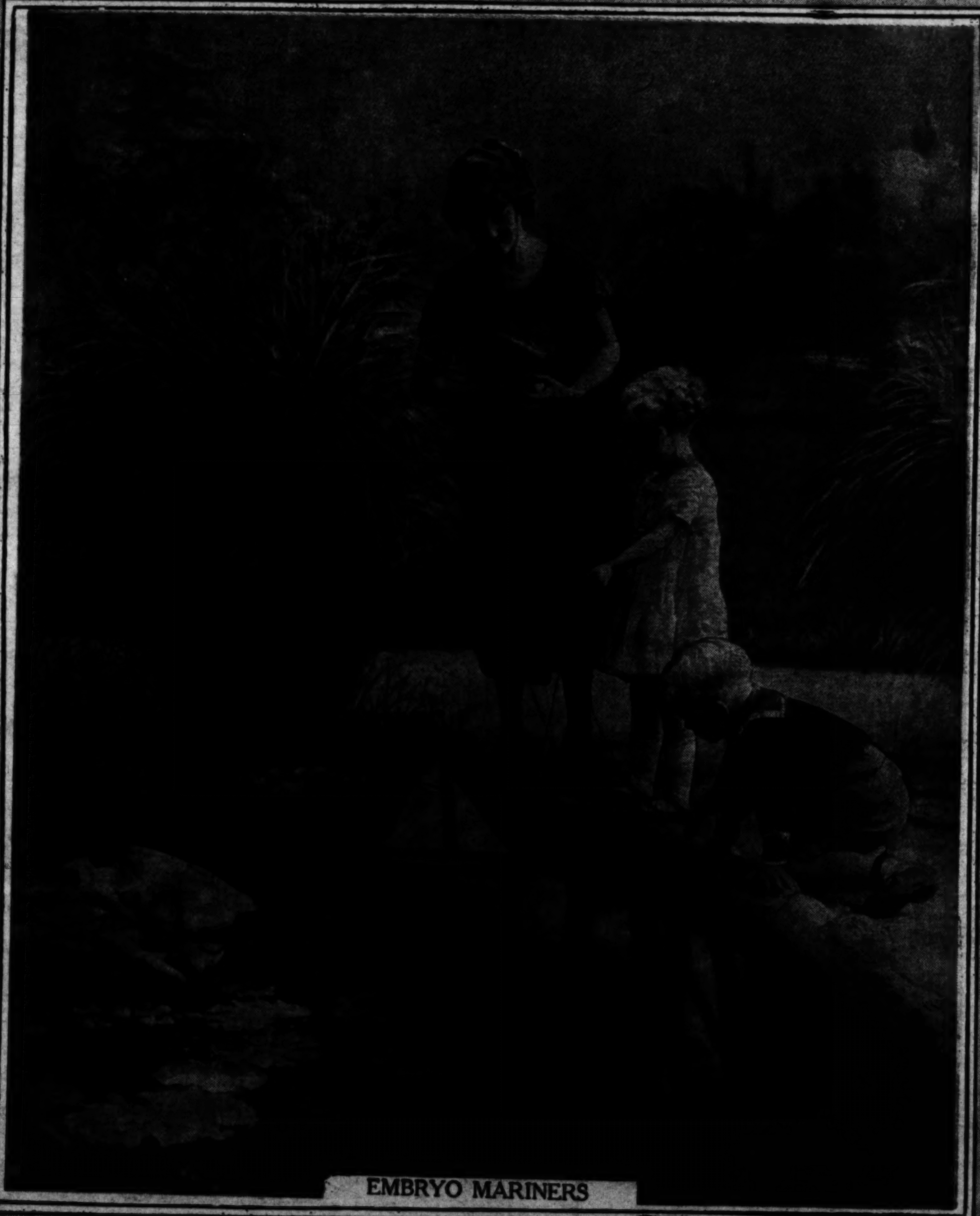


THE TIMES
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Sunday, August 7, 1921.



EMBRYO MARINERS

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE
Liberte Egalite Fraternite

Prefecture de la Seine.

Paris, June 17, 1921

J. C. N. Forestier,
Bois de-Boulogne,
Neuilly-sur-Seine.

Le Conservateur des Promenades,
de la Ville de Paris, Secteur Ouest,

To Messrs. Howard and Smith,
P. O. Box 484,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sirs—

I am extremely happy to be able to announce to you that the Gold Medal of the Concourse of Bagatelle of this year has been awarded to one of your roses. These new varieties arrived at Bagatelle in 1919, but in a very bad state, owing to a voyage much too long. On account of this situation, the Jury of last year decided to hold them for the Concourse of this year. It is the Rose 252 (Miss Lolita Armour.)

We have had the pleasure of having in our Jury, two of your countrymen, whom I think, are among your friends, Mr. Samuel Pennock and Mr. M. E. Moon. We should have been greatly annoyed not to have seen in our Jury, representatives of your country, for which, you know in France, we have so much sympathy.

Again, I ask you, my dear sir, to advise me as to the names of the new varieties which you have sent us and which are always exhibited at Bagatelle, in the Roserale. If the opportunities of travel should offer me the pleasure of visiting America, I should be very happy indeed to see you again and to present to you personally the congratulations which this letter will bring you.

We have asked Mr. Pennock to have the kindness to cable you the result of the Concourse.

Very sincerely and cordially yours,

Le Conservateur.
J. C. N. Forestier.

TO OUR FRIENDS:

There is held each year in the Bagatelle Gardens, Bois de Boulogne Park, Paris France, international trials under the auspices of the French government, of various new seedling roses. There is one rose selected from the many exhibited, which is awarded a Premier gold medal, the highest award obtainable in the rose world. Three times has an American rose won this coveted trophy, and we are proud of the honor which twice has brought it to California through our famous roses, LOS ANGELES and MISS LOLITA ARMOUR.

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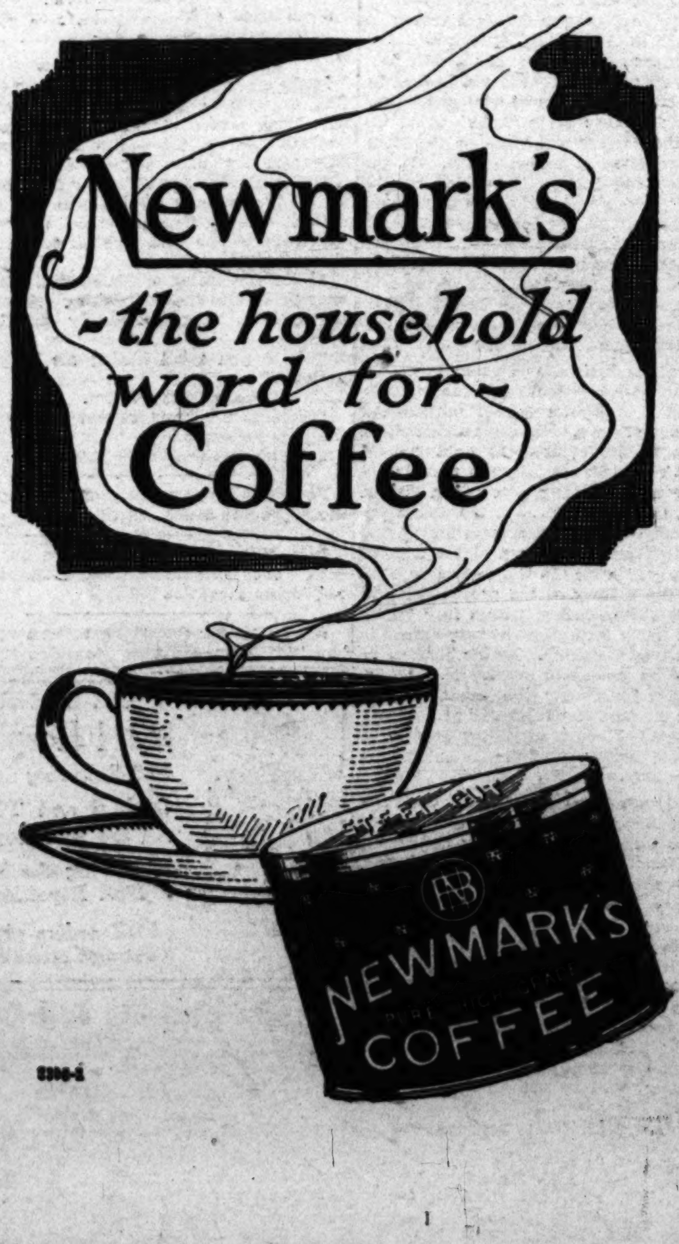

3306-E

"A *good* flour and a *good* shortening, each supplements the other."

California's Interest in South America.

BY CHARLES E. YALE

A FEW weeks ago my attention was directed to a newspaper article quoting a resident of Pasadena, recently returned from South America, to the effect that South America has no desire to trade with California.

A statement of this kind is of momentous interest to every Californian who has the welfare of his State at heart, for if Los Angeles is to become a seaport and commercial center of magnitude, our foreign trade is of primary consideration, and everything appertaining to so important a subject will bear the most minute analysis.

Is California getting now her share of Latin-American trade? Can she hold what trade she has? Can California compete with New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans—and the rest of the East—with England, Holland, Germany, France and Italy?

To appreciate the significance of this query one should see the ships flying the bunting of these places anchored in South American harbors.

Is California laying a proper foundation for future trade relations? Is she backing up the strenuous work that her pioneer salesmen have been doing for many years up and down the Coast?

Is the good work of our Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce being nullified by the apathy of those whose support is essential to success?

The gentleman from Pasadena did not speak inadvisedly—and yet: California can compete in South America with the world; but she is not laying the proper foundation for creating a bond of friendship and patronage.

West Coast of South America is a Virgin Field.

THE problem and its solution has reached me not only from some of our own expert analyst, but directly from high officials and executives of both Central and South American countries.

New York and Europe long since acquired a foothold in those countries of South America possessing an Atlantic seaboard even prior to the opening of the Panama Canal; and for California, her special interests repose in those countries on the West Coast. It is this West Coast where the opportunities are virgin, so situated geographically as to benefit more largely from a waterway between the two oceans—richer in natural resources, and possessing innumerable advantages climatically and otherwise.

Since the close of the World War interest in South America has revived and been intensified by the publicity given it in our daily press; men in all walks of life are curious to know about it, and what this much-fabled land may mean to them personally. The innate restlessness of our race seems to be urging them to do some pioneering as did their grand-daddies back in '49; the eyes of the commercial world are focused upon the southern hemisphere; and California does much talking about what it is going to mean to her. But whatever their plans and dreams may be, there appears to be a hitch somewhere in the exact fulfillment of them.

We are looking forward to the "awakening of South America." But the real awakening must come in the United States—and very soon, too—if we are going to participate to any considerable extent in the trade and development of these wonderful countries. For their wealth and possibilities have not been exaggerated, and the hundreds of millions expended on the Panama Canal have made possible our sharing their wealth, providing we have foresight to act in time.

Take, for example, Ecuador, a good barometer for the whole West Coast — a country that commands the respect of her neighboring republics for the strong, firm attitude she has taken against exploitation.

Ecuador, Once Very Backward, Now a Progressive Country.

A FEW years ago our geographies referred to Ecuador as "the Darkest Africa of the continent." To visit her clean, attractive cities today, to see her beautiful ladies gowned in the latest Parisian styles, to meet her representative men with their cosmopolitan manners and ways of doing things, it is difficult to understand.

And yet—here is a country about the size of New Mexico, with a substantial government of intelligent and educated gentlemen who have progressive ideas and the interest of their country at heart—and this vast empire remains practically undeveloped. Agriculture is conducted in the most primitive manner; distances are judged by so many cigarettes, so many days' ride mule-back; Indians still ladle by hand oil from the pools of Santa Elena, or pick gold from the creek-beds.

In natural resources Ecuador, for her size, is the richest country in the world—and the least developed.

The climate comprises every possible variety—from the torrid heat of the tropical jungles to the intense cold of her eternally snow-capped mountains, with any intermediate degree of temperature obtainable the year around by the simple expedient of elevation.

Her high plateaus will grow every variety of grain grown in either the United States or Canada—and more abundantly; while her coastal plains produce every known tropical fruit of the most delicious flavor in an over-abundance; every garden variety of vegetable of California, or our East, is to be found in the markets of Guayaquil grown in her soil to a higher state of cultivation. The chocolate bean—a most profitable enterprise to indulge in—excels any grown elsewhere. The manufactures of Holland, Germany, France and the United States use proportionately one-tenth of the Eucador beans to nine-tenths of others for commercial purposes—so rich is its flavor. The coffee surpasses in quality and production per acre any other in the world. Cocoanuts, cotton, tobacco, sugar and the countless other products of a tropical land are grown here in abundance and for a minimum of expense and labor that is astonishing.

As the word Ecuador implies, she is the land of the equator.

As there is an abundance of everything else, so it is the case with labor. Living for the peon is cheap—and he works for a small wage. He is both industrious and honest, and exhibit remarkable skill with the simple implements he is accustomed to using.

Back in the interior, east of the vast mountain range of the Andes, there still remains a great tract of wild, barbarous country. This is peopled by cannibals and headhunters. These tribes of Indians have a secret process for preserving the heads of their victims in a perfect condition, retaining each facial characteristic—and this after the head has been reduced perhaps to a size that would permit its being placed in a coffee cup. The government is vigorously prosecuting those discovered practicing this weird art, and not so long since, when the head of a missionary was displayed for sale in one of the principal cities, and recognized, a detachment of soldiers was immediately dispatched to the headquarters of the tribe guilty of the outrage and they were summarily executed.

Coast Conditions Ideal for Development of Vast Trade.

BUT these conditions, be it understood, do not prevail along the coast, or west of the Andes. Here we find the people civilized, gentle and courteous, even in the sparsely settled districts.

A few years ago the coastal regions of Ecuador were the plague-spot of the earth; today they are delightfully healthy. And Americans are responsible for its being so. Gen. Gorgas, who cleaned up the Isthmus and made possible the digging of the Panama Canal, undertook for the Rockefeller Institute the sanitation of Ecuador. The actual work was under the personal supervision, however, of Dr. Michael E. Connor. Within a few months yellow fever, the scourge of the tropics, was entirely eradicated; bubonica, smallpox, and similar plagues had been controlled until there were only a few sporadic cases, and the general state of health brought to a high degree.

When Dr. Connor, his great task completed, returned to the United States last November, his departure from Guyaquil was marked by an ovation from the government and populace that amply testified to the high

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN.)

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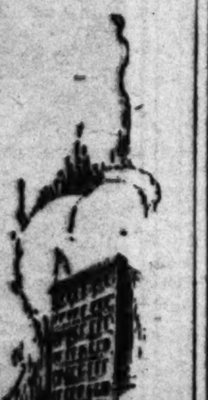

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PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

AUSTRALIAN BUSH STORIES.

BY JAMES WARWICK MUKE.

A POET once wrote of Queensland, "Oh, Queensland, thou art a land of pests"—and used up quite a lot of ink in enumerating them. He had a certain amount of right on his side, I'll admit, for there are many, very many, pests in this huge tropic state, which occupies the whole of Northeastern Australia. But if, instead of eulogizing flees, flies and bulldog ants, he had started with "Oh, Queensland, thou art a land of lures," 'twould have been equally true and have made much better verse.

The lure of the bush—some people will snort, put their ears back and look sideways at a man for writing this. "How," they'll say, "in the name of common sense can there be any lure in a country filled with flies and fleas, snakes and ants, whirling duststorms and grilling heat, where the crows fly backward to keep the sand out of their eyes and men drink sulphuric acid in the belief that it's whisky and see pink rats and blue snakes for days afterward, as a consequence?" And yet, believe me, the said lure of the bush is no myth. It is a live and gripping force and once a man has felt its influence he may seek the pleasures of the city, he may travel far away to other climes, but never, though he live to be three score years and ten, shall he be able to shake off the longing to return to it. Even as I sit and write, memories arise of long days spent in the saddle, riding over the rolling downs country, out near Winton, where you can see for miles over the grassy plains with never a thing in sight, save perhaps a wheeling eagle hawk high up in the blue vault above.

Out in that land of vast distances, alone with nature, one's soul has a chance to get an airing. Small and petty things can't live in that atmosphere. A great stillness seems to surround you, yet listen to the undercurrent of sounds, nature's crooning song of the wilds. The soft rustling of the tall, dry grass. The whirring of a cricket and the low buzz of the myriad invisible insect life.

The birds are all quiet during the hot hours of the day. But about 5 o'clock, when the sun gets low and the air cooler, they start to pipe up. At sunrise and sunset the bush is just a wonderland, nature's garden unspoiled. Droves of startled kangaroos race away at your approach, and now and then an emu, that curious bird very like an ostrich to look at, will stalk up and gaze at you, wondering what new specimen this can be, then getting startled in its turn will whirl and run, covering the ground at a marvelous speed, with its ungainly rolling gait.

In a good season Western Queensland is in very truth God's own country. In a bad one all the devils in hell could not make it worse. Let me try to paint the other side of the picture to you. Riding across those same plains during one of the dreaded droughts the sky is a brassy dome which seems to collect and concentrate all the dreadful heat of the blazing ball of fire in its midst. There is no sound of rustling grass now, nothing but red dust, which rises in clouds as your horse drags his weary hoofs through it. Every now and then you come on the carcass of a dead beast, perhaps nothing left of it but the skeleton, but always, even though only dead an hour, with the eyes picked out, for this is the time when those soulless black devils, the crows, wax fat. Whirling dust devils, known as Willy-willies, race across the plains with the speed of a train, raising columns of red dust hundreds of feet into the air. The sweat runs in rivulets into your eyes and the flies buzz round you in clouds, and as you brush them away you mutter curses on yourself, the country and everything connected with it. But do you think the lure is any the less strong because you curse it. Don't deceive yourself. Next year, when things are good again, you will look back with satisfaction and think of how many head of stock you were able to save and all the long, weary hours of soul-racking work it took to save them will be just so much added zest. You always seem to be fighting something. After the good seasons, when the Mitchell grass is long and dry like tinder, come the storms, one flash of lightening will start a raging grass fire which will travel for miles, burning everything in its path. Hour after hour you fight it, beating it out with a canvas beater or a tree branch. Time vanishes, nothing matters, so your water bag has a drop left in it and you can fight on. But when it's finally out and you grip the fists of the friendly neighbors who have come from every direction to lend a hand; and, all sitting down together munching bully beef and drinking tea, you refight old battles, what a feeling of something accomplished, something done, comes over you!

Look around at these loyal neighbors and good friends who have helped you through, as you in your turn will help them through when the time comes! Some of them mere boys, bright-eyed and full of the joys of [illegible] and parched with the heat. I came on an old Swagman sitting beside a newly dug grave once. His mate had fallen sick by the wayside and died. The old fellow sat there dry-eyed and weighed down by a great sorrow. "He was the best mate a man ever had," was all he said. And, knowing how things were with him, I left my water bag and rode away. Time and the wilderness were all that could help the old fellow; for the love of such men passeth all understanding.

Crooks and hoboes don't flourish out in those parts, the test is too severe. When you meet a man on the track you don't start to wonder who he is and how much money he's got. You take him for what he's worth and treat him as a man. He will give you news of the track, how the water hole at the twenty-mile has gone dry, what the feed's like at Billybong camp, how he spent a night at the camp of Drover Johnson, who is going down-country with a mob of three thousand steers, and what sort of condition the cattle were in. All current news of value in those parts.

Ah, but it's a wonderful land, my masters. Hard, well maybe yes, but it brings out all that is best in a man and gives his soul a chance to grow. And when at last he comes to the Great Divide, which we must all cross, he can at least say, "I have lived."

BURBANKING THE LIBRARY PLANT.

BY MILTON J. FERGUSON, Librarian, California State Library.

MR. LUTHER BURBANK, a Californian by choice, has set an example which ought to be an inspiration to every earnest worker, whatever his calling. Not only has he benefited the world in making a greater and finer production of food easier, but he has also contributed to its beautification in charming nature to a fuller floral expression. His potatoes, his plums and his berries make the ranch more profitable and tickle the palate of man with their finer flavor; his Shasta daisies form a border which enheartens even the tired business man motoring down the speedway of life. And further, Mr. Burbank had the good judgment to forsake the frugal land of his birth and to become a part of California, nature's last word in mundane perfection.

Is it unreasonable, then, seeing what wonders California has wrought in most departments of endeavor, to expect her to stimulate the ancient library plant to a finer growth, a more fragrant flowering and a more luscious fruitage? Perhaps it may not be necessary to describe this shrub which is of very early origin, which has, in a few instances and in certain favored spots, been made to develop wonderfully but which, unfortunately, has generally grown very slowly and often been blighted in the early summer of its maturity; and the fruit thereof, instead of having a flavor of exquisite delicacy, has often been corky and flat. In the sheltered garden of an intellectual oligarchy, the plant might become a tree beneath whose widespread branches the chosen few could find life a paradise indeed; as the dependence of the people of a great democracy it has not always fully justified the rich earth from which it springs, fertilized as it has been by the genius and intelligence of all ages.

The library has been spoken of by many wise and hopeful philosophers as the people's university, as something which could give constant and daily assistance not to the few alone, but to the many. Unfortunately, this optimistic expectation has not been realized; and the reason therefore is not hard to find. No public institution is destined to be of great and far-reaching importance that is founded upon unbusinesslike principles, that is content with and even glories in penury and makeshifts, and that reaches and influences the lives of only a small part of the people. And of all of these sins of omission and commission the library under ordinary circumstances is guilty. What force would the public schools exercise if they were dependent upon volunteer teachers, upon donations for textbooks, and if they reached only the children in towns and cities? For too long a time such a policy has been pursued by too large a percentage of the libraries. It is not, therefore, surprising that the library has been looked upon as weakly recreational, and has been classed with the village sewing club or literary society, as something for the womenfolk to play with.

The library is without doubt capable of far greater results than even its most sanguine advocates have dreamed for it. Several things are required to secure success: the right personnel properly trained and experienced, sufficient capital, a workable plan. It can scarcely be said that the library has had the advantage of all of these elements, except in isolated cases, mainly, of course, in some of the larger cities. The time was when every family killed and cured its own meat; packing-houses, business organization, have made that method obsolete. Libraries alone of the greater popular institutions have continued to function on such an out-of-date plan.

But this California idea, you say; has it been able to accomplish with the library what Mr. Burbank has done with the daisy or the potato? I think it has; and I propose to give you the bare bones of the system. If we begin at the top, we find a State library into which have been poured all the powers, duties and functions too commonly divided among several boards, commissions and institutions, despite the fact that it is not feasible to segregate the work into several divisions, each independent and separate. A commission that is not backed by a large collection of books is wasting time and effort; a large State book collection without the powers sought to be exercised by a commission is buried talent. So the California State Library is enabled to give advice or professional assistance and it also has the book resources to enable it to meet all legitimate requirements. But in whatever it undertakes this institution is in no sense a rival of local libraries. Its assistance is supplementary to the local library and it serves the individual direct only when no local distributing medium exists.

California is fortunate in many ways, but in her library development she was peculiarly blessed in that prior to 1899 she had not adopted any of the several commission plans. Furthermore, she found at the right moment the right man to undertake the task, to develop the work logically, reasonably, simply. James L. Gillis, a business man without previous library experience, became State librarian, and during a period of eighteen years showed a genius for the work quite unparalleled in the history of the profession. He found his charge locked within four walls; he left it freely accessible to every citizen in every part of the State. By his skill as an organizer he prevented overlapping; he developed fine teamwork; he created confidence on the part of officials and people alike in the worthwhileness of library service, in the wisdom of supporting it with substantial appropriations.

Among the accomplishments of the Gillis administration, none was of greater value to the State than his expansion of the county library idea to meet the requirements of a State. It was rare judgment on his part, also, to make the county library something dependent upon local choice and initiative, to permit the system to grow gradually and logically as the people affected willed. Ten years have seen forty-one libraries established, which daily reach and influence a large percentage of the citizens of California.

Do figures mean anything? Forty-one county libraries: income 1919-1920, $718,964.03; books, 1,519,331; branches, 3584; school districts served, 1982. These figures are almost [illegible] at the county seat, by inter-library loan in all the county and public libraries of the State and finally in the splendid central reservoir of print containing more than 300,000 volumes of the State Library—such fact is, I believe, worth pondering. Nor is the poor boy or girl, the struggling student, the mechanic or the professional man or woman asked to pay for this service, even to the postage for book carriage. It is all taken care of by public tax; thus making books, educationally and recreationally, as nearly free as is possible among a self-respecting, independent people.

It would be a mistake to conclude that the public library in California has become a sort of older sister Cinderella to the young county library system; for such is far from being the case. We have merely recognized a fact which ought to be self-evident: adequate financial support is an essential, a prerequisite in any public undertaking. A large city can have its library without suffering a grievous burden; small towns and country districts find the county unit necessary if they are to have worth-while service at reasonable cost.

California has also demonstrated the possibility of close co-operation between school and library. Each branch of popular education has come to recognize the place of the other, and that the other has a work to do which may not be delegated. The turning over of 2000 school district libraries to the county library system does not mean something lost to teachers, school administration or pupils; but it does mean better library service given by persons making that work their professional life's endeavor; it does mean the linking together of school and library in such fashion that the individual may be induced to use the one long after he has graduated from the other.

Much more might be said about the details of the system; examples of fine service might easily be recounted, but it would merely be cumulative evidence. California has taken a well known plant, planted it in the most favorable soil in the world and under the influence of a wonderful climate and a wizard's hand it has become a new species productive of a more glorious fruit. Luther Burbank is not the only Californian who has seen his vision take material form.

[From Sierra Educational News, June, 1921.]

For Old Time's Sake.

In the office of the prison warden at Canon City, Colo., a clever and notorious swindler was being divested of the contents of his pockets. As each article was removed, it was carefully examined, listed and then placed temporarily on a near-by desk. Among the articles was a badly tarnished silver dollar, barely distinguishable as money, which the owner gave up with considerable show of reluctance.

At the conclusion of the search, the prisoner pointed to the dull-looking coin and in a suppliant tone, hesitantly asked the warden:

"Would you mind letting me keep that with me?"

"Why?" asked the warden.

"Oh, just a little sentiment, I suppose," the prisoner explained. "You know, it's the first dollar I ever stole."—[Life.

Foresight is the product of intelligent action.—[Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

In a sense, our companies are our partners. They help to make and unmake us. —[Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

Don't wait for something to turn up. Go and turn it up.—[Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

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We Stop to Speak with Ghosts.

By JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY.

AS WE sped up the golden coast of glory with the endless voices of the breakers of the sunset sea in our ears, we were thinking that if we were to set foot in Petra of Spain, in the sunny little isle where Fray Junipero was born, and if there we should meet his wandering ghost on a dim, starry night, he would be sure to ask us how fared his beloved Mission of San Antonio de Padua.

And it was because of this, that we decided to stay our journey for a night and a day, and go again to San Antonio.

It is away from the beaten track of travel. And a night and a day is little enough time to spend there. But, it is a familiar place to us. And who, that has once been there, is not glad to go again?

Nor is it every place in the world that one can be with ghosts, as at the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, where they are, surely.

We can name you two families of Indians who tried to make their abode in that ancient ruin, each family in its turn. And they could not stay because they had not the courage—or, let us say, the spiritual poise—to co..panion with the gentle shades that inhabit those silent, deserted walls.

The second family went into the Mission with a swaggering bravado to make a contempt of the first family. But the second comers soon fled, also. Nor could you induce them to return though you were to give them all the money in the world.

It Was Fray Junipero's First Free Adventure.

OF ALL the Missions of California, we think we love San Antonio best. In very many ways it is the most beautiful, which is the reason that we caused the new Mission playhouse at San Gabriel to be modeled after it.

And it was Fray Junipero's first free adventure. We would love it well for that alone, were there no other reason whatever.

It isn't everybody that stops to think of that. Everybody knows with what adventures Fray Junipero met in California, to be sure. There is so little concerning him that everybody does not know in these times, and after he had lain forgotten in his grave under the fallen eaves of Carmel for a hundred years.

Everybody knows that it was he who laid the cornerstone of the Commonwealth; that he reared the rafters of the State. We know that he it was who builded our empire of the sun; that he was our first administrator, our first missionary and our first gentleman.

But, it isn't everybody who knows that the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, once so stately and magnificent, and now so pathetically and exquisitely beautiful in ruin amid the incomparably lovely circled hills of the Santa Lucia, was Fray Junipero's first free adventure.

Every other one of the golden chain of Franciscan hospices that was builded be. en San Diego's harbor of the sun and Sonoma, in the valley of the seven moons, was builded upon orders from somewhere.

San Antonio was founded without orders; and builded without orders. It could be called, with a good grace, the Mission of Volition.

They had "stalled" Fray Junipero in Monterey, that time away back in 1770, when he was just beginning; when he had founded San Diego and Monterey. They had stalled him there to wait for further orders and for more ships and other things.

But, he was a hard man to stall. He had a restless spirit. His idea was to be doing something. If there was anything he fretted under it was stagnation.

So, one sunny day when morning had come and there were still no sign of orders from Spain or Mexico to go ahead with things, Fray Junipero took the bit in his teeth, as the saying is, and determined to do something himself, orders or no orders.

It Proved to be a Real Adventure.

AND it proved to be a real adventure. There never can possibly be such an adventure any more, because the world is all mapped up and fenced in now. Steamboats and automobiles and airplanes go everywhere. And you can wireless your whereabouts if you get lost.

When Fray Junipero struck out from Monterey that morning 150 years ago, he hadn't the slightest idea where he was going. He had a small party of a couple of other Padres and two or three soldiers with him. And a mule or two to carry the bells.

It was no fun traveling with Fray Junipero. He was not strong for camp outfits when he fared forth. He slept on the bare ground, and he ate no meat and drank no wine. And he always walked. He walked up and down the whole length of California many a time before there was a broken trail to its name.

Well, when he had walked about seventy-five miles out of Monterey, inland through the wildernesses of the chaparral, he came to this spot where the ruins of San Antonio stand today. As he broke through the mountain pass and his eyes beheld the peerless beauty of the little hill-encircled valley before him, he was in an ecstasy of joy.

"We will build a Mission here," he said. And he took the bells from the backs of the mules and hung them to a tree and sent their wild message ringing where bell was never rung before. And he called to the heathen to come to Christ.

But, there was not a heathen in sight. The place was as silent as a place of the dead. And his companions remonstrated with Fray Junipero and told him he was wasting time. No doubt they were tired and hungry and pretty much discouraged.

The Mission Grail.

Through pillared arches scarred by time,
Where pitying roses freshly climb,
And glossy-leaved ivy grows,
Beyond the tangled garden close
Whose weed-grown paths once felt the beat
Of moccasined and sandaled feet,
The same gold hill crests touch the blue
That met the Padre Serra's view;
And corded, cowled, my heart sees him,
A shadow in the cloister dim.

Four crumbling walls of rose-stained gray,
The ancient chapel stands today,
Roofed by the summer sky o'erhead,
A changing canopy outspread,
Through which the ardent sunlight shines
On silent transept, empty shrines,
Where only little wild things praise;
And at the vanished altar's base
A yellow flower, springing up,
Lifted a gold Communion Cup.

AGNES K. GRAY.

But, Fray Junipero went on ringing the bells and calling to the heathen to come forth and bow his head to the waters of Jordan.

And at last a heathen did come forth—one lone Indian like a wandering wraith out of the thickets, in a state of complete bewilderment, the savage felt himself in Fray Junipero's embrace; and in a helpless fascination he obeyed a command to sit down and assist at the mass.

It should be worth a lot to any of us in this bored age to be able to be surprised as that Indian must have been that day and in that place. Men with white skins stood before him speaking a strange tongue. And he had never seen a white man before, or had heard of one, even. And they arrayed themselves in golden vestments before him who had never beheld a human being clothed in any way whatsoever until that hour. And he saw them lift a golden cup to an unseen God. He heard them chant words he could not understand.

It was the first time and the last that a heathen Indian had assisted at divine service at the founding of a Mission during the entire history of the Franciscan adventure in California.

It may be, too, that this particular heathen appreciated the honor, for he came back the next day with many more Indians. And they continued to come, and were extremely friendly.

Fifteen days afterward, when Fray Junipero turned back to Monterey, leaving his companions to pursue the enterprise, the Indians had buckled down to work and were rearing the Mission walls as if by magic.

You Come First to the Town of Jolon.

ON THE way to the Mission of San Antonio de Padua, by any high road you may travel, you will come first to the town of Jolon. And that is something to be glad for, too. They call it "Hoe-lone," and it isn't really a town, but you will be glad that it is there and that you have had the good fortune to make its acquaintance.

There is a tavern there—a tavern that was there before Theodore Judah had his dream of a transcontinental railroad. It was there, indeed, before an iron rail was ever laid in California. Its rafters were flung on the flanks of the 'Forty-niners. And there is a grapevine growing in front of it almost as big as the grapevine at San Gabriel.

There is a traditional romance about a tavern like this, the world over. An old tavern that has sheltered all sorts and conditions of men, generation after generation. A tavern that is set on a high road over which caravans journey to far places, east and west. It is an inn that Samuel Johnson would have loved, and where Jack Falstaff would have taken his ease.

There is somewhat else in Jolon, it is said. A store and a dwelling or two; a dance hall where you will see cowpunchers and girls from the ranchos dancing on a Saturday night. And there is a church, which you will wonder at. And yet, it may be that there is an occasional congregation gathered within its walls. Otherwise, why would it be there?

But, when you go away, it is only the tavern that you will remember. And you will always remember it.

There was a brown-faced, dreamy-eyed lad sitting on the wide steps of the tavern of Jolon when we were there, this last time. He wanted to know from us where we were going. And, when we replied that we were bound for the Mission of San Antonio, six miles distant, to wait for dusk and to talk with the ghosts, his dreamy eyes grew wide and he said that we would find lots of ghosts there.

But, after that—where were we going, then? That's what he wanted to know. To Spain, we answered. And he was instantly in a fever of excitement. He had been building castles there—in Spain—that very day.

Ah, it was he who should be going to Spain, and not us. Once we had castles in Spain, also, but we knew they were there no longer.

It is still the same old world, filled with boyhood's dreams, the same as it has always been. We had often heard it said that this is so, and we knew it to be true when we sat with this brown-faced lad on the steps of the tavern at Jolon where the caravans go east and west to the ends of the world.

What the Ghosts Said to Us at San Antonio.

IF YOU want the real thrill of the Mission San Antonio de Padua, you will go there at dusk.

You must go before the night comes upon you with its sudden dark, so that first you shall see that lonely ruin, spent and broken, against the mystical shadow of the hills. The very silence will haunt your soul forever afterward, and you will drink your fill of a beauty that is not of this earth, but of heaven itself.

You must be prepared to be startled as you enter the stately arch of the tiled fachada, still intact and the despair of architects and artists. For, as surely as you enter, the great white owl that claims the ruin now as his kingdom, will fly, with a thrilling clamor of his huge wings, from under the tottering belfry, the whole length of the church.

Unless you are forewarned and are fortified with Godless companions, you will feel your heart sink down into your boots when the great white owl sweeps over your head in the dusk of that haunted place.

It is very wonderful to be at San Antonio on a starry night. Or on a night when there is a moon; but it is better when there are only the stars.

If you will be quiet then, and reverent, the ghosts will speak with you surely.

And it is a great tale that they have to tell. How once the Mission was thronged with dusky faces, and was busy with the day's work. You will hear the soft, sad murmur of waters, mourning their lost wheels that the Indian artisans fashioned to grind the wheat and the corn when there was plenty in the land, and peace.

There are pear trees there, still bearing fruit, though the hands that planted them are with a century of dust, and neglect and decay have tumbled the splendid arches into hopeless ruin. Dead and gone this long, long time since, are they who once were here. Every step you take is above a grave.

It will sadden you unspeakably unless you shall speak with the ghosts, as you should, by all means do. They will be glad of your company as they were in life when a traveler came their way and their tireless hospitality was open to him.

"Thy gifts were fat of the kine,
Forever coming and going
Far over the hills, the thousand hills—"

And what the ghosts at San Antonio said to us was that if in Petra of Spain, where he was born, we should meet with the spirit of Fray Junipero wandering there, to say to him that there is but a little left now of all he builded in the great days when California was young and his strong hands reared its rafters. To say to him that there is little left now but memory.

But, to say, also, that it is a memory splendid and forever deathless. And that the memory of him is a priceless heritage in the land he loved and made happy. That his name lives, and must always live while there is a fireside and a shelter amid the homes of the great new peoples who have followed in his footsteps.

This is what the ghosts said to us in the starry night when we stopped to speak with them at the Mission of San Antonio de Padua among the Santa Lucia hills.

The Wandering Philosopher

Next Sunday on this page our wandering philosopher will give us his impressions of Yosemite, to which he made his first visit on his trip to the outlands, and which he has named "The Valley of the Wonderful River."

According to our philosopher of the Green Verdugo Hills, the scientific sharps who have told us how a great glacier made Yosemite Valley, are all wrong. He has talked to the waterfalls within the park and also to the Merced River, and he assures us that we must discard our book learning and listen to the voices of the great waterfalls and the river if we would learn the truth as to the coming into being of this beautiful garden of California.

Mr. McGroarty will be away for a period of three months, but each week he will be with us and we shall share with him all the wealth of good things that come to his notice. His articles will not be mere travelogues, nor will they be cluttered up with great masses of imposing figures. They will tell in our philosopher's own simple and direct way of the people he meets, of the places he visits and of the great outside world's doings as seen through his eyes. They will be human documents, sparkling with quiet humor; enriched with homely philosophy, and written in Mr. McGroarty's own inimitable style.—[Editor.]

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

An Arrogant, Insolent Laundress Forces Helen to a Reckless Defiance.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

TWENTY minutes of ten and no sign of Mrs. McGuire! Helen's resentment at her tardiness gave way to a panicky fear that she might not come at all.

The two tubs of clothes, put to soak the night before, filled her with a sick dismay. It was too late now to get any one else—and the clothes would be ruined if they soaked another night.

It was just a week since Cora left, a dreary week of fruitless efforts to get another maid. She had been to eight agencies, answered eleven advertisements—and they were still maidless.

In a way Warren enjoyed the change of going out for dinner. But as Helen could not get even a cleaning woman, the work was becoming too hard.

And now must she do the washing, too? She shuddered at the mass of clothes soaking in the gray suds.

A sudden shrill of the kitchen bell brought a joyous reaction. She opened the door to the stout, overdressed, nonchalant washerwoman.

"Why, it's almost ten," resented Helen, her indignation replacing her anxiety now that Mrs. McGuire had arrived.

"I couldn't get here no earlier," planting her bundle on the kitchen table with a defiant thud.

Not deigning to offer any further excuse, she removed her feather-burdened hat and began unlacing her high-heeled, run-over, taffy-colored shoes.

"You can go into the maid's room to undress," admonished Helen sharply.

But ignoring this rebuke, Mrs. McGuire calmly continued to disrobe. Taking off her diaphanous shirtwaist and the beribboned camisole beneath, she dropped her short blue skirt and stood, a grotesque figure, in a rusty petticoat and soiled corset gaping widely at the top.

Arrayed in a grimy waist, old black skirt, and heelless slippers from her bundle, she rolled up her sleeves past the bulging biceps of her red, freckled arms, and turned to inspect the size of the wash.

"Now, Mrs. McGuire, these are my good napkins. Do them very carefully and don't starch them too much. And this silk underwear in the basket—don't put it in too hot water—just lukewarm."

"You don't have to tell me nothin'," bristling. "Guess I knows how to wash silk. The ladies I works for wears nothin' but silk."

"Well, here's the starch and blueing. Don't make the clothes so blue this week. And don't blue this linen waist at all—it's meant to be cream."

But Mrs. McGuire had turned on the hot water full force, insolently drowning further instructions.

As Helen ran the sweeper over the library, she thought of the $4 a day she was paying Mrs. McGuire for her impudent indolence. She had come at ten, yet she would leave promptly at six. She never made up for any lost time.

Dusting the bedroom, Helen saw the dresser scarf she had intended to have washed. Taking it off, she hurried out to the kitchen.

"I forgot to put this in," apologetically. "It isn't too late, is it?"

Her dripping hands on her hips, Mrs. McGuire turned belligerently.

"How much d'you think I can wash in one day? Two weeks' wash here now."

"It is not a two weeks' wash," retorted Helen crisply. "And you could have done it easily if you'd come on time.

"I ain't no sweatshop worker. Them days is over. Well, give it here!" Snatching the scarf, she squashed it down in the tub.

With an effort Helen kept her temper.

Then turning to leave, her glance fell on the clothes in the boiler which Mrs. McGuire was now roughly prodding.

"My pink silk combinations! You're not boiling those?"

"'Twon't hurt 'em. Mrs. Martin she wears nothin' but silk—I always boil hers. She likes 'em clean."

"I don't care what you do for Mrs. Martin or for anybody else! It ruins silk things even to put them in hot water. I just told you that. Now take those right out. Be careful, you'll tear them!" as Mrs. McGuire ruthlessly jerked them out on the end of the clothes stick.

Rescuing the frail garments from further mistreatment, Helen rinsed them in cold water and hung them on the towel rack. Mrs. McGuire expressed her animosity by rubbing on the board one of the good tablecloths with vicious vigor.

Fearing to offer further criticism lest she say too much, Helen discreetly left the kitchen.

This was the last time she would have Mrs. McGuire. Warren wanted her to send the clothes to a laundry. It would be better to pay laundry prices than to put up with this woman's insolence.

It was just twelve when Mrs. McGuire appeared at the door of Helen's room.

"What do I get for my lunch? don't see nothin' in that ice-box."

"Why, there's bacon and eggs and bread and butter. I told you we were going out for our dinners."

"I like meat for my lunch. You gotta have somethin' to eat when you do a big wash. I get faint in the middle of the afternoon if I don't get a good meal."

"There's plenty of bacon—isn't that meat? And that gluten bread is very nourishing."

"I don't eat no brown bread. And I ain't used to washin' in no place where I don't get a good lunch," retreating with muttering discontent.

Apparently she was not taking any risk of being "faint in the middle of the afternoon," for when Helen went out to the kitchen, she was breaking three eggs into a skillet of sizzling bacon.

"Don't see no cream for my tea."

"There's plenty of milk,"—Helen forced herself to say it quietly.

"I don't drink milk in my tea—rather do without."

Turning out the bacon and eggs on a platter, she sliced five thick slabs of bread, cut off a large hunk of butter, and drew up a chair before this ample repast.

Half an hour later, Mrs. McGuire had disposed of the eggs and bacon. But with maddening deliberation she was still sipping her tea and munching bread and butter, as she perused the comic Sunday supplement propped up before her.

Helen's own meager luncheon, a glass of milk and bread and butter, hastily dispatched, she bustled about trying by her brisk example to induce Mrs. McGuire back to her work. But that leisurely lady refused to budge until she had her full lunch hour.

The very air was charged with their mutual hostility. Even in her own room Helen felt it. Like some poisonous vapor it filled the whole apartment and gave her a throbbing headache.

"Did I forget to feed you?" as Pussy Purr-Mew set up a plaintive mew for her luncheon. "Come on then, I'll give you something right now."

Again in the kitchen, as Helen poured some milk into the saucer under the table, she gave a gasp of horror.

"The dish pan! You put the stockings to soak in the DISH pan?"

"What if I did? Ain't gonna hurt it. It can be washed, can't it?"

"That's a filthy thing to do! Take them right out and scald that pan thoroughly. Here's an old starch pan—put them in this."

As Mrs. McGuire with venomous mutterings dumped out the socks and stockings, something light gleamed among the black.

"My gray silk stockings! You put them to soak with all those black? They're RUINED!" snatching the clouded hosiery from the inky water.

"Here, I can't do my work with you buttin' in every minute," confronting Helen, her face darkly red. "If you're so mighty perticler you can finish the wash yourself."

"Very well, I will," flamingly reckless. "I'd rather do the work myself than put up with your insolence."

"That suits me," wiping her hands on her skirt. "I'm used to washin' for ladies, I am—not for the likes of you. Give me my money and I'll go."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Half a day." She was already lacing up the taffy-colored shoes.

Trembling with indignation, Helen went in for her purse. Half a day! It was only half-past one and she had come at ten. Out of that she had taken a full hour for lunch. She had worked exactly two hours and a half.

But unequal to any verbal combat with Mrs. McGuire, Helen took out a $2 bill. Anything to get rid of her quickly!

"Here is your money," stiffly, placing it on the kitchen table.

A safety pin in her mouth, Mrs. McGuire did not deign to reply. With brazen deliberation, she tied the ribbons of her violent pink camisole, donned her diaphanous waist and adjusted her jaunty silk skirt. Then humming an exasperating tune, she pinned on her beplumed hat and flounced haughtily out.

When the door slammed after her, Helen dropped quiveringly into a chair, and surveyed the disheartening scene. A tub full of half-washed clothes and a boiler full besides!

Reaching over, she turned out the gas under her head on the kitchen table, and gave way to angry, helpless tears.

Then ashamed of her weakness, she started up. It was now six minutes of two. She had just three hours to finish this washing and clear the kitchen—if she wanted to be bathed and dressed when Warren came home.

With grim determination she flew into her room, took off her rings, got into her oldest kinomo, and was back at the tubs before the clock struck two.

Recoiling from the task before her, Helen pinned up her flowing sleeves, and with shuddery aversion, plunged into the lukewarm murky suds.

She would finish this washing though it left her with an aching back and blistered hands. Her very resoluteness gave her a sense of power.

Hereafter she would send the clothes to a laundry as Warren had long advocated. It might be more expensive, but it would free her from Mrs. McGuire—and from all her swaggering, insolent tribe.

She was through paying for arrogant incompetence. Guiding Warren's undershirt through the wringer, her spirits rose with an exultant glow of re-established independence.

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The Master Ironist.

As a master of irony M. France has no equal since Voltaire, and even the terrible irony of "Candide" cannot match the delicate polished irony of "Monsieur Bergeret," which did perhaps more than any book, more than the famous "J'Accuse," to disarm the enemies of Dreyfus by rendering them ridiculous.

If he is occasionally a little less than just to his contemporaries, as witness the portrait of Verlaine in "The Red Lily," his sympathies are always on the side of the poor and the oppressed. He is always on the side of the "under dog." Fiercely indignant against violence and injustice, he is tolerant of all weaknesses except hypocrisy. Nothing could be more tender and at the same time more searching in its indictment of society than "Crainquebille," the sketch of the poor coster who comes unwittingly into conflict with the police and finds himself crushed by the machinery of so-called justice. Another instance of his sympathy with imperfect intelligence is the beautiful little story called "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," where the poor juggler can think of no tribute which he can offer to the Madonna except to perform his tricks before her altar. Exquisite, too, is M. France's tenderness towards children and animals. Riquet, M. Bergeret's dog, is one of the most delightful animals in literature. "Le Livre de Mon Ami" is full of the most perfect child studies, of which not the least charming is the visit to the Punch and Judy (Guignol,) an episode recalling the work of Kenneth Grahame, but tinged with a more wistful irony than "The Golden Age."

Anatole France is a pagan, and like all pagans, profoundly pessimistic. But if his humanity is saddened by pessimism, his paganism is tempered by reverence for all that is truest and most beautiful in religion. His paganism is haunted by the gentleness of the Nazarene. As a psychologist his strength lies rather in analysis than in creation. Though he can, when he chooses, tell a simple straightforward story, as in "L'Histoire Comique," the narrative is usually of the slenderest. Many of his characters, it is known, are studied from life; and it is not improbable that originals could be found for all of them.

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GUN PLAY

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. V. E. IVORY.

THE idea came to her one night when she was unable to sleep. It came sharp as an arrow through the drumming tent of her wakefulness. She would kill Walton Craswell.

It was the only way out. It was her one possible escape from that accumulated agony of hopelessness which was slowly but surely driving her mad, which at that very moment was sabering the back of her head with its familiar sharp pain. She would kill Walton Craswell, and that would end the whole intolerable business.

It would end the thing at a stroke, the same as you end a cricket's incessant drone by smashing its body. And that, she knew, would give her a chance to breathe again. For life had grown like the room in which she lay, the musty room that smelled of sodden carpet perpetually sour with water spilled from a rickety washstand. It seemed to crowd too suffocatingly close about her. She was only fighting for air, the air without which she could not live. And in doing the thing, she could do it so cunningly she would never be accused, she would never even be suspected. Fate, with its continuous rain of cruelties, had at least been kind n this. It had left in her hand the machinery for carrying out a crime which the world would accept as an accident.

For it would be a crime, Katherine Kinsella reminded herself as she lay on her undulatory thin mattress as rigid as she would some day lie in her coffin. It would be a crime, no matter how unselfish her motives and no matter how extenuating the circumstances. Killing was killing. And no one did such things lightly. But there were times when such things were imposed upon you. The world did that when it went to war. There were times when war made you kill or be killed, times when the enemy at your door had to go down, or only too soon your whole house of life would smoulder in ruins.

And young Wallie Craswell was the enemy at her door. He was an enemy already within her door, an enemy against whom, because of his very closeness, she had regarded herself as helpless. She had not been able to fight him as life had taught her to fight. Even her hatred for him was shot through with a perverse pity touched by envy. He was, in many ways, little more than a boy. But with the unconsidering quick cruelty of youth he had come trampling through the one jealously guarded enclosure in her dusty courtyard of failure. And with that lost to her, there was nothing left in life.

She warned herself that she must think straight about it all, though she had been harried, of late, by the fear of losing her power to think straight. That fear had begun to haunt her, just as she had been haunted for years by the fear of losing her memory. It had happened to more than one old stock actress. And she was getting old.

Slowly and painfully, as she lay beside her sleeping daughter, with her thin hands crossed on her breast, she began to review her past life. With grim deliberateness she went back over it, trying to muffle her stark wakefulness with its merciful trailing veils, so that she saw, yet did not see, the oblong of light thrown by a street lamp on the broken plaster of the ceiling above her. Through the thin partition of that sordid temperance hotel on a sordid street of a sordid town she could still hear the intemperate hilarity of the four road salesmen at their eternal stud-poker in the next room. But a note of remoteness crept into their noise, as it had done at first when she got up about midnight and took her five grains of sulphonal. And close to her throbbingly wakeful body she could hear, monotonous as the wash of water on a lake shore, the deep and regular breathing of her daughter. She heard that soft and tranquil breathing with a sort of hatred which gave selvage to the fabric of her relief at the thought the girl was at least getting her rest. But it intensified the older woman's impression of isolation. It reminded her of the infinite distances that lay between her and the warm body which she might have reached out in the dark and touched. For many a month now they had slept side by side in the same bed, shrinking back from even accidental contact, as impersonal as two knife blades on a table-top of marble. And that had not a little to do with the slow-thickening cloud of hopelessness which threatened to choke her.

For Katherine Kinsella, before all things in life, had loved and brooded over and treasured her only daughter Anada. From the first day of her birth she had brooded over that quietly breathing body, had brooded over it with the dull ferocity of the lioness brooding over her cub, had guarded it and watched it grow and sought to impart to it the wisdom which comes only to the old lioness on whom life has fixed its scars. There was a time when, without abashment, she had been able to take that body in her arms, when the love which turned to a foolish ache in her heart had been able to expend itself in simple and satisfying services. But the impalpable yet ponderous defenses of girlhood had grown up about the child. Mysteriously the reserves of womanhood had widened between them. And the girl, while chained to her very side, had escaped her. She had escaped for the time being. But there were relinquishments which Katherine Kinsella would not and could not endure. Rather than lose what little remained of her life she would kill Wallie Craswell.

She went back to the beginning of that life again, as though in tracing its course she might find the secret of her failure as an actress and a mother. Her father, she recalled, had failed in the same way, her

She had to fashion make-believe into actuality until stage illusion and life itself blended, until her dizzy brain stood

father, the black-face comedian who had always secretly hungered to play Othello. But instead of starring in Shakespeare he had become the lesser light in the minstrel team of Raht and Flynn. She had held that failure against him, after she herself had appeared in "Blue Jeans" and "The County Judge" at the age of 7. And when on the eve of her first appearance as an ingenue in "The Charity Ball" he had died of drunkenness, that ambiguous deprivation had in no way interfered with her professional plans. From "The Charity Ball" she passed on to small parts in "Frou-Frou" and "Fedora." Then she became soubrette in summer stock at Peek's Island and later at Indianapolis. When she returned to New York it was Frohman himself who put her on at the Old Lyceum, where only ill luck at the last moment elbowed her out of a part in "Trelawney of the Wells." She forgot her disappointment, the next summer, by busying herself in stock at Ehlich's Gardens in Denver, where she met Costerella. Costerella had made love to her as she had never been made love to before. She was a woman of 20 then, but she was already thinking of her future. And this olive-skinned orchestra leader with the fiery spirit and the tubercular flush had talked much of what they might do together. She even remembered the hot afternoon when he had actually asked her to marry him, the hot afternoon when their matinee performance was so repeatedly interrupted by the cavernous yumping of the sleepy zoo lions just outside the open-doored theater.

It seemed a very long time ago. But it was momentous, because it was the first big mistake of her life.

Costerella had forgotten his weak lungs and had gone East with her, where he soon likewise forgot his music and his ambition. He complained, not without reason, that the climate was killing him. But she worked hard, during those three years when she had a dying husband to support, for she had much lost ground to recover. She had rehearsed under Pictou and Kibbell and had played with O'Neill and Modjeska and the elder Barrymore. And even Budanski, the great Budanski, then in the first flush of his success as a producing manager, had considered her for the American tour of the younger Salvini.

But that was five months before her daughter Anada was born. And Costerella, suffering from and terrified by his second hemorrhage, had to be taken back to Colorado. There, after her daughter's birth, she again struggled to recover lost ground. But the fight was a losing one. The best she could do was to mark time by attempting to found a dramatic school. For two bitter years she wrestled with her school, doing what she could to support a dying husband and a dying home. After Costerella's death she joined a road company, which disbanded at Sacramento. At San Francisco she joined another company working its way deviously but stubbornly eastward. It was an unsavory company playing an unsavory farce. Its paraded indecencies provided a strange setting for a young mother and a nursing baby. But she endured it all, knowing that each day was carrying her nearer and nearer New York. And once she was back to what in the metonymy of the newer age was already being designated as "Broadway" she attempted to regain a footing in that lost world of hers. She even went to Budanski and begged for her chance, begged through the tears that streaked the powder on her face and were an irritation to the preoccupied manager, who had to tell her for the third time that he had nothing for her. Her youthfulness had slipped away, her face had thinned and hardened, and no one else in that preoccupied city seemed to have anything for her.

But she had to live. So eventually she went out as assistant to a xylophone player, where daily and blithely, adorned in rose-colored fleshings and and a huzzar's jacket of blue and gold, she was compelled to act as feeder and props to a trick musician. From this intolerable position she finally escaped to small parts in a stock company at Los Angeles. There, in the end, she once more attached herself to a road company moving east.

New York, by this time, had doubly forgotten her. It had no place for her. In the very hour that she hungered most for it she awakened to the devastating knowledge that she could live only in regions remote from it. So the road swallowed her up again. It swallowed her up as lonely sea routes swallow up a lonely craft intent on unseen ports. And somberly she adventured up and down the sordid by-ways of the theatrical world's hinterland, taking what she could get, enduring what she had to face, but forever scheming and fretting for something better. Her ambition, being instinctive, was an unreasoning one. It refused, accordingly, to accept defeat. She had set out in the world to be a great actress. From the first, in her secret soul of souls, she carried the conviction that she had the makings of a great actress in her. With a man like Budanski behind her, for example, she could still show them what they had overlooked. And forlornly, through all those years of exile, she kept her card in Variety, duly announcing week by week and month by month that Katherine Kinsella was "on tour." And long had the hoofs of adversity beaten on her broken body before they trampled out the last spark of that stubborn fire.

That change came about when her daughter Anada was a trifle over 4 years old. The child, taught prematurely to lisp a few lines of which she had no actual comprehension, was carried on in "A Daughter of Midas," said her piece, and smiled engagingly at the audience. The result was a prompt and prolonged patter of applause, through which the tiny Anada smiled at an audience which she recognized as friendly. She was still youthfully and blissfully ignorant of the claws behind its velvet. So she was led discreetly off in the face of her determination to repeat a piece which had already met with such unmixed approval, and the wooden old melodrama went on its wooden old way.

But that precious moment of applause had brought home to Katherine Kinsella a fact which she had hitherto overlooked. It announced to her that in the little body which had proved so irksome and so prolonged a burden she possessed an undeveloped theatrical possibility. Her daughter could be trained for "kid" parts, and from those she could graduate into juveniles, and from the ingenue and soubrette she could climb into leads. And some day, perhaps, she might be the great artiste which her mother had failed to make herself.

So a change took place in the older woman's plan of life. From that day forward she no longer lived for herself, but for her daughter. From her own tired breast to the resilient young body of her child she transplanted her parched hopes, as a frugal gardener repots a blighted flower. From that day forward she began to train the child. She made undivulged sacrifices to the end that little Anada might have reading and dancing lessons, overlaid with purely ornamental efforts in music, at which she displayed none of her father's talent for that art. Amid the noises of cheap hotels and the odors of cheaper rooming-houses she taught the girl what it seemed best to teach her. She opened up to her the new world of the printed word, and schooled her in poise and tone and gesture—gesture always outward and always from the thorax—and directed her reading and guarded her movements. But it was at the theater more than anywhere else she watched over the child. She sentineled those troubled lines until the company fell into the habit of speaking of her as "The She-Lion" and realized there was to be neither trifling nor profanity in the neighborhood of the precocious young lady still in ringlets, with her ardent young eyes glued to a book.

Her beauty, at that time, was more that of promise than of fulfilment. But already she lived in a world of her own, singularly detached from that loose-jointed little world which gyrated about her. And beside her always was the untiring watch-dog of her innocence. Already, Katherine Kinsella realized, there was too much at stake to allow the indifference of today to imperil the promise of tomorrow. All her eggs were now in one basket, and it was her duty to see that this basket was treated with respect.

Not that the struggle, for it was a struggle, was all selfishness on Katherine Kinsella's part. She loved the girl, even though her love was a jealous and unreasoning one. She was all that life seemed willing to leave her. Besides being the only link with the past, she became the custodian of the older woman's hopes. And once she had merged into her teens she became her confidante and her companion. They shared their hard and febrile lives just as they continued to share their hard and transitory beds. They had no secrets from each other.

As the girl advanced toward breaking womanhood the studious-eyed mother began to discern the possibilities for which she had hoped. By this time the older woman was a star, if such worlds as hers could be said to hold stars, for she was the nominal head of the "Kinsella Amusement Company." Besides being its head she was also its sustaining spirit, for her years of varied stage work, much as it may have cheapened her, had also left her a most dextrous utility-woman. She could, at a pinch, play anything from a grande-dame to an ingenue in an auburn wig. She could handle firearms and decipher train routes and crimp up a stage-wait. She could throw a half-drunken

CARE OF THE BODY.
(Continued from page 20.)

of wakefulness. They would say, in fretful tones: 'Well, I wouldn't mind it so much if I could only sleep, but I've got so that I can't sleep nights.'

"May I suggest that such wakefulness is the sobering-off from food drunkenness, that has kept us half asleep all of our lives? It may be due to the return to action of benumbed brain cells, as they clear up and enter upon their natural activity. One must remain awake in order to use all the n-w thinking capacity that has been restored; and those who keep that brain power occupied in forming new and right thought habits make rapid progress in the new life of sobriety.

"The man in a drunken stupor from liquor has his brain power completely paralyzed; the food drunkard only partially so. The liquor drunkard who is sobering off often experiences what is known as 'delirium tremens;' the food drunkard suffers a 'brain storm.'"

* * *

Olive Oil.

OLIVE oil, like other "free" fats, should be used in moderation. Ripe olives are better than olive oil, avoiding those that are canned, as the food value has been largely destroyed by heat.

* * *

The Quakers.

THE Quakers, or "Friends," are real friends of humanity. While they number only 115,000 in the United States, they have been doing effective work in relieving distress in Europe, and this without any newspaper notoriety, or "drives," or big salaries to politico-medical officials.

At home, a principal concern of Friends is for the cause of international peace and good will. Theirs is regarded here as the only religious body having a national board on peace. Just now it is very active, in the fight for universal disarmament.

Real friends of humanity.

* * *

"Vitamines."

NOW it is "vitamines" of which the medical fraternity have made a "wonderful discovery" and are all het up about it. "Vitamines," we are told, will solve the food problem.

Always something mysterious, to impress the layman. So we have alphabetical soluble vitamines, and so forth. Quite complicated. See a physician.

What are "vitamines?" Simply the life elements in food. Fresh, natural food is live food; canned, preserved, overcooked, or emasculated food is dead food.

That is why sailors get scurvy when fed on canned and salted foods, and why babies get rickets when fed on condensed milk—a food that we are sending by the shipload to the starving children of Europe. That is why polished rice causes beri beri, white flour anemia and other ills.

Not a word about the mineral elements that are quite as important as the vitamines. They also are found mostly just under the outer covering of the grain, or fruit, or vegetable. That is why you shouldn't peel potatoes or bolt flour, or cook vegetables and discard the water. If you get the minerals you will get the vitamines.

All this has been preached by dieticians for half a century. Now that it has been "discovered" by "medical science" it becomes important.

Will physicians now denounce the bolting of flour, and the sterilizing of milk? They will not. Too much money is involved.

Following is by Elmer Lee, M. D., in Health Culture:

"We hear and read about vitamines. What is vitamine? It is something in food that is essential to digestion and nutrition of bodily cell life. It applies to all ages and both sexes. We have no chemic test for vitamines. Food analysis cannot determine whether a food contains vitamine. Yet we know where to obtain vitamines.

"The human test is all-sufficient to be our guide. The question is not mysterious and not new. It is as old as man and animal. Vitamine is but another name for food that is natural and fresh. Heat destroys vitamines in foods. Cooking that will destroy the food cell or its contents will destroy vitamines.

"Fresh food contains vitamines. Cooked foods lose the vitamines, depending on the degree of heat in cooking, and the time the food is subjected to it. Whenever you want vitamines, you can get all you want of them in uncooked garden foods, and to a less extent in uncooked flesh, and raw milk, and raw eggs, and raw fish. It is an old saying that cooks spoil food and it is true.

"Cooking kills a plant cell, or the flesh cell, and those who habitually feed on dead or devitalized matter lose their lives prematurely, or waste much of them in sickness. It is also an old saying that it takes life to renew life. The cooked food cell that is heated till it is sterile has lost its savor, or vitamines, and is no longer a life renewer for the body. If all our food was sterile, where would we get our life renewals? Where would we get the vitamines?"

Eat a head of lettuce every day, and you will get all the vitamines you need. Also the organic salts, or mineral elements.

* * *

American Bolsheviki.

NOT anarchists, but respectable citizens. "Bolsheviki" means simply "majority," as Menshiviki means "minority." Both sects existed in Russia before the revolution. Now the Russian majority utterly ignores and tyrannizes over the minority.

Same here.

There is probably no country in the world, with the possible exception of Russia, where the personal habits of the people are so closely ordered by Federal, State, county and municipal legislation as in the United States.

This leads to resentment, law-breaking and hypocrisy.

* * *

Power of the Eye.

DR. CHARLES RUSS, an English physician, claims to have discovered by a delicate instrument, that there is force propelled from the eye, in the ray of vision.

That is quite likely. Greek writers suggested this 2500 years ago. We have long known the power of the "hypnotic eye" and the Italians believe in the "evil eye."

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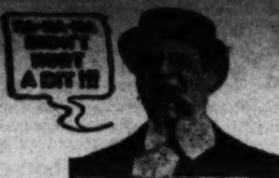
Acne is commonly referred to as

PIMPLES



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WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO., 941 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles, California.

[illegible] his lines, count up a house before the end of her first speech, and by the time for her second cross duly winnow the paper and dead heads from the innocent and investing public. In two hours' time she could throw together a Marie Antoinette costume, and in three days she could have a new vehicle ready for production.

They were neither sophisticated nor subtle, these tawdry productions so hastily coopered together, but they were prepared for audiences which were neither subtle nor sophisticated. For the Kinsella Amusement Company shunned the larger urban centers as the coyote shuns a settlement. There were times, it is true, when this threadbare company scuttled into a booking on one of the grapevine circuits, but for the most part they "outlawed" in the remoter districts, resting content to synchronize with the country fair and remaining satisfied to milk the frontier towns and mushroom centers usually given over to the "burleyque" or the movies. They played in "opera houses" overlooking market squares and in town-hall auditoriums with a stage too narrow for their sets, and in dingy theaters where a lone piano-thumper was often enough responsible for the entire entr'acte music. They traveled light, carrying merely a few trunks of props and costumes, bartering passes with the local hardware dealer for the use of those implements needed in their rural dramas and borrowing red plush parlor sets from the accommodating undertaker who happened to sell furniture as a side-line. They did not greatly worry when business was bad, for their cast was compact and their outlay was small. The tax of royalty payments was something beyond their ken, for time and experience had long since taught them how easy it was to change the face and name of an old favorite. And even a newly appropriated vehicle, once, in those none-too-tender hands for a week or two, underwent mysterious hardening processes. It was pounded into a derelict of "sure-fire stuff." It was airily deformed to fit the Procrustean bed of their strictly limited sets and casts. They modernized "East Lynne" and gave "Ingomar" in cheesecloth tunics. They did "Romeo and Juliet" with gratuitous comic relief and in the midst of Grand Rapids factory furniture, and gave Saumet's "Gladiator" revised in a way that would have made Saumet turn in his grave—with tin swords and clanking girdles of cow-chain. But most of all they reveled in "westerns," westerns stripped to the bone of intrigue and gun-play, and with their creaking joints swathed in a merciful smoke screen of cartridge blanks. Through these they went with a brisk and businesslike solemnity, the villain getting his daily round of hisses, the heavy his daily round of laughs, and the ingenue her daily round of applause.

For Anada Kinsella was by this time playing juveniles in her mother's company. She was playing these formalized youthful parts with a freshness and a quiet ardency which tended to accentuate the staleness of the road-hardened troupers about her. Her voice was small but musical, her figure was unquenchably girlish, and she had the trick of appearing adorable in any costume, however threadbare, and in any scene, however trivial. She had not been guarded in vain. She was beginning to break into womanhood with that miraculous virgin white of the pond-lily that flowers but a hand's-breadth above the slimy and festering waters of a swamp. She knew life without knowing that she did. She stood a witness of the most sordid of sex-intrigues without seeming to waken to their actual significances. There had been developed in her not only an extraordinary capacity for self-esteem but also an extraordinary gift of self-sufficiency. Even her own mother regarded her as unemotional. Then the awakening came. And for the second time Katherire Kinsella's carefully-balanced world went trmbling down about her ears.

It began, as so many of life's momentous things begin, without being observed and without any betrayal of its possibilities. It began when the Kinsella Amusement Company was playing a cow town in the foothills, and Katherine Kinsella was waylaid in the rotunda of the Commercial Hotel by a young man who seemed scarcely out of his teens. He was a dreamy-eyed but somewhat frightened young man with a sombrero in one hand and a roll of manuscript in the other. Katherine Kinsella, as she examined the sun-browned face with the clean-cut profile and the back-brushed tawny hair, took him for a cowboy from one of the outlying ranches. But he proved to be a teacher in a nearby prairie school who had written a drama of Alaska in the days of the gold rush and wanted a tryout. Or if not a tryout, at least a reading and a little advice from an actress of experience and reputation.

Katherine Kinsella read the dreamy-eyed youth's Alaska drama. She read it at considerable personal sacrifice of time and energy. And when he came back the next day she was quite open and motherly with him. She explained to him that it was an extremely clever play, but that it wasn't practical. It had a great deal of promise, but what he most needed, if he was going on at that sort of thing, was actual stage experience. Then he'd know better how to get his people on and off, and he'd see that it didn't pay to be too poetical.

It was then that young Walton Craswell surprised her by asking to be taken into her company. She studied him with a narrowed eye, at that unexpected request, for she had many things to consider. More than once, of late, the world-weary hophead who pretended to handle her male juveniles had "ducked the buggy" and further dislocated an already sadly disjointed performance. This Apolloesque and blushing newcomer, on the other hand, was a mere boy. But she found him good to look at, with his clear-cut young face and his impersonal studious eyes. He had, as well, a voice with timbre to it. He could be taught something, and he had acknowledged his willingness to work for $15 a week, the precise amount which his teaching had been bringing in.

So Katherine Kinsella broke a lifelong rule of her career and took on an amateur. She took him on with an odd stirring of her one-sided maternal instinct, and was unexpectedly patient and gentle with him during his first bundering weeks in that amazing new world of make-believe. She took him in hand and taught him a few of the primary tricks of her trade. The time that she could give him was limited, but he was both eager to learn and grateful for her patience. Twice she turned him over to her daughter Anada for scene-rehearsals. But the younger woman seemed less adroit and less interested. She appeared to go through those delegated tasks with the wearied tolerance with which one teaches an eager but awkward puppy to walk upright and speak for a biscuit.

Wallie Craswell — for by this time they were all calling him Wallie—suffered acutely during his first few weeks with the Kinsella Amusement Company. He was a dignified and reticent youth, and he was shocked both by the habit of promiscuous dishabille back-stage and the manner in which Goldie Glendenning, the heavy's wife, made conscienceless and most unwelcome love to him. But his passion for stage experience seemed a fixed one, and in time he caught step with his confreres in motley. He settled into his place and went contentedly on with his work. When not busy, his nose was in a book, and a marked disappointment showed on his face at Katherine Kinsella's reluctance to discuss with him the influence of the curtainless stage on the structure of the Elizabethan drama. But she was more actively interested in the fact that he "sized up" well with Anada Kinsella, that their conjunction had already given a touch of freshness to some of the jaded old scenes, and that they seemed to go placidly on with their work without any of that nonsense which one might expect from the young. Day by day Wallie Craswell learned a new trick or two, and it was not long, in that hard and hectic school, before he achieved a convincing enough pretense at composure. It was not long, either, before he worked surprisingly well with Anada Kinsella. And in doing so, her ever-watchful mother perceived, he was unconsciously helping the girl. She was playing up to him, without knowing it. So, besides throwing an air of youth into the dust-laden old dramas through which they wandered with a preoccupied detachment all their own, they brought into it an occasional breath of power. And Katherine Kinsella began to congratulate herself on getting at so modest a figure a juvenile who could do a little more than merely pass muster.

For even then she was utterly without any comprehension of the situation. She became conscious of Anada's more rigorous moods of preoccupation, of her silences and her reservations. There were times, too, when she was troubled by something electric in the air, something elusive and stirring and unfathomable. But her eye fell on nothing definitely suspicious. And there was very little that escaped that eye.

She did not understand, indeed, until the irrefutable evidence of it came from the sheet of paper which she found folded together and pinned on the left side of the girl's chemise. It was the sheet of paper which Wallie, as the Robin Hood in chaps, besieged by the sheriff's posse, thrusts into the girl's hand in the third act of "The Road Agent's Revenge." It was supposed to be a message calling for help, written under great tension. It was customarily a mere stage scrawl, a dash or two of a pen across the paper. But it did not escape Katherine Kinsella's attention that the young outlaw in chaps, as he wrote that message, slowed down the tempo of the action by inditing actual words on his sheet of paper. It annoyed her, at first, and then it puzzled her. And then it began to worry her. For after the act she had caught sight of Anada tucking the scrap of paper tenderly into her bodice.

She knew better than to ask about it. Her daughter, she remembered, had her privacies of life which she insisted on being respected. But the older woman bided her time. Long after midnight, when the girl was asleep beside her, she got up out of bed and quietly pursued her search. She found the paper pinned where it would rest over her daughter's heart. And it was a love message. "Even now," were the words written there, "I can't help saying just these three words: I love you."

Katherine Kinsella studied it with a sort of terror surging through her own tired heart. This was followed by a sense of betrayal, and this in turn, by a sense of futility. Her first impulse was to act, and to act with decision.

But the more she brooded over the situation the more she realized her helplessness. She knew her daughter well enough to understand that if she summarily dismissed young Craswell the girl would go with him. They were already united in a campaign of deception against her. To talk to them singly was equally out of the question. She had nothing to say to them that would be understandable, from the viewpoint of reason. They knew nothing of life as she had come to know it. And an emotional appeal was out of the question. It was beyond her. It would never reach the self-contained girl who had built up about her young life its laborious walls of reserve. And there was the added danger of precipitating what was not yet final.

So Katherine Kinsella became discreet, silently and reptiliously discreet. She waited and watched. She studied the situation. She held the key, now, which opened the doorway to a hundred earlier enigmas. She began to understand the meaning of the girl's lassitude, the warmer and quicker flow of color to the smooth cheek which the rawest of make-up could scarcely disfigure, the new vibrata in her deepening voice as she declaimed the once tawdry lines of her tawdry love scenes with the Apollonian youth who moved about, after making his exit, like a man in a dream.

For they were in a dream, the two of them, the immuring and golden-misted dream of first love. They had taken wing, in spirit, from that shoddy road company with its shoddy plays and its shoddier dressing-rooms. They had escaped to a garden of enchantment, where the light was mellower than that which came from a calcium spotlight, where the roses were not of stained cotton soiled by over-use, where the music of a four-piece orchestra melted into the music of nightingales singing in Avalonian valleys. They had their being in a world of their own, a world which seemed infinitely remote from the older woman who watched them with troubled and tragic eyes. It was a world which she herself had been cheated out of, which she had protectively taught herself to deride. But in spite of her iron will she found the thwarted ghosts of her youth stirring in their graves. And her sense of frustration was a double-edged one. For the very boundlessness of this love which she was compelled to watch from the side-lines of life touched her with envy. It was something she had never encountered and explored, and it was something, not knowing it, of which she was indeterminately afraid.

She was wounded, too, by the sheer knowledge of her helplessness. She suffered under a sense of exile, of banishment from the world where the one warm interest of her life had rested. If the man had any promise, any actual genius for the stage, there might have been a ray of hope in the situation. They might still climb together, the girl and he. But he had nothing more than a trim figure and a fresh young face. And he had no slightest wish to become an actor. She found that out when she so discreetly and guardedly sounded him on the matter. His ambition was to have a sheep ranch in the foothills, a three-roomed wickiup to rest in at night and a bronco to ride by day, a roomful of books for the winter, a month of trout fishing for the summer, and a bit of shooting up in the mountains for the autumn. That was his future. And that, she knew, was the placid and ox-like existence he had been whispering into the ear of her daughter. That was the sheeny bait he was dangling before the girl whose entire life had been made up of early trains and untidy day coaches, of cheap hotel life and rehearsals on musty-smelling stages, of hurry and glare and vulgarity in a little tinsel world of tinsel excitements.

Already she had escaped from that world in spirit, if not in body. And the thing that impressed the tragic-eyed watcher was the incommunicable happiness of the girl, the happiness which she had neither the courage nor the wish to share with her mother. They were so happy, the two of them, that they betrayed it a dozen times a day. They thought they were hugging their secret, but it was as plain as light now to the keen-eyed older woman so covertly watching them from the dark corners of her misery. Her days were too busy for brooding. But she went through her daily and nightly round of work with the feeling of silent and sinister forces undermining her house of life. She knew that her daughter was still an innocent girl. She knew it by the uncontrolled exaltation which she sometimes caught from the brooding and barricaded face. It was the exaltation of purity stirred by emotions which it had not yet been able to fathom. And once, indeed, even in the teeth of the tenacity with which she knew the girl would protect her secret, the troubled watcher decided to give the two of them their final chance. She had practically decided to call them into her dressing-room and have it out with them. But in the half-light at the end of a stack of dusty paint frames, that afternoon, she happened to catch sight of them in each other's arms. It was the first time she had seen any such thing on their part. The sight of it went through her like a spear. It warned her of more things than one. She knew, then, that it was already too late for words. And she knew, remembering the headstrong blindness of youth, that the temporary armistice about her could not go on for long. Some night, she knew, the girl would no longer be there.

And the harried watcher waited, helpless to avert the inevitable. She waited until that night of lucid sleeplessness, with the light of the street lamp on the broken ceiling and the ribald sounds of merriment assailing her through the thin partition of her cheap temperance hotel when, through the strangling fog of her hopelessness struck the flash of her final chance, the chance that would come to her when she had killed Wallie Craswell.

(TO BE CONTINED.)

Why Wells Wrote His History.

American readers may be interested in the story of the birth of H. G. Wells's "Outline of History." The idea of writing an outline of history came to Mr. Wells at a dinner in London in the spring of 1918 at which Prof. Henry Seidel Canby, then one of the editors of the Yale Review, was present. Among other guests were Arnold Bennett, Anthony Hope, Prof. Carl Fish, and Prof. C. N. Cunliffe. The discussion turned upon the need for a history of the Anglo-Saxon nations prefaced by a history of Europe. "Oh, I shall go much further back than that," Mr. Wells remarked, "and begin with the earliest geological periods." The result of this determination was "The Outline of History," which has been widely commented upon ever since its appearance in 1920, and to which Mr. Wells now adds a "Postscript" in the July number of the Yale Review.

Ancient Parchments Read.

Much of the lore of ancient palimpsests—parchment manuscripts from which the original writing has been erased and written over at a later date—is about to be laid bare by the mysterious power of the ultra-violet light produced by the mercury-vapor lamps. Previous to 1914 the discoverer of a new method of using the rays, a Benedictine monk of the Bavarian order, had made such progress that many of the ancient parchments in the Benedictine abbey of Wessobrunn had been made to disclose their secrets.

In principle the new method is quite simple, being based upon the peculiarity, possessed by many organic substances, of fluorescing—glowing with a pale canary-colored light—when brought under the influence of the invisible ultra-violet rays. The old parchments possess this property to a remarkable degree, while the ink of the older writings upon them, containing ingredients insensible to the action of the rays, remains dark and forms a contrast of sufficient intensity to register clearly on a photographic plate. Old paintings, overlaid with new ones on the original canvas, have also been discovered by this method.—[Popular Mechanics.

Cultivate your brain, not your brayin'.—[Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

Never cry over spilt milk; there is usually enough water in it already.—[Exchange.

CARE OF THE BODY.
(Continued from page 18.)

seen, and be able to use them intelligently and with discrimination for the patient's benefit."

* * *

Diet.

OCCASIONALLY you hear some queer people—including physicians, who should know better—say: "I don't believe in diet."

Ask them to tell that to an experienced breeder of live stock, and see what he says:

However, such is the short-sightedness of human beings, that many successful breeders of live stock, who are exceedingly careful about what they feed their animals, stuff themselves as if they were sausage machines.

And then they wonder that they get sick.

* * *

The Talk Habit.

ILLUSTRATING a very common way of losing vitality, I quote from Health Culture:

"Most women and some men are addicted to the talk habit. Talking uses up more nerve force than almost any work in which a human being can engage; yet women who are nervous, weak and incapacitated for work will indulge in excited and wholly needless conversation by the hour, and fancy themselves doing nothing—resting! Mistaken, but well-meaning friends visit the invalid for an entire afternoon, and extract more vitality from the ailing one than would, perhaps, if rightly applied, restore her to health. Women, unfit for household duties, hire a maid to do their work, and then spend a large proportion of their time flitting about among their friends, recklessly expending their already flagging nervous energy in purposeless talk, talk, talk."

Hiccough.

FOLLOWING is by an M. D.:

"Every year we read in the papers of many persons dying from hiccough. It can be relieved in very short order.

"Hiccough is a rythmical contraction of the diaphragm, and is caused by irritation. As a rule, the irritation comes from gas in the stomach or bowels.

"The proper way of overcoming hiccough is the same as for overcoming whooping cough, namely, fasting. A little water or acid fruit juice and water mixed, if the patient wishes something to lubricate the throat and mouth, are all they should take, until the hiccough has entirely subsided.

"Taking very deep breaths and holding the breath as long as possible, also acts wonderfully in overcoming the spasms connected with hiccough.

"Chiropractic adjustment will often cure hiccough in one minute.

"Pulling the tongue out and rubbing it with the inside of the pulp of a lemon peel will also often cure hiccough in less than a minute.

"A sudden shock given to the patient will also stop the spasms of hiccough, almost instantly."

* * *

Bungalows.

TO CALL every shack or cottage a bungalow is bad enough. Now, I see some enterprising realtors have abbreviated it to "bung," on their announcement cards. How would you like to live in a "bung?"

A bungalow is a long, low, one-storied wooden building, with wide eaves, used as a rest house for travelers, in India, where there are no hotels.

* * *

Diet and Disease.

AN EMINENT English physician, Sir Henry Thompson, M. D., F. R. S., has said:

"I have come to the conclusion that more than half the diseases that embitter the middle and latter half of life are due to avoidable errors in diet, and that more mischief in the form of actual disease, impaired vigor and shortened life, accrues to civilized man from erroneous habits of eating, than from the habitual use of alcoholic drinks—considerable as I know that evil to be."

* * *

Miracles by Mail.

IT IS astonishing what you can do with little time and money—if you believe the plausible and seductive advertisements that appear in some of the magazines.

In a recent number of a popular and widely-circulated magazine there are a dozen or more large advertisements, offering to make you a modern Hercules, with pictures of ... good for nothing but being ... They were, of course, ... frames.

Then you are told that it is "easier to earn $2000 a month than $18 a week"—by following a certain system. The "secret of memory" may be learned in one evening (special price $2.) You may take off a pound of flesh a day "without medicine, special foods, starving, baths or exercise." You may learn shorthand in seven evenings ($2.97.) And you may acquire the "secret of being a convincing talker ($3) in one evening.

Surely, Barnum was right.

* * *

Varicose Veins.

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether rhubarb is a cure for varicose veins. What an extraordinary inquiry. That reminds one of the old superstitution that tomatoes cause cancer. No, indeed. Neither rhubarb nor any other single food will "cure" varicose veins, which depend upon a faulty circulation of the blood, and that again is due to wrong diet. You must find out where your diet is wrong, and then correct it, before you can cure varicose veins.

Varicose veins are due to high blood pressure and gas pressure, and the main cause of that is overeating and wrong combinations. Coffee is also harmful. Cut down severely the amount of food you eat, and be sure to eat nothing that forms gas. Hard childbirth is often followed by varicose veins, especially when the women have been overeating during pregnancy.

For local treatment, stroke the veins upward, gently but firmly, as you lie on your back. Do this several times a day. Also if they are badly swollen wear a bandage of narrow flannel, wrapped over and over around the leg. This is better than an elastic stocking. You may take it off at night.

* * *

Food and Sleep.

WITH many people, sleep is unrefreshing torpor, caused by consumption of more food than the system needs, causing a food "jag." The less surplus food, the less sleep is needed.

Referring to experience in Dr. J. H. Tilden's health home, in Denver, Ida L. Vaniman writes, in the "Philosophy of Health:"

"During the time that I was a patient here (my period of sobering off, or reform) I used to hear so many patients complain

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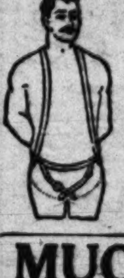

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Yosemite—The Glory of the Golden State.

BY FRANCIS M. FULTZ.

(Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.)

III.

THE SOUTH RIM TRAILS.

A BRIDGE spans the Merced just a few rods above the top of Nevada Fall. The Long Trail to Glacier Point may be said to begin here, although when we are in the valley this "Long Trail" includes the whole length of the Nevada Fall trail. This is what makes it a "long trail."

When you have reached the top of Nevada Fall, on your way from the valley to Glacier Point, you have not covered half the distance, but you have accomplished fully half the climbing you will be called upon to do. There is still quite a little up-hill work, however; and some down-hill, too, for you must make a dip into Illilouette Valley—although you would wish very much to avoid it.

The trail from Nevada Fall to Glacier Point affords an almost continuous panoramic view. For a couple of miles the look-out is over the gorge of the Merced which holds Vernal Fall and across to Grizzly Peak, Mt. Broderick and Half Dome—those great bald and polished monuments of the ancient ice-sheet that once enveloped this whole region.

The View From Panoramic Cliff a Marvel.

THEN for a half-mile or so the trail skirts hte very edge of a 2000-foot precipice called Panoramic Cliff, where we can look down into the gorge for nearly half a mile. To the east are Liberty Cap, Nevada Fall and Little Yosemite; to the north, across the gorge, Half Dome towers high above Grizzly Peak; toward the northeast is a strip of the farther wall of the main

Overhanging Rock, Glacier Point, over 3000 feet above the Valley Floor.

Yosemite Valley; and to the west is Glacier Point, for which we are bound.

The Long Trail passes through some fine forest. The trees are mostly sugar pines—the finest of all the pine tribe, according to John Muir—yellow pines and silver firs. If you are a tree-lover you cannot help noticing the clean, smooth trunks of the sugar pines and the more sturdy-like boles of the yellow pines. The close, even bark of the former seems to tell us that the wood within is close-grained and smooth; while the heavy, plate-like covering of its yellow brother speaks of a coarser, tougher wood; and thus we find them when we come to use their lumber.

Whether you are a tree-lover or not, you will notice the cones of the sugar pines. No one needs to call your attention to them. Their size and profusion make them too evident for you to pass them by unnoticed. The ground is strewn with last year's cones, the scales all open and the seeds all gone. Some of them are a foot and a half long and four or five inches thick when the scales are open. You will want to bring half-a-dozen away with you, at least, and you probably will take that many with you to camp. But when you are ready to start home, and find that you have more baggage than you know what to do with, you will beg your neighbors to share your treasures with you.

You will notice this year's cones, too, which are still hanging on the trees. In fact, they are only half-grown by June or July, although some of them have reached

The Domes from the Long Trail. Half Dome on the left, Liberty Cap on the right and Mt. Broderick in the center.

ten or twelve inches in length and perhaps two in thickness. They are away out at the very tip end of the branches and already so heavy that the boughs are bent far downward, while the cones swing in the wind like pendants.

After passing Panoramic Cliff the trail drops several hundred feet into Illilouette Valley. If you are like me in spirit you will feel grouchy about this, for dropping into one of these side canyons means climbing out again on the other side. I always feel as if I had a just grievance against the trail-maker for not finding a course straight through the air to the other side!

Illilouette Creek is a Fine Trout Stream.

ILLILOUETTE CREEK, which comes down the little valley from the Merced group of mountains, is a fine stream, in which there is said to be excellent trout fishing. I have promised myself several times to find out, but so far I have never been able to redeem the pledge.

A little way off the trail the creek plunges down a precipice in a splendid fall. When the water goes over the ledge it drops into a narrow granite trough, which it fills with mist and spray before it reaches the bottom. And when the stream gathers itself together at the foot of the fall it dashes away in everlasting shadow, for no sunlight finds its way to the bottom of the narrow cleft.

But let us take the Long Trail again. For two or three miles we now angle up the west slope of Illilouette Canyon, making toward the rim of the valley. It is a tedious and rather hard climb, for it is at the end of our day's trip, and we must pull ourselves up through a thousand feet of altitude. It is uninteresting, too, after what we have been looking at all day. So, for us, the trail stretches out and out, until the two or three miles seem like four or five at the very least.

But all things finally come to an end, and so does the trail. While we are wondering if it really has an end, we suddenly come out on the forested upland, which runs out to the rim of the valley as Glacier Point.

Sentinel Rock is the guardian of the "Short Trail." When you get ready to take the short trail to Glacier Point, set your course toward the foot of this rock needle.

At the start the trail strikes straight for the Sentinel. It begins climbing at once, and the farther it goes, the faster it climbs. It soon rises so fast that it becomes a stairway of zigzags. Only when it strikes the almost perpendicular wall of the Sentinel is its mad rush upward checked. There it turns aside to the left and angles upward in a more gentle grade for as much as a mile. Then another series of zigzags and corkscrews carries it up to Union Point.

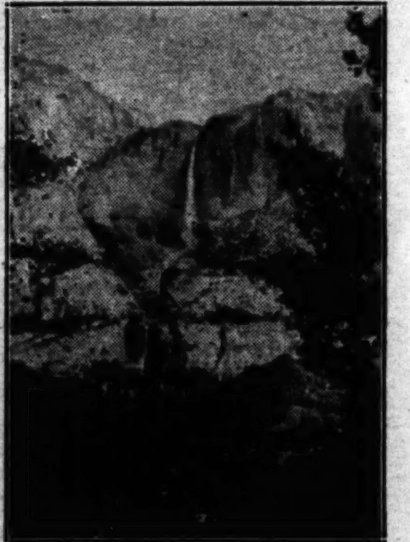
All along this stretch of the trail the views of the valley and the opposite wall are wonderful. There is no other place reached by trail where you can see the detail of these features so thoroughly. You can follow every bend and twist of the Merced as it meanders back and forth through the valley. I wonder if it strikes other persons who view it from this trail as it does me! It reminds me of a long, slender snake lying along the bottom of a deep furrow!

The floor of the valley is as a map spread out before you. This is the place to get a good understanding of Yosemite geography. The meadows, the groves of trees, the roads, the parade grounds, the various camps, in fact, almost everything you need to locate, stand out clear and distinct. From the top of the rim the distance to the floor of the valley is so great that much of the detail is lost. But here on the trail one is near enough to make out everything distinctly.

The trail brings you face to face with Yosemite Falls. What if you are two miles away in an airline! The view is all the better for that. The falls themselves are so high, and their setting is on such a tremendous scale, that some distance is needed in order to take in the whole view at one sweep. Then, too, the belittling details of a closer view are gone and you are aware of the marvelous picture as a whole, of which the ever-falling column of white is the central figure!

To the right of Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Point and Castle Cliffs stand out in bold relief, separated from each other by a short, steep gulch. Still farther to the right and due north of Union Point—where you are standing—Indian Canyon cuts a deep gash in the north rim of the valley. Down this canyon comes Indian Creek, which drains the forested country to the north and west of Indian Ridge and North Dome. Indian Canyon is worth studying—as you see it from Union Point. It contains no fall of any height. Indian Creek, instead of flowing out to the edge of the valley's rim and dropping over a high precipice to the floor below—as do Bridal Veil, Yosemite and the other streams—has cut a deep gulch, down which it leaps and jumps in wild rapids and cascades. Indian Canyon is a wild, rugged gulch, some of whose roughness you can see, especially if you have a field glass with you—and you do not wonder it is little visited or explored.

There is a natural rock bench of considerable extent at Union Point, along which you can walk westward until only a narrow gulch separates you from Sentinel Rock. At this station you are well up toward the level of its top, and when you look down past its perpendicular face into the valley you realize, as you cannot from below, what an enormous shaft of granite it is! The view is disappointing in a way, however,



Yosemite Falls and the Valley Floor, from the Short Trail.

because from this point the rocks show more as a buttress than as a shaft.

The Trail Hangs on the Very Face of the Wall.

FROM Union Point to Glacier Point the short trail follows the rim of the valley as closely as it has been possible to build it. Indeed, for a large part of the way it seems literally built against the face of the wall!

The short trail is an "early-morning trail." If you get started up its grade by half past five you will be able to cover the lower, and harder, two-thirds of the climb before the sun strikes the trail hot enough to make you hunt the shady places. The upper third you will find fairly well provided with shade.

While you are climbing the lower stretches in shadow you can watch the sunlight strike the heights of the opposite rim, creep slowly down the wall and move out across the valley floor. You should rest at Union Point until the sun swings far enough around to light up the north wall of the valley. Of course, you will have a lunch with you, so you will not feel that you must reach Glacier Point by noon.

The short trail deserves the greater part of a day. If you spend that much time along its course you will wish to come again. If you rush over it you will tire yourself out and fail to see the beauty it has in store for those who seek, and you will go away in the belief that it is the most

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN.)

View across the valley from the Ledge Trail. On the left above is North Dome; just beneath are the Royal Arches; in the

CARE OF THE BODY.

(Continued from page 18.)

I tried eating a light lunch. I tried intoxicating liquors. But alwa-s I stared through the blackness of the fearful night, until an eerie color tinged my window, and then the dawn came up, 'like thunder cross the bay.'

"It was when ny spirit had become worn through my body like elbows through the sleeve of an old coat that I heard the remarkable recipe for insomnia: Think of the top of your head. That is what I was told to do. 'Think of the top of your head,' I said to myself with some disdain, in the awful grip of the night; 'now, how in thunder do you think of the top of your head?'

"'Do you think of your hair?' I asked, turning by eyeballs upward in their sockets. 'Do you think of that lightly hidden baldness?' striving to put my mind, so to say, on the top of my head. 'How the Dickens-can-you-think-of ——' but a drowsy numbness pained my sense as though of hemlock I had drunk, or emptied some dull opiate to the dregs. One minute passed and Letherwards I had sunk. And I dreamed that quite plainly, as though it were some other fellow's, I saw the top of my head."

The turning up of the eyes induces sleep.

• • •

Unloading.

REX BEACH, who has forsaken the profession of novelist for the more lucrative one of scenario writing, said recently:

"It is a common enough thing for a good man to dash off a scenario in a week or so and get $10,000 for it, but scenario writing, nevertheless, isn't all beer and skittles."

Mr. Beach chuckled.

"There's an English poet in our midst," he said, "who recently decided to make his debut in the film world. The other day as I was lunching with him the bell rang and the servant brought in a bulky envelope.

"The English poet examined it. Then he ground his teeth.

"'This is what I call rubbing it in,' he snarled. 'I sent the Star Film corporation four scenarios last week, and blamed if they haven't returned me nine.'"

• • •

Isn't It True?

ELLISON G. WATERS, the motion picture censor of Vermont, said at a dinner in Montpelier:

"My work teaches me that a great many motion picture producers think that the higher a woman's social standing, the more outrageous her backless gowns, the shorter her skirts, the filmier her silk stockings.

"Remonstrating with a producer the other day, I said to him—rather neatly, as I thought:

"'You fellows all seem to think that clothes make the man, and lack of them the lady.'"

• • •

• • •

On Strike.

CHARLES H. SABIN, the New York financier, was talking about Germany.

"Germany," he said, "seems to think that, sanctions or no sanctions, she will get out of her obligations.

"Germany is like the naughty little girl.

"'Come,' said her mother, taking her by the hand, 'you have been very naughty, and I'm going to lock you up in the chicken coop.'

"'All right,' said the naughty little girl, 'you can lock me up in the chicken coop if you want to, but I ain't going to lay no eggs.'"

• • •

Drugless Healing.

FOLLOWING is from the Herald of Health:

"The average drugless physician starts out as an osteopath, a chiropractor, a mental healer, a mechano-therapist, a hydropath, a dietician or an electropath. From time to time, he picks up additional measures until he acquires a hodge-podge of therapies without a common foundation on which to rest them. Having no basic principles to guide him in the application of his adopted methods of treatment, he treats all the patient's symptoms but never the patient. The consequence is that he is forever experimenting. He has the false idea that his treatment cures, and when the treatment fails to alleviate the symptoms he is likely to discard it and try something else. In this respect he is like his brother of the drugging profession.

"Before we found the principle behind all healing, the confusion of ideas among the drugless cults, and the uncertainty of obtaining results drove us out of practice. We became a therapeutic nihilist, too, and refused to treat until we knew more of life and particularly of people. Our researches led us unerringly to the fundamental principles on which cure rests. Then we conceived a mighty ambition. We would unite every system of drugless healing and place them all on a nature cure basis. It looked easy, it sounded simple, but we found the only simple thing about it was ourself. As well try to unite the seventy warring religious sects of Omar's time. They multiply like the fleas on a dog. Every day someone brings out a 'new' idea and apparently has no difficulty in starting another sect in healing. We overlooked Old Man Human Nature. We failed to realize that the promoters of these sects were not half so interested in promoting health as they were in promoting themselves. We are as far from our goal as we were when we started. Prejudices are still the ruling factors. Mental limitations and reservations still keep the majority from seeing the light.

"On the other hand we must remember that things are as they are because the people want them thus. Supply will never advance much beyond demand. People want treatment, not cure, if cure costs them personal effort. Nature cure places the responsibility for disease and cure too close too home to suit the average person. He demands to be told that something outside of himself is responsible for his ills and he still vainly hopes that something outside of himself will do the curing. As long as this is the limit of his reasoning, those who can capitalize his suffering will never exert themselves to learn and apply the truth. The intelligence of the physician cannot rise much higher than that of the patient. Therefore, the naturopath must gain the confidence of the people before he can place himself in the position of their teacher. He must equip himself with every method and measure that the others pos-

A Sample Will Prove Their Merit. Write For One.

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A high-class medical journal of recent date says that the human system is heir to six hundred forms of inflammation. The basic troubles being—INJURY, INFECTION, INFLAMMATION. What else can there be?

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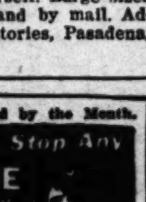

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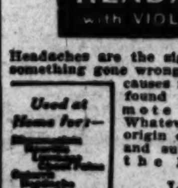

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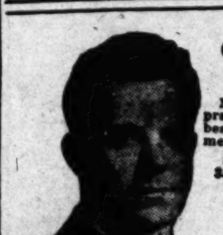

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Read back articles in "Care of the Body" and learn that asthma and bronchitis come from imperfect breathing and the only permanent cure is scientific or natural breathing. For further particulars address S. Wesley Martin, 145 S. Broadway. Phone 61650. Consultation Free.

The Gusher O' Painted Hills

By J. Samuel Lacy

"MY LITTLE ole lady says to me, 'Jimsey McGee, it's about time you stopped this here paper sellin' and started in takin' one of them vocational courses where you learn a trade.'

"But a guy can't pull loose all of a sudden. Now can he? O' course, they ain't no future hustlin' sheets. But I get a clean livin' from my steady customers. And its's honest! Oh, boy, that's the word! Honest!

"Yuh know, I'm what yuh might call a pioneer here on this corner, growin' up with the Angel City. When I started they was only a tent for a union depot.

"Saints and sinners pass my way, good girls and bad girls, straight men and crooked men. I've known every sort of human that struggles along the high trails. And then again, I meets them that's strayed from the straight and narrow and hits the easy low roads.

"I've watched all the slick ways for extractin' people's money. They's the birds that takes the dough from their victims violent-like, the stick-up guys, petermen, the second-story birds. Then they's the light-fingered gentry, the sellers of gold bricks and green goods, the operators of the shell game and finally the fake stock market.

"But they's one thing about these birds. When you dangle around with them you ain't kept in an agony o' waitin' for 60 per cent dividends. It's bloo-ey! Good night, sweet daddy! Your money's gone!

"But the guy that had the world beat for coppin' the suckers' coin was certainly a loo-loo. The suckers almost begged him to take their money.

"He was known around town as Bonanza Wiley, though no one ever claimed to have inside information as to his real name. Promotin' was his business and I'll say he was sittin' pretty until some of his come-ons raised such a holler that the Governor had a blue sky law passed. This was a good law and Bonanza Wiley tried to beat it. But the corporation commission grabbed him and give him a jolt in the big house. And from that little retreat across from the Golden Gate they ain't no fancy stock peddled.

"Sooner or later I knows Bonanza will be blowin' back to the Angel City with some new phoney game. Sure enough, one mornin' they was a hand laid on my shoulder. I turns around and there was Bonanza, dapper and smilin' as ever.

"'Give me a Mornin' Screecher, son. And keep the change.' He slips me a whole buck.

"I give him a careful once over and says, 'What are yuh goin' to do now, Bonanza, bein' as they won't let yuh sell any more stock?'

"'Son, I'm goin' to sell stock.'

"'How're yuh goin' to beat the blue sky law?' I asks him.

"'H—l, son, that's easy,' he says, snappin' his fingers. 'I'm already president of a regular oil company. They's a sweeter collection of suckers in this burg than you'll find anywhere else in the little old U.S.A. All the retired farmers come out here to live 'midst the sunshine and orange blossoms. And I'm gonna pry a lotta these hicks from their bank rolls. And make 'em like it.'

"'But how about a permit to sell your stock?' I persists.

"'Son, I don't need a permit. I've already organized the Gusher Oil Company of Painted Hills as a Calivada corporation. Ain't she a sweet name? And won't the public eat it up?' He sure was some excited.

"'But yuh can't sell Calivada stock in the Angel City or any other burg in this State,' I tells him. 'I know one bird tried it.'

"He laughs. 'Son, you can sell your little ole ticker, can't you?'

"'Sure.'

"'Or your shirt, or kicks? D' yuh get me?' he asks.

"'Sure,' I says, tryin' to appear wise. I didn't want this crooked-minded bird to think I was a boob.

"'You don't get me yet,' and he chuckles to hisself. 'You see, all these other companies, the Richfield, the Brea and Montebello and the others gettin' their oil on the ridge. The officers and directors are simple, nobody home, for they have to wait till their companies make good before they can gather the kale. For their stock, which is velvet to them as insiders, is held in escrow,' whatever that is, 'by the corporation commission.'

"'But the Gusher Oil Company of Painted Hills is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Calivada, and companies can do pretty much as they please in Calivada. The company can't sell its own treasury stock in this hick burg, but yours truly, who owns 51 per cent of the stock, can sell his personal stock anywhere, just the same's he can sell his shirt or his kicks or his lid.'

"Raisin' his eyebrows, he asks, 'Get me?'

"The idea began to seep through the strata of my concrete dome, as an oil man would say. 'Then the main idea of this Gusher Oil Company of Painted Hills is to paint a pretty proposition, gush the hot air, and sell stock. No idea o' gettin' oil, eh?'

"'Of course,' he replies, 'the stockholders may reorganize with a new board of directors after we have liquidated our holdings.'

"'Sure. Easy. But I got a guess and I want to put it to you straight to see if I'm right.'

"'Shoot, son.'

"'You and your phoney directors,' I explodes with some heat, 'you get the dough and the stockholders get the stock—hold the bag, in other words.'

"He wasn't the kind of a guy you could insult, for he grabs my hand and says, 'I gotta give you credit, son. You'd make a crack-a-jack promoter. You get an idea quick. Pretty game, ain't it?'

"'About the money to drill with?' I asks, not wishin' to be put off.

"'Oh, that could be easily arranged by the board of directors. They could levy an assessment to sink the well.'

"'Uh-huh,' I replies.

"'Sure, you got it. And if I was you I'd get in on this little game. Make yourself a penny or two,' he says, a little too eagerly. 'You've been on this corner a long time and know a lotta people. Get into the game. Capitalize your acquaintance,' he proposes.

"'No,' I says, 'I gotta pretty good thing on this corner hustlin' sheets. Make a good livin', take care of my little ole lady, got our home paid for. Besides——'

"'Besides what, son?'

"'Never mind the son stuff,' I shoots at him. 'Besides these people buyin' papers and magazines here mornin' and night, they trust me, take me for a pretty wise guy and a decent, square sort of a fellow. I ain't gonna jar their faith in the world in general and me in particular by steerin' 'em into a phoney game for any of you fancy promoters. And——' I hesitates.

"'And what, s-s——, kid?' almost callin' me son again.

"'It ain't easy to tell.'

"'Come on, kid,' he urges.

"Finally I spills it. 'Yuh see, when I was a little tyke they pinches my ole man for some kind of a phoney game. I just can remember. But I been offa that stuff, for it broke my mother, made an ole lady outa her. And we ain't seen our ole man since.'

"Bonanza don't say nothin' to that. He ain't got no comeback.

"'And listen, Bonanza, money ain't everything. And I like my sleep o' nights too well to sell your stock in the Gusher o' Painted Hills.'

"'Oh, well, kid, I don't blame you. You're a good sport, anyway. Takin' care of your little lady, eh? Fine work! By the way, kid, tell me your name.'

"I tells him. He grabs my mitt and says, 'That's right, kid, take care of the little lady. And good luck to you.'

"They takes the first crowd of suckers down to the Painted Hills on a Sunday. Bein' as I don't handle sheets on a Sunday, I horns into the party. Everybody on that big sight-seein' car just simply feels their money burnin' holes in their pockets. First we stops at the real oil fields at Montebello, with its forest of derricks markin' gushers, pumpers and the drills just tappin' the oil sands.

"They's a spieler with us who discourses much on overnight millionaires. Then on down to the Painted Hills where, the spieler says, 'the world's most famous geologist declares the really big oil pool is yet to be discovered.' Then he tells 'em about the marvelous fields of Burkburnett, Desdemona, and Ranger. With his soothin' voice he even takes 'em to far-off Mexico, flowin' liquid gold. I bet half the boobs feels 'emselves John Dee's before he finishes his hurrah. And, oh, boy, he made the Gusher o' Painted Hills look good. What with 'handsome and permanent dividends,' 'the oil business on a safe and sane basis,' 'honesty is the only policy that wins success,' 'a thundering gusher, a producer of millions on the ground where you now stand,' the suckers stood in that sun-baked desert, open-mouthed and hypnotized.

"Then this oily-tongued bird steps down from the runnin' board of the big car and carelessly picks a piece of rock here and there. 'Folks, as you can see yourselves, we have here the oil-bearing shale exposed. Nature, in her own kind way, has drilled about 1800 feet for us. That leaves about 1200 for the Gusher Oil Company to drill. We are standing now on the spot of Gusher No. 1. No person within the sound of my voice can afford to pass up this golden opportunity. Make your checks to Bonanza Wiley, the president of the company. Stock is selling at 50 cents per share, par value $1, but no man can say how long it will be possible to obtain it at what is now a gift price.'

"They musta sold a flock o' stock that day, for they was only two or three of us that didn't grasp the golden opportunity. As we was leavin' I picks up a piece of the oil-bearin' shale and wraps it in a paper sack.

"The next mornin' Pete Lindsay, geologist for the Mexican Petroleum, a big, kind, upstandin', honest sort of a guy, was passing my corner and I hails him.

"'Come here a minute,' I hollers, 'I gotta piece of oil shale from the Painted Hills where they're goin' to have a big gusher one of these days.'

"He takes the piece of rock, gives it the once over and hands it back to me. 'Kid, that isn't shale.'

"'Why?' I asks foolishly. I musta looked disappointed.

"'Kid, did you put any dough into that Gusher thing?'

"'No.'

"'Good. Kid, if you've got a minute, come with me up to the office. I'll prove to you it isn't shale.'

"Up in his laboratory he cleans the rock and it shows up little black and white specks that glisten. 'That's granite, kid. And do you know what that means?'

"I shakes my head no.

"'Granite is of volcanic formation and there's no oil in a granite country.'

"'So the Painted Hills is the bunk?'

"'You said it, kid. It's the old story of the salted gold mine told in oil.'

"'Thanks,' and I leaves him to his work.

. . . .

"It was not long after that one of the afternoon sheets runs a full page ad with a picture of derrick No. 1 of the Gusher Oil Company o' Painted Hills. Gee, it was a regular Midas story. Bonanza's been away from my corner for some time. But he breezes by that afternoon and asks me for the sheet containin' his ad. He opens her up, turns to me and says, 'Pretty layout, eh?'

He opens her up, turns to me and says, "Pretty layout, eh?"

"'It looks good,' I nods and grunts.

"'You're durn right it's good. It cost enough. Twenty-eight thousand before we put the drill in the ground. And today we spudded in and right now the drill is poundin' away hour by hour toward that pool o' liquid gold,' he raves.

"My customers that time in the afternoon is comin' thick and fast, but I grabs enough time off to heave a hot shot at him by sayin', 'As an oil man you're a champion gusher.'

"'Kid, you gotta right to be sore at the game, but if I was you I'd put in a few pennies. It might make you a nice thing one of these days,' he persists, ignorin' my insult of the moment previous.

"'You tells me a short while back as how you're goin' to trim the suckers o' this burg. Now you say you're drillin'. Which am I to believe?'

"'Son,' forgettin' I've warned him about that son stuff, 'I've got such a hunch there's oil below that I'm goin' to get it if we have to go clear through to China. We got enough in the treasury to go 4000 feet.'

"'Well, I hope you're on the square and really tryin' to make good for all them suckers that's got their money in that hole.'

"That night after eatin' my supper and enjoyin' a game o' checkers with my little ole lady, she opens up the paper and reads the hot air about the movie queens and the oil magnates and so forth.

"I'm in my room gettin' ready to flop when she calls me. 'Jimsey, what do you think of the Gusher Oil Company? They's a lotta people makin' money in oil these days. Poor folks becomin' millionaires over in Texas and Oklahoma and Louisiana.'

"'What's that?' I yells.

"She catches my excitement, for she says trembly-like, 'a-a-ain't it all right, Jimsey, my boy?'

"'It may be all right, but the guy that calls hisself the president is an ex-con and he brags to me about this town bein' a cham-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.)

CARE OF THE BODY.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY ELLINGTON BROOK, N. D.

A Woman With Grit.

DR. MARY KRAFT, who lived at Whittier, and had an office in Los Angeles, is a good physician, who makes a specialty of childbirth. Her little book, "The Expectant Mother," is out of print.

Two years ago Dr. Kraft, who is a lover of nature, left Los Angeles for New Mexico. I had a letter from her, dated Hondale, N. M., in which she writes:

"I wonder if you would care to hear from a truant, who ran away from her work. I just couldn't help it. I was so tired of sick people, and being penned up in an office, and the noise, and confusion of the city, and the mad rush of the people after money, honor and pleasure, that I wanted to get away from all of it, and just be quiet and do as I pleased, for a while.

"I learned of the Mimbres Valley, came here, bought out a relinquishment, and established myself in two small weather-beaten shacks, with a great big out-of-doors around me. The nearest neighbor is half a mile away. I can see the earth and sky meet all about me, with fringes of mountains on all sides. The altitude is 4200 feet. We have fine, cold, soft water and pure fresh air, even in the hottest summer weather.

"At first the days seemed too long, especially the afternoons, and often I did not see a person for several days, but I became accustomed to being alone. I never felt the least bit afraid. I often wonder why, as I look back now.

"For the first three months I went to bed at dusk, and sun-up found me ready to rise. The nights are cool, almost all summer, and cold in winter. I brought with me from California two goat kids, three New Zealand rabbits and a Scotch collie. Laddie is a very intelligent dog, and understands much that I say to him. He goes with me almost everywhere I go, and as I have a pony and buggy I drive about quite a bit.

"I had to make my own rabbit hutches, and mend the goat fence, and the barbed-wire fences, and repair the gates. It was new work for me and I was nervous, and the boards were old, and weather-hardened, and it was difficult to drive in the nails and staples. I hammered my fingers and tore my hands and clothes on the barbed wire and mesquite thorns, and crawled under the barbed-wire fences and got caught on the barbs of the wire. But I have learned how to hammer a nail or staple in the hardwood easily now, and to mend the wire fences and gates skillfully, and my clothes don't look so ragged and full of holes as they did.

"I soon found rabbits and goats did not pay here. I had to keep them penned up and could not get the food they required. I could not raise rabbits and eat them, for they are the dearest, most innocent pets one can find, so I disposed of the goats and rabbits, and bought a cow and two heifers and turned them out in the pasture with the pony. I also bought and raised chickens. I have thirty hens now, all young but one, and you should see the eggs I gather. I sell ten dozen a week, besides what I use.

"We are about thirty-five miles from the border of Mexico, and thirty miles from Columbus. I live two miles from the tiny railroad station of Hondale, and twelve and one-half miles southwest of Deming, on the Southern Pacific.

"I draw water for the stock and domestic use from a well forty-eight feet to water, with a two-bucket and pulley arrangement. The cattle drink a lot of water in this hot weather. Drawing water this way strengthens arms and shoulders, and straightens the spine. At first, some of the muscles in one wrist would be sprained, then in the other, or in one shoulder, then the other, but I just kept on drawing water until the muscles grew strong.

"As you see, I am not taking a rest cure, lying down and eating 'rich, nourishing food.' I wasn't built that way. When I came I wanted to be outside much of the time, and I knew that the best way to do that was to have work that called me outside. The farmers here are all so busy that you can't hire one to do anything for you. So it was help yourself, and I did so.

"This valley was unfortunate in its first settlers. They were not farmers, knew nothing of irrigation, and could not make a living here, so proved up their land and left. Thousands of acres are lying idle and mar the valley with tumbled-down shacks, windmills and remains of wire fences. One can't raise crops here without irrigating. Fuel oil is expensive, and few men are mechanical enough to run a pumping plant, so only a few of the original homesteaders remain. They raise corn, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, with a few Irish potatoes, cabbage, beans, melons, cantaloupes and onions. All vegetables grow here and are of fine flavor. Alfalfa does well, but requires so much water that little is grown. It needs so much more water to irrigate a few acres here and there, than it would if all of the land were irrigated.

"All of the settlers raise their own meat—beef, veal, pork and chickens. Most of them help out the living by selling butter, eggs and their surplus of meat.

"I have grown so strong and well that I am getting anxious to go back to California to my work again. I miss the California fruit and vegetables. One of my friends, Mrs. Barlow of Riverside, Cal., sent me a big box of oranges. It was the most welcome gift that I ever received.

"I have given in my final proof to the land office (by commuting) and will have the patent to my quarter section in a few months, so I am planning to be back in California late this fall or early in winter."

* * *

Alcohol and Crime.

POLICE statistics tending to show a reduction of crime since the advent of prohibition were issued in Chicago by the board of temperance prohibition and public morals of the Methodist Episcopal church.

From June 30, 1918, to June 30, 1919, the year just preceding prohibition, 3624 persons were arrested in Louisville, Ky., on a charge of drunkenness. In the succeeding year, under prohibition, only 412 arrests were made on this charge.

When you can't get liquor—unless you are rich—there must necessarily be less arrests for drunkenness. Besides, drunkenness is not a crime.

However, the effects of "bootleg" and "home brew" liquors are far worse than those that follow the consumption of matured beverages.

If there has been any decrease in crime since prohibition went into effect, the newspapers must be telling some tall lies.

* * *

Living.

"EIGHTY-SIX years is long enough for any man to live—if he can't see enough of this world in that time, there is something wrong with him and he should get out."

This was what Andrew Larson told Chicago police, who picked him up in a dying condition. He had severed arteries in his wrist, and died a few hours after being removed to the County Hospital.

It all depends how you live, and what you call "living." With many, it is merely existing.

One who really knows how to live finds joy in life up to the end.

* * *

Belonged to a Trust.

GUY OYSTER, the brilliant secretary of Samuel Gompers, was discussing a labor dispute.

"The chief," he said, "is very tolerant, very liberal. He is firm in his own views, but he seldom attacks those who conscientiously differ from him.

"The chief is religious. He believes in the strict observance of the Sabbath. Once he lived opposite a wealthy asbestos manufacturer whose family carried on uproariously every Sunday—poker, cocktails, dancing, champagne, and so forth.

"But the only notice the chief ever took of all this Sabbath desecration was to smile tolerantly and say:

"'Dear me, they must have a great deal of faith in their asbestos.'"

* * *

Dietetic Facts and Fancies.

A NEW book on diet by Dr. Axel Emil Gibson is "Dietetic Facts and Fancies in 'Health Foods'" (published by the author, Bradbury Building, Los Angeles.) It consists of articles contributed by the author to medical and other magazines.

Dr. Gibson received this appreciation from Luther Burbank:

"I have received from time to time various magazines containing your very interesting articles—articles that go to the very foundation of things, and should be read by every human being who cares for himself or others. . . .

"I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude, not only personally, but for the good you have done in these articles, placing the facts so squarely before the people."

In his preface the author says:

"A mixture of acids and starches, of sugar, cream and cereals, of milk with meat, will give rise to reactions in terms of alcohol and alkaloids, which by charging the system with poisons, weaken our vital powers of resistance, and sooner or later bring upon us physiological collapse. Ruskin was right: 'We realize what we suffer, but not always what we lose.' The silent leakages of our constitutional reserves, if allowed to continue their sapping influence will, before we realize it, pass beyond the limit of repair and restoration."

Among the subjects of the eighteen articles are the failure of the calories; food mixtures; error of bran for constipation; meat eating; acid-free diet; the "bulgarized" milk and the yeast follies; coffee and honey.

* * *

Being a Hero.

SUPERINTENDENT WAYNE B. WHEELER of the Anti-Saloon League said in a Washington interview:

"As their stocks disappear, rich drinkers find it more and more difficult to replenish them. Occasionally they succeed in getting a case of Bordeaux or champagne and the labels on this wine will be all right, but the wine itself—oh, my!

"A Washington millionaire was entertaining an English guest to dinner. A bottle of champagne was served, and the millionaire said gaily:

"'What do you think of this stuff, my lord? Not bad, is it?'

"'No,' said the Englishman; 'no, not—er—very.'"

* * *

Another Insomnia Cure.

THERE are hundreds of "sure cures" for insomnia, as there are for sea sickness. A few of them relieve light cases, but none of them cure.

Insomnia is mainly due to gas pressure on the nerve centers. You cannot get restful sleep until you get rid of the gas. The gas is due to fermentation of food. This fermentation is caused by dietetic errors—by eating too much, or too quickly, or too often, by eating indigestible food, or food in wrong combinations.

However, here is another contribution to the library of insomnia cures. It is from "Peeps at People," by Robert Cortes Holliday:

"For years I was a great sufferer from insomnia. At one time this dread scourge had so fastened its terrible fangs upon me that I could scarcely walk. My body became one mass of sleeplessness; I tried many remedies, but without avail, and my friends had all given me up for dead, when by chance, from a mere acquaintance, I heard of this great cure, which I would recommend to all who are afflicted as I was.

"I remember with horror the tortures I used to endure in agony, as I tossed to and fro on the hot pillow, going over in my fevered mind interminably the formulas of the so-called reliefs from this peerless disease. An unconscionable number of times I numbered a round of sheep over a stile. I counted up to ten, over and over again; and then up to fifteen, and then twenty, twenty-five, thirty, fifty, only to craze myself with the thought of the futility of this lunacy. I heard my dollar watch tick on the dresser until in madness I arose and placed it on the restraining pad of a clothes brush. I heard the clock in the next room relentlessly tell the passing hours; I heard a neighboring public clock follow it through the watches of the night. I heard my happy neighbor snore. I heard the sound of rats near by, and the creaking of floors, and the voice of the wind. I tried bathing my feet before going to bed.

DR. RUDOLPH H. GERBER

Has removed his office to 1143 So. Manhattan Place. Phone West 4461. Practice limited to functional ailments of the nerves and inner organs. (Headaches, Neuritis, Insomnia, Nervous Prostration, Indigestion, Epilepsy, etc.)

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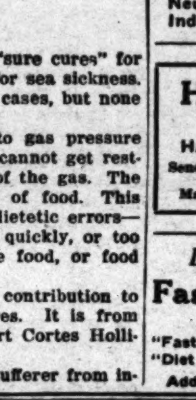

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Taos Indians—The Proudest Redskins Alive.

BY GEORGE LAW.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY AUTHOR.

IN THE north of New Mexico beside a rushing mountain stream stand the two many-storied communal houses of the Taos Indians, swarming with a life as true to its own tradition and as strange to us as though Spanish conquests and American civilization had never subdued the Southwest wilderness. These irregular pyramids of adobe, rising from a broad ground floor in uneven terraces to a single pinnacled dwelling, are kept in a continual state of repair and useableness. The only structures crumbling in Taos are an outer rampart of adobe wall and the old mission church, in whose demolition American cannon played an important part.

The Taos Indians were a factor to reckon with as friends or foes in the early days of trade and settlement along the old Santa Fe trail. They maintained their rights and independence by force or diplomacy. They often assisted both Mexicans and Americans in campaigns against the Comanches, Kiowas and other mauraders of the mountains and plains. But, whereas these latter redskins have shared the fate of the buffalo, the people of the Taos pueblo still maintain a flourishing community, provident and industrious as always, keeping to themselves, preserving their native dress and manners and maintaining the religion and government of their forefathers. They are a virulent, resourceful, self-sufficient people, without doubt the proudest redskins alive.

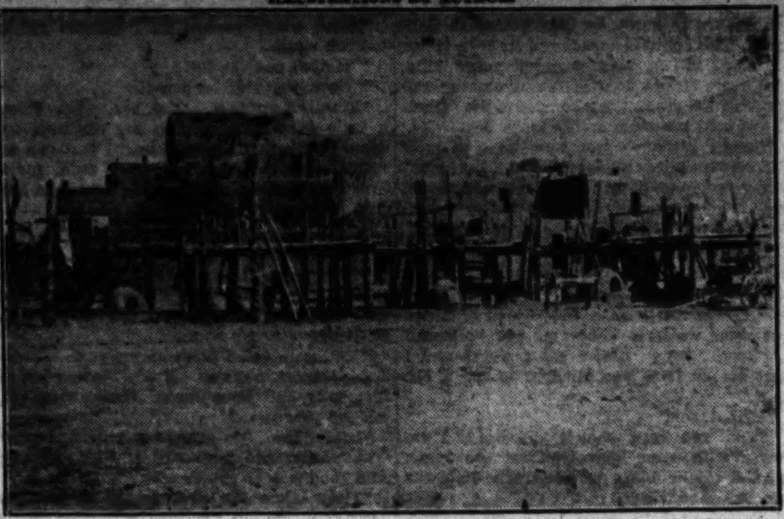
Probably their environment is largely responsible for their conservatism. Taos Valley, though somewhat settled by Mexicans and Americans, is remote and isolated. There are three ways in and out; but only the long, rough grade from the Rio Grande River and railroad up the bold rocky wall of the Arroyo Hondo affords a practical route for communication and commerce with the outer world.

Scene of Col. Price's Exploit in Quelling Insurrection of 1847.

MY FIRST view of the valley was from the summit of the Picuris divide to the south from that historic United States hill over which Col. Price dragged his little army with four Howitzers through the deep snows in January, 1847, to quell the Taos Insurrection. The spacious roundish valley is hemmed in by severe mountains and cleft through the middle by the dark ominous-looking Arroyo Hondo. Westward beyond this gash are black hills and precipices of lava, and, more distantly, the wooded heights above Ojo Caliente. There I could make out a streak of smoke and the snake of a train as it climbed the far wall, looked fleetingly upon Taos Valley and wound off into the hills. Northward are the dusky mountains of Tierra Amarilla dominated by the flat dome of Cerro de San Antonio. It is a region from which one expects to see a murderous band of Comanches issue forth, as happened in 1766 and divers other times—a perfect original of the pasteboard setting of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Then east the towering Taos Sierra, upward 13,000, saw-edged, steep, stern—brightly mottled by patches of frosted oaks and aspens among the pines, like handsome Jerre Mirabal in the pueblo below painstakingly adorned and painted for the commonest of days.

It is said that Taos blood contains a sprinkling of Comanche and Apache. This, too, may have something to do with their stern character, distinctive among Pueblos. It was to Taos that Pope, the San Juan chieftain, came for his support in instigating the Pueblo Rebellion in 1680; and from Taos the wildfire of independence spread compellingly to every pueblo. During the Mexican war the Taos Indians were divided in their allegiance. Instigated by Mexicans, they went on the warpath against the new conquerors. Gov. Bent, who happened to be in the town of Fernandez de Taos, was killed and scalped; the entire American residence quota was massacred. But the Taos Indians had to pay heavily and dearly for this unwonted outrage. Their village was stormed by United States troops a few days later; more than one hundred and fifty Indians were killed, while Tomas, their leader, and a number of others suffered later the extreme penalty of the law.

The last flourishing of tommyhawk and war paint in Taos occurred in 1910; but this was largely a product of newspaper fiction. From Lorenzo Martinez, a well educated but conservative Taos leader, I learned the inside particulars of this story. It seems that some white land-seekers, questioning the rights of the Taos Indians to a tract of land at some distance from the pueblo, acted upon the nine-tenths of the law axiom and took possession. So when the Indian farmers arrived to put in their spring crops they found the land fenced, board shacks erected and white families moved in. Always careful to avoid legal entanglements, the Indians let the whites alone and went back to the pueblo. They were advised, however, as the time for planting was rapidly passing, to return, carefully lower the wires and go about their work as usual. This they did, being cautious not to go near the houses. Thereupon the poachers wired the Governor that their lives and homes were being threatened by Indians and to send troops at once. A captain of militia and the Indian attorney hastened to Taos. They went first to the pueblo, where they were kindly received by the Indians and shown the old deed to the land given to them by the Spaniards in the long ago. Thereupon the captain rode out to the scene of trouble and told the poachers in plain language that if they did not get out at once he would have his troops throw them out!



Taos is foremost as an example of unmodified Pueblo architecture. Both practical and artistic, this style lends itself readily to modern adaptation.

Taos Always a Peace-loving People—Never Fought Unless on Defense.

GOING on the warpath has never been a habit with the Indians of Taos. On the contrary, they have always loved peace, and it was to gain an ally against the hostile Comanches, who had a fondness for raiding Taos, that they encouraged Mexicans to settle in their expansive valley. But the Taos people cling desperately to their own institutions; they are conservative, self-sufficient and proud. The progress and institutions of the superior race, about which they are well informed, do not disturb them. They have come in contact with a white element which causes them to see that material aggrandizement is often paid for in manhood. Moreover, the complexity and artificiality of civilization seem to them unessential and irrelevant to the business of living. Juan Bernal in his fine integrity of character—the fruit of years of self-restraint and meditation—looks down upon certain white men whose chores by brunt of circumstance he is compelled to do.

The Taos men are distinguishable from the men of other pueblos by several outward signs. They practice parting their hair in the middle and wrapping it in two braids carried in front of the shoulders. They are never seen without blankets—never, at any rate, in the vicinity of their pueblo. In summer white muslin shrouds take the place of the fancy woolen blankets of other seasons. They are ghostlike objects as they glide noiselessly about in the night, sheeted from head to foot except for a small face slit. It is a marvel how they manage on horseback to make their sheets cling to them. A negro grandfather seeing a band of Taos horsemen approaching in the dusk would surely believe that his fate was to be sealed, after all, by the Ku Klux Klan.

Tribal Tradtions Are Strong Against All Rumor of Innovation.

THE Taos Indians buy some articles of American clothing, but they alter them to suit native fashion. Moreover, it is against Taos law to appear in foreign clothes. A youth who had become somewhat of a dandy while away at school thought he would test the authority of the town elders. Accordingly he appeared in a natty American suit. Shortly he was arrested by a lieutenant-governor, tried before the junta and heavily fined. Thereupon he cut the uppers off the trousers and hitched the legs to his waist by cords, Indian style; he tore off the soles and heels of his shoes and sewed on rawhide. Then he reappeared. But he was again arrested and arraigned before the Taos court. He displayed the "improvements," but the conservatives were not satisfied and fined him again. After that he either put a flap to his trouser legs or donned buckskins, I did not hear which.

Some newlyweds, also recently from school, decided to have a fine, large glass window in their suite of rooms. So they enlarged the primitive porthole and plastered in an American casing. When the deed was brought to the attention of the elders the couple was fined and ordered to restore the opening to its original form. Other ordinances proscribe stoves and American furniture; the women must wear skirts of considerable length and never be seen without shawls; the men are required to wear blankets within the precincts of the pueblo, regardless of the inconvenience when engaged in work. During a certain forty-five days of each year the use of wagons is prohibited. Disregard of these and many other regulations intended to save Taos tradition and custom from decay is punished with fines collected by the village potentates—"nothing but petty graft!"—the school-teacher assured me; a primitive compliment to our own highly developed system. Such members of Taos pueblo as insist upon having windows, stoves and other harmless innovations get around the law by building new houses on the outskirts of the village.

High Degree of Intelligence Marks the Taos Tribe.

IN THE physiogmy of Taos Indians there is something distinctive—not of feature, but of expression. They have remarkably intelligent, even civilized, faces. They differ in looks as widely as do white people. Indeed, cut their hair and whiten their skins and you have doctors, lawyers, preachers, merchants, farmers, students, artists, reprobates—as distinguished by facial characteristics in the civilized fold. Certainly Indian draws near to Caucasian here. The secret of this likeness, I think, lies in the equally complete participation of mind and senses in the relations of life—the Indians' on a lower plane to be sure, but none the less active.

This, too, helps to account for the pride of these people. Abreast of themselves, comprehending their life, means adjusted to ends in a way to secure happiness, of keen natural insight, practical in their ethics, however erroneous their scheme of things, they are independent in spirit and strive to remain so in spite of failing material resources.

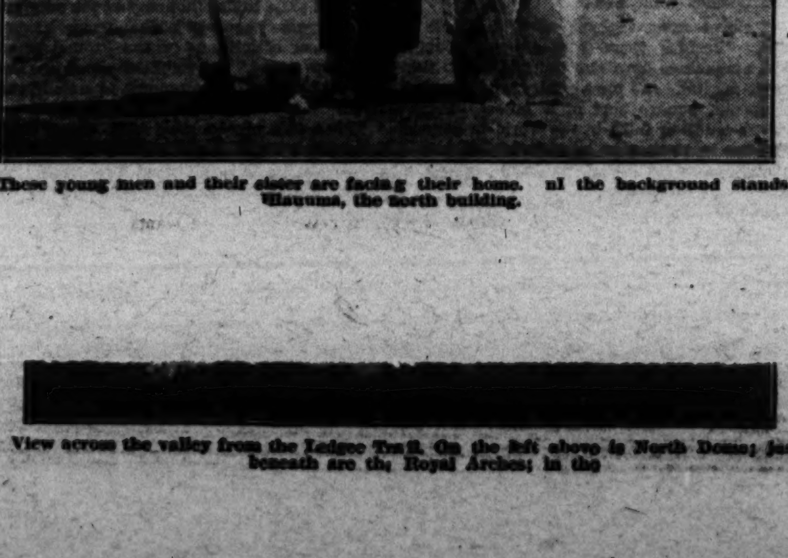
Taos was first visited by the Spaniards in 1540. Since then its population has dwindled from several thousand to five hundred. Early in the seventeenth century the Spanish mission of San Geronimo was established. But the Christian religion has always been a farce with the Indians of Taos. The several gala days in conjunction with the Mexican settlement receive but frivolous attention from the Indians. They hold relay races—hard to get head or tail of—and Indian clowns cut capers and make ludicrous attempts to climb a greased pole; there is a dance of blanketed figures on the fiesta eve. But their serious ceremonies are held in the secrecy of the estufas or high up in the glades of the spruce forests.

The Taos Indians take their own life with an intense seriousness. Difficult is it indeed for ethnologists to pry into their sacred institutions. The important religious offices are filled by men who have been disciplined by the fasts and solitudes of the underground estufas. When a picture is taken of him the Indian inclines to feel that he has lost something. How much more must he feel this when the sacred traditions and observances by which he lives and dies are exposed to the curiosity of a foreign unsympathetic people. So parting with their secrets, either for love or money, goes against Taos grain. Ethnologists and other investigators have been asked to leave the village; some things friendship has elicited; but of the inner life of Taos little is known.

Live Isolated From Other Pueblos and Mud-Thrown Business.

TAOS has but slight intercourse with the other publos. Its life is self-contained in the extreme. Sandia and Isleta, likewise Tigua villages, are too far off for the maintenance of tribal relations—that is the excuse at least; but the real cause of alienation lies in hats, cook stoves, Roman Catholic pictures, intermarriage with Mexicans and other signs of moderniazations. Picuris, another pueblo of the same tribe, lies

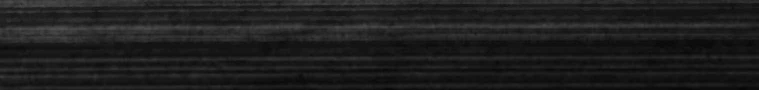
(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.)



These young men and their sister are facing their home. In the background stands Hlaumma, the north building.

with you.

You will notice this year's cones, too, which are still hanging on the trees. In fact, they are only half-grown by June or July, although some of them have reached



View across the valley from the Ledges Trail. On the left above is North Dome; just beneath are the Royal Arches; in the

again. If you rush over it you will tire yourself out and fail to see the beauty it has in store for those who seek, and you will go away in the belief that it is the most

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN.)

CALIFORNIA'S INTEREST IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Continued from Page 3)

esteem and appreciation in which he is held in Ecuador.

For several days preceding his leaving, the most elaborate affairs were arranged in his honor by government and municipal bodies, clubs and societies. The streets flaunted bunting and flags; and the day he embarked, a military cortege, preceded and followed by brass bands, civic bodies, double lines of automobiles, carriages, gentlemen on horseback, and the populace, marched down the broad Octubre Nueve to the dock to bid him farewell. From the landing, his launch was convoyed by government boats through a lane of river craft of every description, ranging from yachts to Indian dugouts, dressed in flags or bright bits of Indian weave, sailors and soldiers standing at attention, the people with bared heads, their gaze following in rapt admiration the figure of their benefactor as he stood upon the deck of the passing craft. Slowly, it drew away from shore. But for the lapping of the water alongside there was a deep, throbbing silence hanging in the soft tropical air; and then—with the turning of the tide, when the sea recedes and the great ships swing around at their anchors to meet the rushing current of the Rio Guayaquil, the silence was burst asunder with a deafening blast of ships' whistles and an answering scream of the fire sirens and bombs ashore, the dull booming of cannon and the measured fire of rifle volleys.

People are Kindly Disposed Toward United States.

ECUADOR likes American efficiency. It likes the spirit of Americanism—the 100 per cent-plus kind. In the Palacio de la Biblioteca, at Guayquil, they have given prominence to some framed pictures presented to them by our government, showing the signers of our Declaration of Independence, with a history of each appended, and a translation of the same in Spanish. Traffic patterns after our practice of turning to the right, unlike most Latin-American countries who have taken most of their ideas from Europe. The bands and orchestras, and there are many excellent ones, play the pieces familiar to American ears, and our national airs are usually played at every concert. One versed in Latin-American psychology places a significance to these "straws in the wind." We are endeavoring to replace with our goods the merchandise of countries who have been past masters at the art of giving heed to the little characteristics of these southern countries. Who have gone to infinite pains to introduce their music, their mannerisms, their etiquette, as far as their judgment told them was advisable to go. And further, their past successes were not based upon the superiority of their article, their low selling prices, nor their salesmanship—but upon an understanding and appreciation of the Latin-American's viewpoint. It requires sympathy to assimilate this kind of knowledge, but until America acquires it her goods will not be given a preference, that is for long.

"What are the opportunities in South America?" is a question addressed to me by people in every station of life, professional men, business men and artisans. I have seen this question answered many times by writers of articles on South America, and I am regretfully compelled to reply in the same vein! At present there are no openings for the individual. It is true that by sheer force of ability and courage, one might make his opportunity, but there are so many who have come to misfortune venturing and are now "combing the beaches" that the unaccredited stranger is looked upon with suspicion as being an adventurer—a soldier of fortune.

THESE countries are teeming with their own people anxious for an opportunity to work—and at a wage an American would not consider. In the professions, their own universities are turning out annually a quota sufficient to fill the requirements, and many are being educated in the United States or Europe.

But these are wonderful countries, rich beyond the dreams of avarice in undevelopd possibilities, with incomparable climate—and making their legitimate appeal to the venturesome and ambitious American. Will they be denied? Is there a practical solution of the problem?

I am in position to say that there is a way that this problem may be solved—our trade guaranteed in Latin-America, and our people given an opportunity to share in the development of these virgin lands.

The government of Ecuador is now considering a plan to open her country to American colonization; vast tracts of fertile land suitable for stock raising, grain, cotton, coffee, tobacco, sugar cane, fruits, cocoanuts, etc., etc., in various provinces where each may be grown to advantage. With American colonies there will be opportunities for the doctor, dentist, artisan, as well as the farmer and merchant.

But will these plans come to fruition? Or will Italy and Germany and England—all of whom are now striving to attain this very thing—be given precedence?

Trade Opportunities Are Almost Unlimited in This Region.

CALIFORNIA must answer this question. New York, busy with her multivarious affairs, has given scant heed to the possibilities of the West Coast in this respect. Possibly, having always had a direct water intercourse with South America on the Atlantic side, the people have lulled themselves into a condition of indifference. Ecuador may be too small for wise, old New York; but it isn't too small for Californians. And what may be accomplished in Ecuador can also be done in Colombia, Peru, Bolivia and Chile.

Ecuador is going to invite California to participate in the development of her country. She is going to give California a chance to sell her machinery, power plants, rails, street cars, merchandise of every kind and description; the thousand and one things she needs.

Necessarily there is a reservation to this. One must understand the economic condition of Ecuador to fully appreciate it. Her national debt, external and internal, is quite insignificant — and yet it is embarrassing. With her marvelous mineral and timber lands, her wonderful stretches of oil fields, her agricultural lands once developed, even partially, her present difficulties will vanish and she can take her rightful position in the world of commerce.

Ecuador is nearer New York than Los Angeles—by steamer; three days from Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, in comparison to fifteen to thirty days from San Pedro to Balboa.

Cities are Clean and Modern in Every Respect.

QUITO, the capital, is an inland city situated about 9000 feet above sea level, with a growing population of 90,000; Guayaquil, of about the same population, is the principal port, on the banks of the Rio Guayaquil something like nine hours' ride up from the sea. Both are clean and sanitary and well ordered cities, ambitious to better themselves. Quito has outgrown her present electric light system and is seeking to install a hydroelectric plant to be operated by the municipality; Guayaquil has outgrown her present dockage system and requires modern wharves, a new municipal palace, street car system. The capitals and chief cities of the various provinces are in need of sewage systems, water, electric light and power plants, ice plants, transportation facilities, and other improvements. Some of these places have adjacent waterfalls capable of supplying enormous power. The government has projected a railroad from the capital, Quito, to the northern border of the country, which will shorten the time to the Canal Zone by twenty-four hours; but her finances will not permit her to complete it.

In 1919 New York agreed to finance Ecuador to the extent of $50,000,000, but Europe and our East offered a better field for immediate returns, and New York withdrew from her bargain.

So Ecuador would like to know what California will do for her in return for the big things she can do for California.

Our present administration is starting with the confidence of the Central and South American governments and their people. Americans know that there is going to be no vacillating policy in regard to foreign affairs and investments by this present administration, that an American's vigor will be ... welcomed ...

And California can sell her merchandise and machinery to Ecuador; Californians can construct her railroads, her public utilities, docks, harbor improvements, etc., etc.; and Californians can ... country in the world.

And the whole solution is as simple as it is equitable, and may be summed up in one word—Reciprocity.

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THE HOSPITALITY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

BY C. D. M.

THERE are more than a quarter of a million strangers in Paris all the time, and though diverse in religious belief, different in political creed and strange in habit and life, each foreigner is welcomed with such hospitality, that he feels a proprietorship in the city after a week's stay. He feels welcome, he enjoys the visit, he tarries longer than he expected, he comes again.

There is a great colony of Turks who have spent most of their lives in Paris, and in spite of war will die there. Many Russians are still left, with their splendid churches, hotels and societies, as much at home as in Russia. Scores of thousands of Italians, Spanish, English, Austrian, Dutch, American, sojourners are here. No other city on earth could entertain the whole world at four universal expositions within half a century and stand the strain upon its hospitality and purse—for probably on each occasion there was financial loss. The city is, in truth, a continual world's exposition in itself, with its world's market and crowds of visitors of all nations.

No other city offers such free public entry to all its galleries, museums, parks and public buildings. It is the everyday sight in the Louvre and other great art galleries to see the bonnetless servant girl and the humblest garcon viewing the pictures and sculptures, and admiring the splendid rooms and jewels and historic relics. The French government, in city and state, believes that those who cannot afford to pay a franc for admission, are just the ones who need most to see them as an education in loyalty and love of their own city, which offers such eminent advantages in comparison with the rest of the world. And you see, therefore, in the people themselves, an appreciation of their own city and land, which prevents emigration to other lands and a contentment with their surroundings seldom seen in other cities.

This makes them more ready and able to make the sojourn of the stranger among them agreeable and attractive. For the fact that fewer emigrants leave France than any other country, proportionately, and that more who do leave it return to it, is an unanswerable proof of their contentment at home. Such a land is always attractive to travelers.

At the Metro (underground railway) station one afternoon in the rush for tickets, you give for a fare a 25-centime piece which is imperfect. You have just received it at another Metro station, and speaking French poorly it is difficult to know just what the difficulty is. Before you can do so, or get another coin from your pocket, a big, good-natured Parisian pays your fare and pushes you forward, with a side remark to others, "He is a stranger." Anything and everything for the stranger seems to be the spirit of the real Parisian and, as an example of it, in the Sorbonne, with its 12,000 students, one-third of whom are from foreign lands, the strangers are ever first in the consideration of both native students and professors. Such monuments as the Alexander Bridge, one of the most beautiful of existing bridges, built to commemorate an alliance with Russia, with scores of such memorials throughout the city, in stone, or marble, or bronze, evidence the fraternal and hospitable spirit of the city. Also the hundreds of lovely gold and silver medals in the mint are a wonderful evidence of the hospitable regard of the French toward other nations.

And the reason for this spirit is found, not only in the native Gallic disposition — the happy nature which desires to please and make others happy—but it is the hereditary spirit of Paris as a city.

The foremost savant in French lore says that "The Twelve Masters of Paris," played (in the twelfth century) a role in medieval poetry analagous to that of the "Seven Sages" in ancient Greece, and that for its cosmopolitan character the city was chiefly indebted to its university and its yearly world's fair; for to the university flocked thousands of students of all nations, and to its great "Fore du Lendit" each June, held in the plain twixt Paris and St. Denis (a suburb,) came visitors from every country of Europe.

The care of the stranger is thus easy and natural, and a striking element in Parisian life today. This spirit of hospitality has been vastly increased in modern times, especially in the last six years, when the World War filled the city to repletion each day with world visitors, military and civilian.

The ease with which Paris absorbs into itself a half-million strangers is the marvel of the age, and an object lesson for other great municipalities. Paris stays at home more than any other great city and so entertains more strangers than any other city.

Homer Folks, who recently returned from an American Red Cross mission to Europe, has become something of a prophet. The new French census taken by the government during a single day all over France, and announced this week, shows a population of 36,100,000. In his recent book, "The Human Costs of the War," Mr. Folks estimated the present population of France as 36,280,000. It was while securing the material for a portion of his book that he studied France at first-hand and it was this knowledge which enabled him to estimate a figure so close to the one determined by actual count. The only available official figure at his disposal was the pre-war population of France, which was 39,500,000. "The Human Costs of the War" gives an astonishing picture of how children have fared and are faring in seven or eight of the countries most affected. Mr. Folks knows his facts from long personal visits.

In order to stimulate a deeper interest in the effective use of English, Grenville Kleiser offers a prize of $100 for the best list of fifty prose similes, selected from standard authors.

The contest is open to anyone, and the conditions are as follows:

Similes will be judged for their clearness, dignity, and significance.

A simile may be short or long, but must be complete in itself.

Sources should not be given.

A contestant may submit as many lists as desired.

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THE POTTERS

by J. P. McEvoy

Taking the Baby's Picture.

PROLOGUE.

One of the disadvantages of growing up is having to look at pictures of yourself taken in the nude at a small and tender age . . . surely, I never looked like that, say you in dismay, and almost you could persuade yourself to believe it except for the damning evidence . . . every father owes it to his children never to allow a picture to be taken of them sitting in a wash bowl or lying prone on their appetites with nothing to cover them but the mantle of charity . . . if the individual parents will not do their duty, then an organization should be formed, a committee appointed, resolutions drawn up, and an amendment to the Constitution drafted and railroaded through Congress . . . also a drive for funds should be started—by all means a drive for funds.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees at thy hands no Drive for Funds begun.

SCENE I.—Reception Room,, Photographer's Studio.

(Seated in various states of unrest around the room are (1) a Flapper with a Bobbed Mane; (2) an Old Girl who wishes now she had bobbed hers before she had her picture taken; (3) a Mother with the Bride's Proofs held tightly in an angry hand, and (4) an Actor . . . a regular honesttogawd Movie Actor . . . O, girls . . . The reason for the unrest is Ma Potter, who has an appointment and who is late, naturally.)

FLAPPER: I don't see why I gotta wait;
I wish he'd hurry . . . I gotta date.

OLD GIRL: Are them your proofs?—please let me see.
(Looks them over.)
I wisht he'd a done those kind for me;
I think I'll have mine bobbed off short—
My friends all tell me I really ort.

FLAPPER: Maybe you'll like it and maybe you won't;
Some girls do and some girls don't . . .
You won't know which till it's too darn late . . .
I wish he'd hurry . . . I gotta date.

MOTHER *(talking to herself:)*
They ought to be good, to look at the bill,
I'll tell him a thing or two, I will.
He says he's good . . . well, we shall see . . .

OLD GIRL *(to Flapper:)*
I wisht he'd a done those kind for me.
D'ye think I'm tall to wear mine short?
My mother says that I hadn't ort,
But some girls look so cute like that.
If they ain't too tall or they ain't to fat,
I think I'll try it, at any rate . . .

FLAPPER: I wisht he'd hurry . . . I gotta date.

OLD GIRL *(spying actor:)*
Lookit over there.
With the black curly hair

FLAPPER: Where? where?

OLD GIRL: Sitting over there . . .

FLAPPER *(admiringly:)*
Isn't he the berries! Isn't he a bear!
I betcha he's an actor . . . He is looking over here . . .

OLD GIRL *(jubilantly:)*
I seen him in the movie . . . he was just too dear.

MOTHER *(still talking to herself:)*
He says this fuzzy finish is new,
But it don't suit me, and I'll tell him so, too.

(Enter Ma Potter and Mamie, bringing the Baby to be photographed. The little darling is all dressed up like a Christmas tree and has a disposition like a cat on a vegetarian diet.)

MA *(to Attendant:)*

And what a cunnin' lil' baby.

I thought that we never would get over here—
I hope that we're not very late, my dear.

ATTENDANT *(lying beautifully:)*
O, not at all . . . step right in now;
The photographer's waiting.

BABY: WOW . . . WOW . . . WOW

(Ma, Mamie and the Baby exit into)—

SCENE II.—The Photographer's Studio.

Looks like one of those rich bachelor's apartments in the movies . . . soundproof carpets, oriental rugs, elegant vases, swooning with orchids and Russian statice . . . Ma is visibly impressed; she doesn't know she'll find it all in the bill later . . . Photographer approaches, rubbing his hands and purring audibly.)

PHOTOGRAPHER *(with the professional ooze:)*
My DEAR Mrs. Potter, and Miss Potter, I presume? . . . and what a cunnin lil baby. And this is the baby whose photograph we're going to make this afternoon? How lovely. I'm sure we shall have a perfectly splendid time.
(Don't be too sure.)
Now won't you put the little darling over here . . . That's the way . . . will he stay quiet there a minute?
(Will he stay quiet anywhere a minute? Laughter.)
There—isn't that cute? . . . I hope he'll stay . . .
Now wait just a minute . . . no, not that way.

"That's the way. Now there it comes."

Here, just like that . . . now, don't move, now.

MA: I'd better hold him.

BABY: WOW . . . WOW . . . WOW

MAMIE: Suppose I hold him up straight, this way?
(to Baby) Stop your wiggling . . . stop it, I say.

(Photographer crawls into the back of his machine . . . the Baby stops crying and wiggling—this is something new and must be investigated.)

PHOTOGRAPHER *(emerging:)*
Now, there, that's perfect . . . if he'll just hold that . . . suppose I tell a little story . . . *(to Baby* Does him like stories? . . . Does him know the story of the GREAT BIG BEAR with the GREAT BIG VOICE who had a GREAT BIG CHAIR? *(Baby listens round-eyed)* . . . Well, there is the GREAT BIG CHAIR, and one day the GREAT BIG BEAR came in and says in his GREAT BIG VOICE, "DO YOU KNOW BABY POTTER? WELL, WELL, WELL . . . WHEN HE COMES IN TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN LET HIM SIT IN MY GREAT BIG CHAIR." And then he went right out that door *(Baby looks at door)* and if you watch — real — close — you — may — see — him — come — back *(snaps picture.)*
There, we got one of them, anyway.

BABY: *discovering he's been bunkoed:)*
WOW WOW WOW . . . I wanta

"You're sure you'll be done in a week?"

bear.

MAMIE: Now, wasn't that cute? I'll say that's cute.
I bet that picture will be a little beaut!

MA *(to Baby:)*
Get away from those flowers . . . let go that vase.
If you don't watch the child he'll be tearing up the place.
(BLAM! BLAM! . . . WOW . . . WOW . . . WOW)
(to Mamie:) I told you to watch him. Just lookit that. now.

MAMIE: Doggone that kid.
Just lookit what he did—
He'd drive one wild.

PHOTOGRAPHER:
O, he's just a little child.
(to Baby:) Him meant all right, him's a good boy now.

BABY: WOW WOW WOW . . .
WOW WOW WOW.

PHOTOGRAPHER *(making a mental note to include the cost of the vase in the bill:)*
Let's try him again . . . *(to Baby)* See the little fairy looking in the window? . . . that's right, go right over and see him . . . there he is; can't you see him? His name is EEPH-A-SOPH-A-LOPH-US, and he has a little brother named EEPH-A-SOPH-A-LID, and they live on the top of the Public Library in a bookworm's nest with three gentlemen ladybugs—there goes Eephasophalid now (Baby peers earnestly out of window. If you move you'll scare him . . . One . . . two . . . three . . .
(snaps picture.)
There, that's another. *(to Baby:)* What's that on the floor—no, over there . . . see, it's coming over here . . . here you are, come on . . . get down on the floor and you can see it better . . . That's the way . . . now there it comes around the chair *(Baby waits breathlessly on all fours.)* There it comes . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . . *(snaps picture)* that's fine . . . . (to Ma) Now if you'll come in in about a week I will have some proofs to show you.

MA *(surprised:)*
Do we have to wait a week? I thought we'd see 'em now.

BABY *(disgustedly:)*
WOW WOW WOW . . .
WOW WOW WOW

(Ma and Mamie assemble the Baby's accessories and get ready to go.)

MA: I know they'll be grand—in a week, did you say?

PHOTOGRAPHER *(suavely:)*
I'm sure they'll be lovely . . . one week . . . good day.

MAMIE: A week, did you say?

PHOTOGRAPHER:
Yes, a week . . . good day.

MAMIE: You're sure they'll be done in a week, you say?

PHOTOGRAPHER:
Proofs in a week . . . yes, yes . . . good day.

MA: Good-by . . . take the baby . . . in a week? . . . this way?

PHOTOGRAPHER *(bowing 'em out:)*
This way . . . in a week . . . good-by . . . good day.
(And that's that.)

THE HOW IN HOUSES

HOW TO PLAN — HOW TO BUY — HOW TO SAVE

The Distinctive in Furniture.

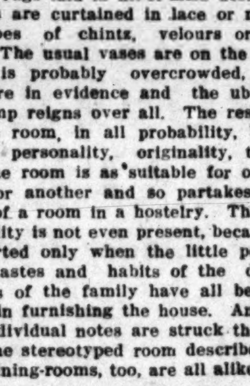
THAT houses of well-to-do Americans all look alike is the complaint that visitors from other lands constantly make. This is as true of the in-terior finish and furnishings as of the architecture. In the older countries, with houses dating back to different periods and furnished, many of them, in a by-gone style, there is more variety, and so they escape the smugness, the sameness and the lack of individuality too often found in American homes.

An inventory of the contents of an average American living-room of the better class can almost be taken without entering the room. There is a davenport, probably placed athwart the fireplace, two or three overstuffed chairs of the same design and style as the davenport, a library or davenport table, a piano with its bench and possibly a desk or a bookcase.

It is Easy to Visualize the Typical Living-room.

THE floors are of polished oak, with Wilton or other good domestic rug or with oriental rugs laid in hit-or-miss design. The windows are curtained in lace or net with overdrapes of chintz, velours or other fabric. The usual vases are on the mantel, which is probably overcrowded, candlesticks are in evidence and the ubiquitous floor lamp reigns over all. The result is a pleasant room, in all probability, but distinction, personality, originality, there is not. The room is as suitable for one family as for another and so partakes of the quality of a room in a hostelry. The home-like quality is not even present, because this is imparted only when the little peculiarities of tastes and habits of the different members of the family have all been considered in furnishing the house. And when these individual notes are struck the result is not the stereotyped room described.

The dining-rooms, too, are all alike. There



Quaint Cabinet.

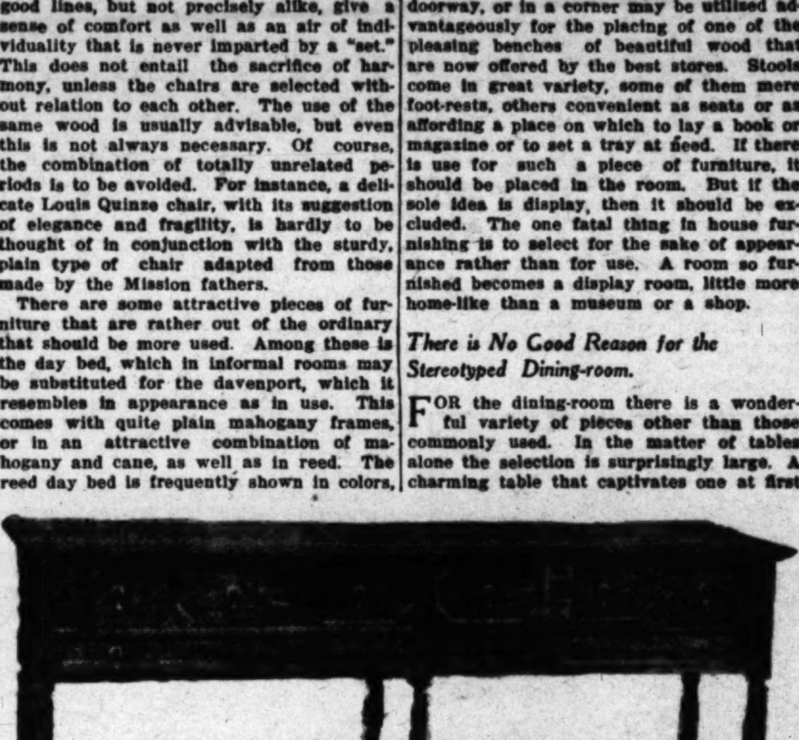
is the usual "set," with table either round, oval or oblong, six or more high-backed chairs and elaborate buffet. They are all of a piece. So, too, are the bedrooms. Each has its complete "set," consisting of bed, bureau and chiffonier or dressing table, with a chair or two and possibly a chest or shirt-waist box. All of these pieces are well in their way and all are, like the Ford car, manufactured by the thousand after one and the same design.

So it is throughout the average American house. While much of the furniture is good and some of it is beautiful, it produces an effect of standardization, of monotony, of lack of originality.

To get away from this, careful planning is necessary. The danger is that in order to avoid the usual, the bizarre or the grotesque may be chosen. Much better, because inoffensive, is the commonplace.

UT variations can be made from the typical and the ordinary without going to the opposite extreme. In the first place, sets can be avoided. There is no reason why, if a davenport is selected, there should be two or three chairs of the same style. Chairs selected to suit the various members of the family, comfortable and built on good lines, but not precisely alike, give a sense of comfort as well as an air of individuality that is never imparted by a "set." This does not entail the sacrifice of harmony, unless the chairs are selected without relation to each other. The use of the same wood is usually advisable, but even this is not always necessary. Of course, the combination of totally unrelated periods is to be avoided. For instance, a delicate Louis Quinze chair, with its suggestion of elegance and fragility, is hardly to be thought of in conjunction with the sturdy, plain type of chair adapted from those made by the Mission fathers.

There are some attractive pieces of furniture that are rather out of the ordinary that should be more used. Among these is the day bed, which in informal rooms may be substituted for the davenport, which it resembles in appearance as in use. This comes with quite plain mahogany frames, or in an attractive combination of mahogany and cane, as well as in reed. The reed day bed is frequently shown in colors,



Wall table for dining room.

a dull blue shot with gold being especially good looking. The spring mattress is built for comfort. This makes it fine for daytime lounging. But it must be admitted that the day bed is not so comfortable to sit on, the lack of a back making an upright position imperative. This may be obviated by the use of a generous supply of large cushions.

Cabinets are Both Convenient and Beautiful.

ANOTHER piece of furniture that is all too little used is the cabinet. Cabinets of various sorts, many of them adaptations of historic pieces, are shown at the furniture stores. These are vastly convenient and they have high decorative value. The one illustrated consists of a series of small drawers on a rather high standard. It reminds one of the highboy of the William and Mary period, resembling it just enough to suggest the older and heavier piece. This is only one of the many attractive cabinets that may be found at the shops. Often one of these may be secured to replace an ugly table, a chair that has outlived its usefulness or some other piece of furniture that has held possession too long.

Desks, too, combine usefulness with beauty. One of Heppewhite design recently noticed has three wide drawers, over which the writing compartment is found. When closed this resembles a chest of drawers. Handsomely made of selected mahogany or walnut and beautifully finished, such a piece of furniture adds distinction to any room. Beautiful colonial desks there are, too, reminiscent of Mt. Vernon, but fitting into the modern room as well as they did in the stately long hall of the old Virginia mansion.

Mirrors of rare beauty, ready to grace any room in which they may be hung, are not hard to find. Often the substitution of a fine mirror and a chest of drawers for a bureau that lacks distinction will quite change the character of a bedroom. In the hall or living-room, a mirror placed over a console or handsome table never fails to please.

Benches and stools are other articles of furniture that might well be more used. Often a space under a window, beside a doorway, or in a corner may be utilised advantageously for the placing of one of the pleasing benches of beautiful wood that are now offered by the best stores. Stools come in great variety, some of them mere foot-rests, others convenient as seats or as affording a place on which to lay a book or magazine or to set a tray at need. If there is use for such a piece of furniture, it should be placed in the room. But if the sole idea is display, then it should be excluded. The one fatal thing in house furnishing is to select for the sake of appearance rather than for use. A room so furnished becomes a display room, little more home-like than a museum or a shop.

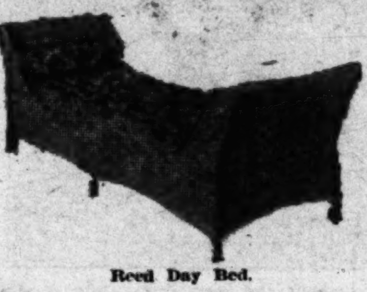
There is No Good Reason for the Stereotyped Dining-room.

FOR the dining-room there is a wonderful variety of pieces other than those commonly used. In the matter of tables alone the selection is surprisingly large. A charming table that captivates one at first sight is an adaptation from an Italian piece of the sixteenth century. The broad leaves slip out in an unusual way at the ends, giving a long, narrow table of the refectory type. This closes up to surprisingly small dimensions. Such a table is exceedingly well adapted for the small apartment or for the living-room that must also serve for dining.

This combination of living-room and dining-room in the small house is gaining in favor. It really seems a waste of space to set aside a room for dining, used such a comparatively little time each day. This is especially true now that the lovely breakfast-room has become so common. The breakfast nook, too, in a cheerful alcove off the kitchen is being more and more used in small families where no servant is kept. It certainly saves many steps and in its shining ivory or in dainty tints of rose or blue is quite as inviting as a cold and formal dining-room found in so many houses.

But while the breakfast-room serves in the morning, and perhaps, too, for the informal lunch when the man of the house is not at home, it is far from suitable for the more formal and more elaborate evening dinner. It is for this meal that a larger room is needed. That the large living-room supplies the need without in any way interfering with the comfort and beauty of the room is being demonstrated in many homes today. The first requisite is a dining table that can be folded up or otherwise made inconspicuous when not in use for the purpose of dining. The table after Italian lines described above happens to serve the purpose admirably. So, too, do the gate-leg tables, with their convenient drop leaves. Upon these a tapestry or other cover is placed during the day, with a vase and perhaps a book or two.

In the combined living-room and sitting-room the straight, high-backed regulation dining chair is not out of place. The comfortable Windsor chair in mahogany is well suited to this purpose, as it is as well adapted to living-room as to dining-room use. So, too, are the lovely old-fashioned chairs with splint bottoms. A handsome console table or a Jacobean cupboard may be used instead of the buffet. Another substitute for the sideboard is a long wall table, similar to the one illustrated. This one has six drawers, made inconspicuous by the carving, which accommodate silver and linen. It is a beautiful piece of furniture, as suitable for living-room as for dining-room. While it may be difficult to find an exact reproduction of this distinguished



Reed Day Bed.

piece, others that have good lines and excellent proportions may easily be found.

With such furniture in one end of a large living-room, the distinctively living-room pieces may be placed as space indicates. The only caution that need be given is not to select all manners of styles and types. Unity and harmony are two things to be carefully planned for; a sad mixture may result from unwise or hasty and unrelated selection.

RETIRING WALLS.

Plain wall paper in light tints causes the walls to seem to retire, thus adding to the appearance of spaciousness.

LOVELY CURTAINS.

Drapery gauze, with tones that look like moonlight on water and of a texture that is all beauty and charm, is being shown at the shops. This makes wonderfully attractive side curtains for living-room windows.

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Noteworthy Cartoons on Current Events.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS, AHOY! PIRATES ARE ABROAD IN THE OCEAN!

Columbus Dispatch.

WELL—SO FAR, SO GOOD!

Columbus Dispatch.

But There Is Nothing the Matter With His Appetite

San Jose Mercury-Herald.

And They Think They're Racing Against Each Other

Memphis Commercial Appeal.

YOU JUST CAN'T ESCAPE

St. Joseph News-Press.

FIRST AID.

Chicago News.

PERPETUAL DOG DAYS.

Chicago News.

with you.

You will notice this year's cones, too, which are still hanging on the trees. In fact, they are only half-grown by June or July, although some of them have reached

View across the valley from the Ledges Trail. On the left above is North Dome; just beneath are the Royal Arches; in the

again. If you rush over it you will tire yourself out and fail to see the beauty it has in store for those who seek, and you will go away in the belief that it is the most

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOURTEEN.)

TAOS INDIANS—THE PROUDEST REDSKINS ALIVE.

(Continued from page 5.)

In summer the men wear white muslin shrouds.

but a half-day's horseback ride across the mountains. Taos, however, seems quite unaware of the existence of its brother pueblo. Picuris was once as powerful as Taos. But it has been reduced by disease to a small band of disheartened people. Taos Indians have modified the Tigua tongue until they claim they can no longer understand the Picuris. Alas, these unfortunates are treated more coolly in Taos homes than are Apaches or Navajos.

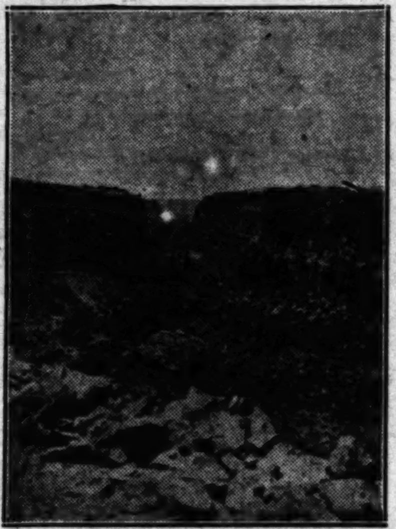
Arrived in the pueblo, I went to the house of my old friend, Domingo Gonzales, a fine-looking, massive old man with deep, sonorous voice, many times Governor of Taos and now a dominant figure in the council of elders. He and his dear old wife—as nearly a mother to me as I have had among the red people—welcomed me heartily. We had a great deal to talk over as we sat on the grain bin and gazed out from a second terrace room, taking casual interest in the life of the pueblo. The stentorian voice of a crier resounded from the top of Hlauuma, the north building. The ex-Governor lent one ear as he continued the conversation. Soon came the evening message from Hlaukwima, the south building. Again the old man lent half attention. After the supper in the cozy room on the floor in front of the fireplace we sauntered out into the blue twilight, hung with gauzy smoke-streamers, orange light blinking here and there through doors and tiny windows at many different elevations.

Pueblo of Taos is Located in a Picturesque Spot.

TAOS is the most picturesque of all the pueblos. In the first place it is wonderfully located at the mouth of a mountain canyon. Taos means Red Willow Place, from the ruddy willows which, together with wild plum bushes, cottonwoods and aspens, fringe the swift, clear stream and mark its ascent with a lighter green than that of the piney slopes. The Two buildings are about a hundred yards apart, facing each other across a clearing, with the stream, bridged by huge footlogs, running between—just as the first chroniclers recorded. Then, in the second place, pueblo architecture attains its acme in Taos, not only figuratively but literally. Because of the irregularity of the terraces there is difficulty in counting the number of stories. One building is easily five, the other six or seven. To call these buildings communal houses is inexact, since the rooms or suites are separate from one another. They are primitive apartment-houses; but with this considerable advantage over their modern likeness, that each tenant has a private front yard in the open air, the thick earthen roof of his neighbor serving this purpose. As Indians are not ornamental gardeners, no underneighbor is subjected to the discomfort of seeing geranium roots pierce his ceiling. Like all the other pueblos Taos is conspicuously bare of plant life. Inverted tinajas with holes knocked in the bottoms ornament the chimney tops. Clotheslines are much in evidence. Strings of red chilis, drying meat and vegetables hang like festoons from walls and roofbeams. The dwellers above mount to their homes by means of pole ladders and corbel-like stairs. To each pyramid has been added ground wings of one and two-story houses reaching out with a tendency to encompass the clearing between.

Indian men in sheets and women with their scarfs drawn over their heads are passing to and fro, fetching water, chopping wood, hanging up harness and stowing away wagons in the stockade-like sheds, driving horses to the corrals over by the church ruin and loitering like the average gens homo for a chat or bit of witty repartee. Children are scampering about in play or patiently helping their elders. The laughter, the shouts, the hum of voices modulated in conversation fall pleasantly on the ear. From somewhere about Hlaukwima comes the rhythmic beat of a tombe. Then we catch the strains of a chant: "En—ee, en—ee, en-a-ha-ee. . . ." The darkness deepens, invaded only by the shafts of firelight. A refined incense of cedar smoke floats on the air. Certainly enchantment hovers near. A primitive impulse stirs in the heart. Now the joy and pride of Taos life are understandable emotionally.

[Copyright 1921 by George Law.]



Up the bold rocky wall of the Arroyo Hondo the road climbs to Taos.

THE GUSHER

(Continued from Page 5)

pion sucker town and how the hicks like to be trimmed,' I tells her.

"Right then I gets uneasy, for I've got a hunch that my little ole lady is stung.

"'Now don't be mad, Jimsey boy. I was down to the Painted Hills yesterday when they began to drill. Before they put the drill in the ground they asked for stock subscriptions. They seemed so honest and sincere that I give the agent $500 that we've saved,' she confesses.

"'If I ever see that phoney bird again I'll crack his head or get that money back,' tryin' to console my little ole lady.

"I haunts the fancy office of the Gusher Oil Company o' Painted Hills. They stalls me by tellin' me that President Wiley is at the well directin' operations. I goes to the well. They tells me there that Bonanza's in the Angel City. He makes hisself mighty scarce.

"But, regardless of what I thinks, the drillin' goes on. Seems like that crew in Painted Hills was regular guys, anyway. The day they hits 1200 feet with the rotary the papers report a 'trace of oil' in the Gusher o' Painted Hills.' That same day old Bonanza Wiley lists the stock on the Angel City 'Change, and the company closes their books. Believe me, they's some excitement. Every other guy that passes my corner is talkin' nothin' but Gusher Oil. It opens at 60 cents on the 'change and after a wild session closes at $1.90 and goin' strong.

"That night my little ole lady is sufferin' from oil fever herself. 'Jimsey,' she says, 'that Gusher Oil may be a good thing after all.'

"'Yes, it's good to sell. All they got's a trace and I'm not so sure they ain't something wrong about that. Sell while the selling's good,' I advises.

"'Yes, Jimsey, and in a week it might be $5,' she insists.

"'It might,' I tells her, 'and so might crooked be straight.'

"The next afternoon sheet carries the big story of the Gusher o' Painted Hills. It seems that when they got the trace of the day before that the crew changes to the standard drill and they busts right into it. But the boys had everything ready for a big one and soon gets it under control. The paper says she's an 8000-barrel gusher, and high-gravity oil.

"I expects to be the first to break the news to my little ole lady that the Wildcat o' Painted Hills is a regular domesticated animal—that they got a regular oil well. For my little ole lady ain't much for gossip over the back fence. She most always waits for the paper till I get home, bein' as I hustles sheets and gets 'em at wholesale.

"But this night as I nears home I sees by the shadow on the kitchen curtain that she's entertainin' and that's it's a gentleman caller.

"I'd been her only sweetheart for years, but expectin' somethin' like that to happen and dreadin' it. Her first love affair turns out so bad, my ole man bein' a crook and all. So I ain't goin' to blame her if she's found a real man. Not wishin' to intrude, I listens.

"First my little ole lady speaks so soft and low and quiet, 'Jimsey, didn't you know that I'd be waitin' for you when they let you out of that place—that I'd wait for you till the end of time? But the boy growin' up all these years and me havin' finally to tell him his daddy was crooked. If you'd only come back before I had to tell him.'

"Silence.

"Finally: 'Mary I would have come back long ago, but I couldn't face you and the boy. I come into this town aimin' to trim the suckers. But I changed, Mary. A boy prattling about honesty and how good it felt to be straight, and about how his old man went over the road because he was a crook, and left him and his little ole lady alone—that boy's talk changed me.'

"My little ole lady was daubin' her eyes when I busts into the room, and the guy sittin' there had her in his arms pettin' her and sayin' love things to her.

"She jumps up and says to me, 'Jimsey, this is your daddy.'

"For a while Bonanza Wiley and me just stares at each other. I can't speak.

"'Son,' he finally says with difficulty, 'I'm proud of you and we're goin' down the straight road together. How about it?'

"'Straight?' I asks.

"'Straight,' he says.

"'Shake, dad,' says I."

On the Trade Routes Through Lhasa.

By the trade routes that pass through Lhasa, caravans of sheep, mules, ponies or yaks, laden with wool, hides, cloth, tea-bricks or salt, come and go, arriving generally in December and departing in March before the spring floods. Better caravan animals than these hardy mules and the small, tough, shaggy horses that also serve as beasts of burden are the yaks. For they can live, if need be, on coarse, stiff pasture, they carry heavy loads, are sure-footed on frozen surfaces and seem not to mind the cold, even when icicles cling to their long black coats and bushy white tails. Then, too, yaks are blessed with horns, on which especially devout Tibetans cut the sacred "Om" formula. As another precaution against attack, the caravan is provided with prayer-wheels and accompanied by nomad dogs. But the owners of the mastiffs are not unfriendly to a stranger of good intent. When they meet one, they pull off their caps, push forward their left ears, put out their tongues and bow politely.—[From "In the Domain of the Living Buddhas," by Marietta Neff, in Asia Magazine for August.

The War's History for Young People.

A story of the war written for boys and girls in language every child can understand, with photographs of soldiers, famous generals and statesmen, of trenches, of naval battles and infantry charges, of children famous and unknown, will be brought out in August by Harper & Bros. This "Boys' and Girls' Wonder Book of the War" while containing yarns about spies, dogs and child heroes, does not sacrifice historical accuracy. Stories of scientific and inventive marvels are told in a clear way. The history of medical science in warfare is included.

"Father," said the young man, "I am thinking seriously of matrimony."

"Well," the old man replied, "that's better than regarding it as a joke."—[Life.

MISS SUNSHINE.

(Continued from page 11.)

in that moment see fade forever the vision of the grandchild she might have held in her arms if her boy had lived and——

"May I see him tomorrow?" was all she asked. "I like little babies so."

This is, I think, almost all of the story which I shall tell. I had a telegram from Paris which called me back. I never saw Riom. I have not as yet seen any of those concerned again. I was not in New York when the pilgrims passed through on their homeward journey. But I can say that the Cabaret Mondain lost a singer—no great loss—and that one of the friendly associations which in Paris dispense American aid to ravaged France helped a girl and her child back to the village her mother had come from, in the hill country toward Le Puy, and established her as lessee of the little Estaminet des Deux Lapins—the little Inn of the Two Rabbits, a business which Alphonsine said she might be some good at.

I had at Christmas time a picture postcard. It had been taken in summer and the little garden was abloom. You could see the kid, too, pretending he could walk. He carried in one hand a tiny French flag and in the other the Stars and Stripes. As he had a right to, for it was kind Americans who had saved his mother from comic songs. He will be, I think, always a friend of America.

[Copyright, 1921, by Harrison Rhodes.]

Safety First.

Jud Tunkins says the most valuable sense of humor is the kind that enables a person to see instantly what it isn't safe to laugh at.—[Washington Star.

A success recipe: Study; think; work.—[Forbes Magazine (N. Y.)

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ASTHMA

Some Good Short Stories from Everywhere.

Compiled for The Times Illustrated Magazine.

AN AMERICAN tells of a visit he once made to the town of Yuste in the northwestern corner of Spain. He had sought rest under discouraging circumstances after a ride on muleback over miles of dusty road. While the hostess of the inn was preparing his dinner he proposed to himself to rest upon the bed in the public room.

Nothing could, he says, have been more tempting than that cool, white bed, after his laborious trip, and without saying a word to the Senora Pareno, he threw himself at full length upon it.

Scarcely had he done so when a shriek arose, and the little woman flew at him like a wild creature. She seized him and dragged him off the bed with the strength of two men. He was too much dazed to resist, but retreated before her.

"Oh, Dios mio, Dios mio!" she shouted. "They are ruined—ruined!"

Whereupon she tore the cover off the bed, and, to the traveler's amazement, disclosed row after row of biscuits! They had been placed there to rise. To rise! Down the center of the rows his weight had flattened them beyond recognition; only at the farthest edge had a few escaped.

* * *

Too Forward.

SECRETARY HOOVER said at a banquet:

"One difference between Europe and America is that over there they like to keep you in your place—stationary, you know, while here we like to see a man rise—pauper to President, errand boy to millionaire, and all that sort of thing.

"The European idea is pretty well illustrated by the remarks of Muggins. Muggins, on his return from the pub one Saturday night, said to his wife:

"'I believe in manly pride and reasonable ambition, but when Sergt. Todd with his cork leg takes to carryin' a cane besides, it looks to me as if he was tryin' to climb out of the station what divine providence sunk him into.'"

* * *

Try This.

MAY: Do tell me, Pearl, how Mr. Timmerman ever plucked up enough courage to propose. He is so dreadfully bashful.

Pearl: Oh, he seemed to do it easily enough. I merely asked him if he didn't think mama would make an ideal mother-in-law, and he replied at once.

May: What did he say?

Pearl: Said he thought she would.

May: What then?

Pearl: Nothing. I just told him the kind of ring I wanted.

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Got the Decision.

A PREHISTORIC young man fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a great chieftain. But as he was bashful, she was bashful, and her father's stone ax was not bashful, he feared to tell his love.

So he procured a brick—that being the fashion in stationery just then—and carved thereon his message of devotion. At the witching hour of midnight, he stole stealthily unto the chieftain's cave. Then with one mighty heave he cast his weighty remarks into the inner blackness, trusting that his lady love would find them on the morrow.

And it came to pass that when he awoke next morning the blushing damsel was seated on his doorstep.

"Reggie of the Knotted Knee," she cried, "I am thine. The forcible nature of your proposal removed the only obstacle. The brick caught poor papa a lovely whack on the cranium, and he was so struck with your remarks that he's past objecting to anything now!"

* * *

Let it Pass.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON, the English essayist, was grumbling about the failure of his recent lecture tour.

"But you had good houses?" said the reporter sympathetically.

"Paper," said Mr. Chesterton. "Deadheads."

He made a gesture with his large, fat hand.

"I see now why you call America a free country," he said. "It's because everybody gets in without paying."

* * *

Preparedness.

THE steward insisted that the seasick passenger try to eat a little. "I will bring you some dinner," he said.

"Very well," said the passenger wanly, as he gazed sorrowfully across the bounding deep. "I guess you can bring me some on approval."

"On approval, sir? I don't understand."

"Yes, on approval," groaned the other weakly. "You see I may not want to keep it."

* * *

Golden Advice.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., spoke of work at a recent meeting of his Bible class.

"It's an easy thing for an ordinarily intelligent man to get rich," he said, "provided he works hard. Hard work, hard, intelligent work—there's not enough of it to go round. Hence it's quoted at a high figure.

"'Worry kills more people than work,' a doctor said to me the other day.'

"'Yes, of course,' I agreed. 'More people worry than work, don't they?'"

* * *

Not So Alluring.

CRITIC BRANDER MATHEWS said at a Columbia tea:

"Suggestion rather than detail makes the most vivid picture. Detail, indeed, may spoil a picture completely.

"A preacher was describing heaven to a widow whose husband had just died. He said that the separation of dear ones was not for long, and then with elaborate detail he pointed the happiness of those whom death reunites in Paradise.

"When the preacher stopped for breath the widow observed thoughtfully:

"'Well, I suppose his first wife has got him again, then.'"

* * *

From Chicago.

THERE was printed not long ago an account of the bootlegger who explained to the police that he didn't read English very well and so had never heard about prohibition, but almost everybody else knows about the Constitutional amendment and also about the methods used in the privacy of some homes to dodge the law enforcing it.

But the conversation overheard between a man and two intelligent-appearing women caused near-by diners in an uptown Broadway restaurant to smile.

"I heard a new recipe today," said the man, "and I'm going to try it."

"Recipe?" queried one of the women. "For what?"

"Why, home brew, of course," explained her companion.

The inquirer looked from one to the other wonderingly.

"Home brew?" she repeated. "What's that?"

Breaking the News.

PAT: Mrs. Flannigan, yure mon Moike has just fallen off the scaffoldin' an its killed he is.

Mrs. F. (collapsing in chair:) Hivins!

Pat: Aisy now, aisy! 'Tis only his leg thot's broke. Shure, it's rejoiced ye'll be to hear it whin ye thought he was killed entoirely.

* * *

White Mule.

"HAMP SLAUGHTER has an interesting sort of fad," related Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "About once in so often he gets a few drams of bone-dry licker and a high fever, and shows up in the middle of the big road out yur. He flings his hat down in the dust and stomps on it, and yells that he's a man-eater, and such as that, and can whip a certain black-hearted son-of-this-that and tuther living not more than a mile from yur.

When I go out to inquire which special black-hearted thus-and-so he means, he says Zach Flatt, three-quarters of a mile up the road. So there ain't much to do but to excuse him. Then he goes fricasseeing off to Zach's place and repeats the performance. When Zach wants to know who he is referring to, he says it's me. After that he rambles around orating that he's got us both bluffed.

"One of these days he's going to ketch me and Zach together, and find out his—yow-w-w-wn'—mistake."

* * *

The Alternative.

A YOUNG dandy entered an optician's shop and asked to be shown some eyeglasses. He was given a pair to try, but finding them unsuitable, he remarked:

"What'll you do, as these don't suit?"

"Well, I'll give you a stronger pair."

"Well—er—er—if they don't suit either?"

"Then I'll give you a stronger pair still."

"And if they fail?" inquired Bertie, "what would you advise me to do?"

"Oh!" snapped the irate salesman, "get an intelligent dog and a yard of string."

* * *

Too Good.

SENATOR BORAH was pleading the cause of universal disarmament at a dinner in Boise.

"The way governments squander our money on armament," he said, "you'd think they had no more idea of the value of wealth than Simcox.

"Simcox, you know, was digging in a ditch when a lawyer leaned over the edge and called down to him:

"'Mr. Simcox?'

"'What's wanted?' Simcox answered.

"'Mr. Simcox,' said the lawyer, 'do you hail from Paint Rock?'

"'I do.'

"'And was your mother an Adair?'

"'She was.'

"'Then Mr. Simcox,' said the lawyer pompously, 'I have to inform you that your maiden aunt, Priscilla Adair, has just died, leaving real and personal property to the amount of $80,000. You are her sole heir.'

"Simcox climbed out of the ditch with a whoop, and in top hat and patent leathers tried for six months to quench on hootch a thirst that was unquenchable. Then he returned to his ditch digging at $2.50 a day again.

"And there in his ditch the lawyer found him a second time.

"'Mr. Simcox!'

"'Sir to you!'

"'More glad news, Mr. Simcox. Your bachelor uncle, Jerry Adair, has passed on, and there's another $80,000 waiting for you in the bank.

"But Simcox shook his head.

"'I don't think I can take it,' he said wearily. 'I ain't as strong as I once was, and I'm afeared I couldn't go through another $80,000 and live.'"

* * *

Over the Plate.

DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT at a Cambridge tea was taken aside by a W. C. T. U. leader.

"Dr. Eliot," she said, "we want you to join us in our antitobacco crusade."

"Humph," said the veteran teacher.

"You know, Mr. Eliot," the lady went on, "man is the only animal, positively the only animal, that uses tobacco."

"Humph," said Dr. Eliot again. "Man is the only animal that wears clothes."

His Alibi.

MARY GARRETT HAY of the National League of Women Voters said in a New York address:

"We women are out to fight the bosses. The bosses have a bad time coming. They think we are not to be taken seriously. In their eyes we are like the young bride in the anecdote.

"A young bride wept bitterly on her husband's return from his first business trip.

"'Why, darling, what's the matter?' he asked.

"'Oh, I know you don't love me truly,' she said. 'You wrote me a letter every day you were away—that I admit—but in your sixth and ninth letters you didn't send me a single kiss. Boo-hoo!'

"'I know I didn't, love—I know I didn't,' said the young bridegroom. 'You see, on the sixth day I had beefsteak and onions for dinner, and on the ninth I'd been smoking a nasty pipe.'"

* * *

Mutual Satisfaction.

"THE Germans," said Marshall Field at a Chicago luncheon, "are a naive people. They think naively that they can sign a treaty and then dodge out of its stipulations somehow, and everything will be all right.

"The Germans remind me of little Emma.

"'Emma,' her mother said, 'did you peel your apple, as I told you to, before eating it'

"'Yes, mama,' said little Emma.

"'And what did you do with the peeling?'

"'Why,' said little Emma, 'I ate it, of course.'"

* * *

The Winning Way.

HALEY FISKE, the life insurance magnate of New York, said in a Rotary Club address:

"Some young men erroneously think that up-to-date methods are always mean, sordid, crooked methods. They are like the junior partner.

"'Everybody's profiteering now,' said the senior partner in a grape juice firm. 'Shall we raise our price, cut down the size of our bottle, or adulterate our grape juice?'

"'Gee, you're a back number,' the junior partner sneered. 'We'll do all three, of course. Why can't you be up-to-date?'"

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THE MATING CALL

BY BELLE WILLEY GUE.

THERE is one desire that supersedes and overpowers every other demand, that can be made upon a creature, possessed of flesh and blood; it is this desire that often leads men to take each other's human lives; it is because of this desire that women who might otherwise have been gentle, considerate and kindly become fiendish, unreasonable and even murderous. As soon as any wild creature has reached its full maturity it comes beneath the sway of this desire, which once acknowledged never fails to hold supremacy until illness, old age or decrepitude has undermined the strength that fostered the desire.

One morning there echoed and re-echoed through the aisles of the forest a long-drawn-out and plaintive cry; this cry came from the throat of a lithe and tawny creature, standing at the edge of a little clearing, thickly carpeted with fallen leaves that stretched away beneath some unusually tall and shadowy trees. After having sent forth the cry, the creature listened, intently, turning her head, successively, in the direction of all the points of the compass, as if expecting an answer. As the silence was unbroken, the creature lifted her broad, smooth head, pointing her stubby, black nose almost directly toward the bit of blue sky that showed between the tree tops and opening her wide, red mouth so that she showed two gleaming rows of strong, white teeth, once more sent forth the mating call. This second cry indicated even more perfectly than its predecessor had done the loneliness and longing of the one because of whose strong, primitive desire it had gone forth and as it seemed it must have had a wider range than the first one had had, for almost instantly the cry was answered and from two directions at the same time.

As if satisfied with this result, the one who had been the cause of it crouched down upon the fallen leaves with her strong, flat, armored paws stretched out to the full length of her stout forelegs in front of her with her short, almost indefinite ears pointed sharply forward in an attitude of watchful waiting.

For some time there was no sound except the soft rustling of the myriads of leaves that were clustered overhead. Suddenly, however, the tip of the creature's long, tufted tail began to move, slowly among the dried leaves, and soon the tail itself, like a living whip-lash, began to strike the ground, first upon one side and then upon the other: at the same time an added brightness came into the creature's eyes, and her entire body seemed to grow tense and animated; then, she raised herself so that she sat erect upon her haunches, anxiously and expectantly listening.

The top of the underbrush that grew very thickly on one side of the little clearing that was beneath the tall trees began to be agitated as if a strong and supple body were passing, swiftly through it. There was a crackling sound as of twigs being hastily broken and then, as if impelled by some powerful force, a creature considerably larger than the one already within the clearing, but similar to her in general appearance, came into view and, leaping lightly over the intervening space, stood gracefully with head erect and great eyes shining, immediately in front of the one who, fawningly arose to meet him. A sort of rumbling, somewhat as if the purr of a domestic cat were to be heard through a megaphone, issued from the throats of the two who faced each other and although their long tails kept twitching, ceaselessly and the bristles at the back of their necks stood up, it was apparent from the ingratiating expression, that predominated over every other evidence of feeling, that the mutual relations about to be entered into by them, were, to say the least, amicable.

But at that moment it could be seen that the attention of both actors in the little drama that was being staged upon the carpet of fallen leaves was attracted by something that was approaching, for their faces were turned momentarily away from each other and silence reigned within the little clearing, even the penetrating, vibrating noise that was between a whispered roar and a magnified purr having ceased.

There was no stirring among the bushes, there was no sound of snapping twigs, and yet the two who stood there waiting knew that something was stealthily and carefully drawing near.

All at once with a vicious, spitting snarl, either of command or of defiance, a creature closely resembling, but a good deal smaller, than the last arrival, bounded into the little open space, that was beneath the trees; without a second's hesitation he advanced until he was a little nearer to the female than the one who had arrived before him. There, with an air of proprietorship, he stopped, looking protectingly at the one in answer to whose call he had come and glaring wrathfully into the face of him whose baleful gaze was malevolently fixed upon him. As his rival did not at once slink away, he ordered him, bombastically, to do so, throwing into the command the threatening and at the same time condescending self-assurance of an acknowledged superior. This order was sullenly and silently received and the one to whom it had been given, as if obedience had grown to be a habit with him, was visibly affected by it, so much so that he half turned as if about to leave the clearing. As he made this move, however, a gentle, insinuating, coaxing appeal was sent to him, from the throbbing throat of the one whose favor he had fondly hoped he had been about to gain. As if her voice had aroused in him a sort of reckless daring that overcome and threw aside authority and scruples, he faced about and squared himself as if preparing to receive a blow.

With a roar of unrestrained rage so full of fierce fury and the indignation of injured pride that it reverberated back and forth among the trees, he flung himself bodily upon his antagonist, sinking his long, sharp claws through the fur and into the skin that covered the other's back, while at the same time his strong, sharp fangs were thrust deeply into the neck of his foe. The latter, maddened by fear and crazed with excruciating pain, started to run across the little open space, bearing his opponent upon his tortured back. But, as if suddenly becoming conscious of his own superior, but untried, strength, he stopped before he had reached the edge of the clearing, and reaching up with one of his muscular armored hind feet, ripped a great gash in the side of the creature who was trying to overpower him. As this procedure elicited a surprised howl from the one whom he was trying to dislodge, he repeated the performance, using the opposite hind foot as a weapon. In this manner he harassed his foe first upon one side and then upon the other until at last, owing to his own youthful strength and endurance, he felt the creature still upon his back begin to relax. With the knowledge of his antagonist's growing weakness he renewed his efforts to force him to descend from the advantageous position which his superior tactics and experience had led him to assume. Finally, although himself spent from loss of blood and sustaining many lacerated and galling wounds, he was overjoyed to have the weight that had been almost crushing him removed from his back and at the same time to know that his foe was now where their chances would be less unequal in the desperate struggle in which they were engaged, for it was very evident that neither one intended to give up the fight unless he should be forced to do so. Almost before he had fairly landed upon the ground the one who had been the aggressor in this mortal combat leaped with great dexterity at his antagonist, endeavoring to fasten his fangs in his throat. He succeeded in surprising his foe so that although he missed the exact spot at which he had aimed, his strong, sharp teeth were buried in the other's breast. At the same time, clinging to the shoulders of his foe with his fore legs, he slashed away at his belly with the claws of his strong hind feet. But, in spite of the fact that entrails protruded from some of the slits that he made in this manner, his opponent still had strength enough remaining to plunge his own incisors into the exposed portion of his neck.

Thus both were vanquished and both were victors, for thereupon the fallen leaves that carpeted the ground, in the little open space beneath the trees was a prostrate heap of blood-stained, tawny fur that writhed for a while as if it were in agony and then lay still.

The one because of whom the battle had been fought had watched it all, but had not seemed to care to enter into it. Her interest in the two combatants seemed to cease entirely when the fight was over. She did not even try to find out whether life remained in either one or both of them; she treated them alike, both with absolute indifference.

The little clearing after the noise of the conflict had ceased seemed very still; but presently the female arose and sauntering buoyantly to the edge of it, sent forth her luring call again, lingeringly, longingly, vibrantly, so that it echoed and re-echoed through the aisles of the forest.

YOSEMITE

(Continued from Page 4)

uninteresting trail about the valley—that its only excuse for existing is that it furnishes a short way to Glacier Point. I am compelled to say, unfortunately, this is a very general opinion.

There are two routes from the floor of Yosemite to the rim which are sometimes spoken of as trails. One of these is the "Ledge Trail" to Glacier Point; the other is the "Indian Canyon Trail" to the north rim. The first of these may possibly deserve the name of trail, although it is really only a trace; but the other merits not even so much as that. It is only a direction. None but hardy and foolhardy climbers attempt either of these routes. I came

Snow Plant. This particular plant grew within a fe wfeet of the Sentinal Dome Trail.

down the ledge trail once and then I put myself in the hardy class. But, later, after I had tried to make my way up Indian Canyon, I transferred my name to the foolhardy class.

The ledge trail is the one which concerns us here, as it is one of the South Rim Trails. It is about as direct a route to the floor of the valley from Glacier Point as one can find, unless one were to take the air line by jumping from the overhanging rock.

Climbing the ledge trail is much safer than coming down; and is scarcely more tiring, for there is not so great nervous strain. There is always less danger in climbing up ticklish places than in climbing down. If you should wish to go over the ridge trail, make the trip upward.

Just back of where the Le Conte Lodge used to stand, near Curry's Camp, you will find a well-defined trail leading toward the wall of the valley through the undergrowth which covers the talus slope. This is the lower end of the ledge trail. It is so well-worn that it looks encouraging and promising. You take it with the conviction that the ledge trail is surely greatly maligned, else it would not be so much used. But you have not gone a hundred yards before you notice that it is no longer so well-worn. Then you find it splitting up and you have to decide which of two or three poorly-defined traces you will follow. All this confusion is caused by the rocks of the talus slope growing bigger and more numerous—so that everyone who comes along thinks he sees a better route than the one before him has taken, and proceeds to follow it. You are soon where you find the rocks piled up in such masses that there are no spaces between them. The only way is over them. This is about as far as nine out of every ten who start up the ledge trail ever get.

But persevere and climb over the rocks; the way will be easier soon—and the dangerous place is more than half way up. The trip that far will amply reward you, even though you go no farther. There is no indication of a trail over the rocks. But keep on going, bearing a little to the left, and you will strike the trace again. When you come up against the wall of the canyon at the top of the talus slope, follow along it to the left. Although the slope is very steep, trees and undergrowth make the way perfectly safe. Soon you will notice that others have been along the route before you, and it will not be long until you are following a well-defined trace.

The Ledge From Which the Trail Takes Its Name.

BY and by you come out on a rock shelf several hundred feet above the valley floor and clear of the trees and brush which cover the talus slope. This shelf is the lower end of the ledge which gives the name to the trail. You make a sharp turn to the right and climb the ledge, which comes down along the wall at a decided angle. The ledge is nowhere very wide, but there is plenty of room for a good trail. It rises steadily for about a mile, where it brings you to a steep, narrow gulch. Here is where the hard work begins, and just ahead lies whatever there may be of danger on the trail. There is some real climbing to be done, hunting for safe footing, step after step, and pulling oneself up hand over hand with the help of roots and bushes. Sometimes it is necessary to brace oneself between the two sides of a narrow cleft. Until late in the season the way will be wet and slippery, too. When I came down the trail, early in July, several years ago, there was quite a little stream in the gulch, but it is usually dry by the middle of August. Two of us made the trip together and were of material help to each other. In sliding down through some of the clefts we could not avoid the water, and when we arrived at the ledge we were thoroughly soaked.

Near the top of the canyon wall the gulch widens out into a tiny valley which is well wooded. There you pick up a real trail again; for at this end, too, many persons go a little way along the ledge trail. But one look down into the gulch generally brings about the decision that are are in no hurry to get down to the vallay, anyway, and that the route by the short trail will be plenty quick enough.

Sentinel Dome trail leads from the Glacier Point Hotel to the top of the famous rock which is the most commanding point on the south rim. It is less than two miles long and it may be regarded as more a route to lead one to a place of interest than as a possessor of interest in itself. Yet it is not altogether devoid of features along its way. It takes one through a mile of the wonderful forest that covers the country for a long distance back of Glacier Point.

Nearly half the length of the trail is on the bare rock slope of Sentinel Dome, where it swings back and forth in long, monotonous zigzags. It finally lands you on one of the glory spots, of which more later.

There still remains of the South Rim trails, of which I have not touched, the Pohono Trail—the most genuinely a rim trail of the trails about the Yosemite, and in many ways the most interesting and fascinating of them all—which gave me a day of enjoyment that is marked with one of the whitest stones which stand along the royal road of memory. But this chapter has already strung out to a length that precludes what I should have to say about the Pohono Trail. So that will have to wait.

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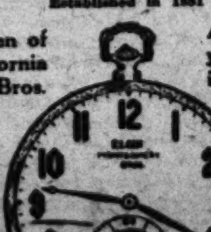

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MISS SU

BY HARRISO

Tomorrow Is Memorial Day—Here Is the Story of One Grave in France, a Mother's Pilgrimage, and Its Strange Ending.

THE great days are past and Belcotreaux sleeps in the sun. Yet once, not so long ago, it was almost part of America, with boys in khaki outnumbering its simple provincial French inhabitants and swarming tumultuously through the Grande Rue—Main street, if you like. It was not for these memories that I had come there; it was rather for a Gothic doorway and for an altar-piece in the Church of St. Roch, attributed, quite falsely, I feel sure, to Phillipe de Champagne.

Indeed, I had come to Europe determined not to visit battlefields, but instead to revive the days when it had been possible to lounge carelessly and happily in any corner of that admirable continent and to believe seriously that gray carvings and faded paintings had any importance in the world. But in Main street—Grande Rue, if you like—I had met defeat. For in this picturesque curving thoroughfare in imagination one could not but hear the tramp of the boys' feet and hear their gay laughter as by night they must have come home from the Cabaret Mondain.

Faintly in the air still hung some pleasant perfume of that odd great republic of the West whose sons had once enjoyed the meager gayeties of Belcotreaux.

I say meager advisedly and indeed with special reference to the Cabaret Mondain, a peculiarly squalid and grim little cafe which I had discovered my first evening in the little city. I lay claim, however, to being not only an expert to town pleasures, but also a philosopher concerning them. And I realized that in dull little Belcotreaux any gayety was better than none, and that even the desolate little salle with a corrugated iron roof and the almost more desolate ladies who occasionally "obliged" with a song brightened the night.

I realized also that with laughing crowds of boys in khaki, "seeing life" in France against all odds, the wretched place might indeed have sparkled. So much for Belcotreaux's poor pleasure center as we pass. We are to return to it.

It is indeed at the very heart of the small story I have to tell, a story which links Belcotreaux with a fairly inconspicuous village in Northern Ohio, a linking only possible upon a planet so absurdly small as we have all lately come to recognize this earth of ours to be.

My first evening—I had intended it should be my last—had been spent, as had been indicated, partly in the Cabaret Mondain listening to a lady ridiculously called Miss Sunshine—(a tribute, I felt, to the American occupation)—with a worn, dissipated, yet at the same time lovely and tragic face, sing ballads in that sharp, cracked voice of the cafe concert, and partly in the Grande Rue watching the moon come up behind the Church of St. Roch.

I remember thinking that these two pleasures, though diverse, must have been those of many a boy by turns happy to be in France and homesick to be in America. And as I went slowly to bed with my broad window wide open upon the silent town, I thought, as I had perhaps not thought before, of all the random memories of this fair land which must live in the heart of young men at home who walk our American streets with no outward hint that they remember such towns at Belcotreaux—even Miss Sunshine and her songs, perhaps.

Such emotions and such meditations are not unusual; I lay no claim to their betraying any flash of genius. Yet I believe it to be true that the story of the interplay of influence—France upon America and America upon France—is not yet written nor even understood. The small tale I have to tell is only the slightest contribution to it.

I had meant to go on after lunch the next day to Riom, a small gem of a town mostly unvexed by tourists. Meanwhile I idled the morning away in Belcotreaux. There is nothing much to report except that it was market day — always an agreeable, bustling event in a small French town. I still believe the alleged Phillipe de Champagne to be not authentic. There is, however, a most pleasant, dirty tangle of narrow streets around St. Roch's Church and by the river some lovely and unsanitary half-timbered cottages with the smallest dooryards imaginable, capable of holding, perhaps, two rose bushes or a half-dozen of pink perennial phlox.

I always like lingering by a river's brim, and that morning I most contentedly did so, wondering idly whether to a philosophically minded young man, who was no longer very young, life in Belcotreaux, with a little fishing in the Trille, might be a career. But, as so often before, I ultimately decided in favor of West Fifty-ninth street and my view of Central Park and the rigors of the New York literary life and started back to the little Hotel de l'Ecu de France to pack my bag, lunch heavily, and well, I hoped, and catch the train. But it was otherwise appointed.

There were two absurd Americans carrying on a halting conversation with the proprietor of the hotel. I use the word absurd not because it expresses the truth at all, but because it reflects a somewhat snobbish mood that sometimes seizes us all abroad. Do we expect every traveling American to look as if he were the fine flower of international fashion?

I had even before I entered the hotel in an instant's glance at the dull old couple dismissed them as small town folk from the Middle West. But in a moment, thank God, I asked myself where, indeed, I was from if not Ohio. I became an American again, even passionately so. And as I saw that she was in black and saw, too, by the faint pink that lingered on her faded cheek how pretty a girl she had once been long ago, I knew from past experiences that I was foreordained to be at least for a day her slave. It is not that even a sentimentalist exactly falls in love with ladies old enough to be his mother. But sometimes they remind him of a mother that was his own, or a grandmother, perhaps; they waken memories that he thought asleep. They bring back pictures of school and childhood back there in the American America; they bring, sometimes, tears. Somehow the not too smart dress of black made me guess.

As I stepped inside the door of the Ecu de France almost automatically I offered myself as their interpreter. The proprietor had only a little English. This interpreting is an old dodge of mine—my study of languages has nowhere more richly repaid me than in the ways I can in foreign parts scrape an immediate acquaintance with helpless practitioners of English only. Now again the trick—comparatively harmless, I believe—worked. In scarcely more than a minute I knew that he had been killed at Villebranche—their son. He had been the youngest, and the only one left.

This announcement left me oddly unprepared for what immediately followed it.

"We've never been abroad," said Mr. Stanley, "and so this seemed a good chance."

I must have looked a little dazed.

"We're having a fine time," he went on.

There was indeed something new under the sun, I reflected. And a queer, doubtful feeling crossed me towards the simple, quiet little pair I had only an instant earlier felt drawn to.

Perhaps in the moment's pause she divined that I had not understood.

"It's a sort of different tour from the ordinary that folks take," she said gently. "We have been to Jim's grave, of course—went there first. And now we're going to every place he ever was in France and trying to see everything he saw. We are having a fine time, as Mr. Stanley says. Jim had a fine time in France, and he would want us to."

"I see," I said gravely, and I think I suddenly did see. I saw also the Riom and the afternoon train could wait. I was almost prepared to think that the painting in St. Roch's was genuine and required further investigation. What, indeed, for the literary journeyman tourist is the luck of the road except the felicity of such chance human encounters? At any rate, I saw most plainly that the best lunch that the Ecu could manage would suit the occasion. As to the best wine, which is a light Pouilly, very agreeable indeed, I was less certain. I tackled the question timidly.

"Oh, yes," responded Mr. Stanley; "I'll try the wine of the country, sure. And I guess I'm in safe hands with you."

Again Mrs. Stanley interpreted him.

"He's like Jim; he wants to try everything. Of course," she went on, "at home we wouldn't ever think of taking anything. Neither did Jim."

I encountered Jim's father's eye. It wavered amiably for a moment. I was, somehow, not so sure about Jim. I began to see him as handsome, gallant, gay, ready for life's dangers and sacrifices, but also for its pleasures—a happy lad who, like so many others, came across the Atlantic as if for a game. I hope he had enjoyed Belcotreaux, and the light wine of the country and even the Cabaret Mondain. But I saw that I was committed, if necessary, to a man's conspiracy in face of his mother's sweet Ohio beliefs and tender, small town prejudices.

"Jim wrote us," she prattled on, "that it was the custom of the country and that he drank a little wine and liked it. So we do. Not that I like it very much, I'm afraid."

The little Pouilly was like liquid amber in our glasses. I raised mine.

"It isn't wrong, is it," I asked, "for us to drink—to him?"

"How could it be?" she smiled. And in her lightly raised, delicately touched glass there was something sacramental. Her cheerfulness wrought the miracle which, perhaps, it was, unconsciously, meant to. Jim was there with us. In the market place of Belcotreaux outside the plant trees twinkled their leaves in a light breeze and an aged peasant woman disciplined a young and recalcitrant pig which she was leading by a cord attached to its left hind leg, an agreeable sight, appreciated to its full by the inhabitants of Belcotreaux. And in our sunlit, clean, sparsely furnished salle a manger a couple of smiling, plain, overworked waitresses were busy. It was homely, brave, when you thought of what had passed, and very French. And somehow it seemed to me that a cheerful Yankee ghost sat with us there where he must often have sat, chaffing the plain, middle-aged waitresses who were doubtless in love with him, teaching them slang from home and singing them the songs from Broadway. Would he not now be drinking our health as we had drunk his in the little amber Pouilly? Would he not have slapped me heartily on the back and told me to see that dad and mother had the finest little old time that Belcotreaux could offer? Did he not do so now?

We sat in the sun outside for a while with coffe. As I imagined Jim would have suggested, with a dig in my ribs, I went slow with "the folks" and said nothing about liqueurs. But I lit a cigarette, with their permission, of course.

"It seems to me," remarked Mrs. Stanley, "that all America has changed about cigarettes. We used to think them awfully wicked. But now, since all the boys over here liked them so, they seem all right, don't they?"

Mama thinks anything the boys did over here is all right," her husband suggested lightly. And she replied stoutly:

"Yes. I do. At any rate, anything Jim did."

It was a speech I was to meditate upon later; at the moment I noted it with a smile.

They were tracing Jim backwards, meaning to end near Brest, where he had landed.

"I've been looking that city up in the guidebook," said Mr. Stanley, producing the usual red-covered volume. "It says a lot about this Brest," he went on, "but nothing about the mud, and the mud is about all Jim wrote about."

Jim's mother smiled slowly and from the bag she carried she drew forth her guidebook.

"His letters," she announced softly.

They had been bound together by the local binder at home, not too well, perhaps. But there was an American flag, blowing in an evidently very stiff hurricane, inlaid in colored leather upon the cloth cover.

"It's her Baedeker."

"Her Bible——" I ventured.

"I don't think you ought to say that," she murmured. "I sometimes wonder if I'm wicked enough to think more of this book than the other," she went on, half to herself.

I daresay there is an answer to this speech, but I did not know it.

"I expect you are pretty wicked," was all I could find to say. Then, "Could one know anything of what he said about Belcotreaux?" I ventured.

One could. Indeed, I heard more than it would be worth while reproducing here even if I had the book with the flag to copy from. Jim's gifts were not for writing, they were doubtless for life. They were quaint bits, of course. He had been into St. Roch's and seen my Phillipe de Champagne picture, and broached a theory, oddly enough, pretty sound as art criticism, that it was funny that a fellow named after such a lively wine should paint such a sober picture.

He had—this was an absurd coincidence—admired in the market-place an old lady struggling with a young porker just as we had that pleasant morning. He had a kind word to say for the small brimming river Trille, though the patience of elderly French fishermen "drove him crazy." He knew the Ecu de France and all the cafes—this was quite obvious—and, most intimately of all of them, the Cabaret Mondain. "Some cabaret," he denominated it—which it was, as I well knew.

"You'd laugh," wrote Jim, "if you saw the dump where I generally spend my evenings. Gee, even back in Lanesville we'd never stand for it, and they say the French are the Kings of Pleasure when they haven't got a war on their hands. Still, it's some place to go. And there are one or two pretty girls—mostly one—who is sorry for us fellows who are far away from home. And we do get lonely. Believe me, mother, I miss——"

Jim's mother stopped reading aloud here. There are unimportant passages in a boy's letters home which do not seem unimportant to the recipients. She closed the book and then turned to me smilingly.

"We'll go to this cabaret tonight—shall we?"

"Well, shall we?" I answered. "I wonder. It isn't just the kind of place where ordinarily ladies——" I was floundering on, when her voice, now very clear indeed, interrupted me.

"I don't mind going anywhere where my boy went."

"Oh," I murmured in confusion, "it's only

The blonde girl suddenly bent over the ta

that the songs sometimes—— But, of course, you wouldn't understand the songs and——"

"What I would understand," she explained—she now had to explain things to both her husband and me—"would be any one who had been sorry for my Jim when he was lonely for home and for his father and mother."

"I see," I answered. But I saw as well the tawdry Cabaret Mondain and the somewhat bedraggled beauties who sang hoarsely and then dispensed a discouraged gayety at the tables where they chose to sit. I saw poor "Miss Sunshine," her wh[illegible] face and painted lips, and the glory of her hair, tarnished and neglected gold, ruin of beauty, ruin of womanhood as Jim's mother had known it far away, back there. She would indeed be a strange priestess at the shrine which my friends meant to visit in the coming night. Yet was not everything which they found along their pilgrim's road a shrine?

I cannot pretend that my afternoon was wholly happy, though as cicerone I had never "personally conducted" any tourists more anxious to be pleased. They liked St. Roch's Church and his picture, and they took a fancy to the little Trille. Yet some queer foreboding was on me, not exactly as of danger threatening, as of sorrow ready to pounce upon our little band. Must I be honest?—I consumed two glasses of porto blanc before I joined my friends again for dinner. Perhaps it was this port wine, perhaps it was the golden moon that rose, even lovelier than on the night before, behind the tower and flooded the little town with beauty and magic, perhaps it was some inveterate and inherited belief in goodness—and possibly in Ohio;

UNSHINE'

ARRISON RHODES.

at any rate, something at length abated my gloom. Had I not for a day become, too, a pilgrim on the way that led through France back from the little cross under which Jim lay to Brest and the blue water that stretched westward to America? And were not pilgrims always sheltered from harm?

We entered the Cabaret Mondain at the height, if there were one, of its dismal gayety. M. Tic-Toc, a dwarfish little creature who, I am quite sure, cleaned the establishment's pots and kettles in the morning, was singing, with pathetic winks, the story of a young lady named Angelique to whom had happened things which would quite certainly not have happened to her in Lanesville, O.

A party of French drummers whom I had earlier observed at the Ecu de France were going as far as a bottle of cheap champagne, and la grosse Mathilde, a powerful brunette, was making considerable play with them at a table nearer ours than I might have thought best. But fortunately the dark and somewhat overblown beauty was recalled to

over the table and burst into a tempest of sobs.

the small stage, where a slightly sentimental ballad, rendered in a deep, hoarse voice, might perhaps have made her seem a more serious person—had I not remembered surdenly that of course my Stanleys could not understand a word of it.

My seeming unconsciousness of any incongruity in the presence at the Cabaret Mondain of respectable and respected Ohioans was, of course, elaborate enough, yet I watched furtively the effect upon them. Mr. Stanley, let me be honest, would, left to himself, have experienced some of the thrills which go through the ordinary middle-aged American male at his first meeting with so-called pleasure, possibly vice, in France. I thought the lid of his left eye trembled almost as if it would have winked at me. Let me again be honest—he exists in our story, but he is not of it. It is a story of his wife, God bless her, and ever so little of me—and of "Miss Sunshine."

To the resort where I had inducted her my friend brought her innocent gayety. She applauded the songs which she could not understand. She urged a cigaret upon me. She even let a glass of beer sit in amber glory in front of her and once took a sip from it with somehow the air of a bird drinking at a sunlit woodland pool. She seemed all crystal, yet somehow as I watched her I wondered if there was not such a thing as a crystal mask which might make a face look smiling while a heart was breaking in its wearer's breast.

"I wonder," she said slowly—it was after that amazing sip at her bock — "which of th[illegible]s knew Jim."

"Perhaps none of them," I answered after a short, for me slightly awkward, pause. "There may have been other singers then. Probably a—well, a higher class when our boys were here."

"Perhaps," she replied. And she looked quietly at la grosse Mathilde, who had returned to her commis voyageurs and her cheap champagne. M. Tic-Toc was consuming a grenadine with two poilus. It was Miss Sunshine's turn to sing.

The footlights made the paint less tawdry, lit up the yellow hair with a glow almost of real gold. On that wretched little stage the theater again wrought its ancient miracle and the remnants of beauty appeared for an instant in payment of our paltry admission fee.

"That's a pretty good looking girl, ain't she, mother?" I heard father murmur.

"Yes," she answered. "Pretty hair, ain't it?"

Her tone was cheerful, yet it seemed to me that the tranquil blue pools that were her eyes were faintly ruffled, as if a breath of air had stirred them for a passing instant. I thought I saw her hands clasped more tightly together in her lap. Do I sound like a detective? A kindly one, I hope. Again an old, unformulated premonition for a second caught me. But the only action it moved me to was the discarding of my glass of thinnish beer and ordering what has for so long been ingeniously known in France as un grog Americain.

Miss Sunshine's song went fairly well. That is to say a half-dozen people applauded, including one of the commis voyageurs, who was at once playfully slapped by the large Mathilde for this attention to a fellow but rival artist. Esprit de corps! Hein?

And then the blonde singer (or blondined, if you prefer accuracy of phrasing) stepped a little farther towards the footlights.

"Un chanson en honneur des Americains!" she announced, and then translated:

"A song for honor to Americans!"

There was something quaint and piquant in the accent. There was something so pleasant in the way she addressed herself to our little party! As earlier the magic of mere footlights had made her fairer, so now this friendly courtesy, this poor little international amenity, made her younger. The kind of life she was leading ages women. I suddenly realized that she had been not so long ago a girl—and lovely. Perhaps when Jim had been——

"I love my love in the springtime——" she began. The pronunciation of the o's was odd. But her voice softened from its habitual rasp and a little of the tenderness of the hackneyed ballad was in her interpretation. Even the grosse Mathilde and M. Tic-Toc gave her a negligent attention. Even I was for a moment transported back across the Atlantic, perhaps not quite to Ohio, but in a simplicity which for the moment stripped my cosmopolitanism from me and the sophistication which I too often fondly imagined was mine. Almost unconsciously I turned to the lady of our party. She sat smiling at the stage, her eyes rapt and tender, yet down her cheeks, so faintly pink, frank and unabashed tears slowly flowed. She put her hand affectionately on my arm and murmured softly:

"Jim used to sing that so much. He had a lovely voice."

"Ah, had he!" and I, perhaps to hide my emotion, turned back to the lady on the stage. The song was finished and we managed to make a small tumult of applause which might have almost recalled the fine days of the Cabaret Mondain when nice larkish, khaki-clad boys had sat where we now were and cried for more.

"I learn ze song from American poilu," she announced. She smiled, shook the over-golden hair with coquetry, and waved her hand gayly at the "American poilu's compatriots. Yet was I mistaken? Did a tear, also frank and unabashed, flow slowly down her cheek, so brazenly red?

"I wonder if she'd sit at our table," said Mrs. Stanley in a clear, low voice. "You could order her a glass of beer, pa. Or," and she smiled at me, "whatever queer thing that is you have."

Two fat local gentlemen made the girl an equally handsome offer, it is to be presumed, as she emerged from the little door at the side of the stage, but she came straight to us, almost as if she knew that we, too, would pay for an American grog if she liked.

"You like ze song?" she asked.

"Yes, I liked the song," said Jim's mother. "I want to ask you a question," she went on. I felt, and I imagine her husband felt ,that matters had been taken out of our hands.

"Did you—do you know my son?"

The girl looked puzzled. She turned to me, who translated. Miss Sunshine gave a light laugh. She shrugged her shoulders.

"How should I know?" she asked. "I saw so many, knew so many."

"He sang that song," began the older woman. "It his song," she went on, using the pathetic broken English which we all suppose makes the matter easier for foreigners. And to my astonishment she began and sang softly with a queer old voice the first line:

"I love my love——"

But she could not go on. Slowly she opened a netted bag of black and drew out a picture. It was in a small silver frame, and the faithful American flag in cheapish enamel was draped at the top. Jim looked at us cheerfully. Miss Sunshine stared at him. What she felt I could not have said, but I felt something icy clutching at my own heart.

"Il etait votre fils?" asked the girl slowly. She sounded calm, even hard—or brave, was it? I saw her hands tighten on the table's edge. She started to rise, then changed her mind. Something new swept over her face, over which so many emotions had already surged.

"Votre fils," she repeated, almost angrily now. "He is in America, je suppose."

"In America!" Jim's mother made a funny helpless little gesture with both hands, as if to indicate the black she wore.

"Il est mort," I found myself saying, and then, quite preposterously, as if I needed to translate it, "He is dead."

The blonde girl caught the photograph again and stared at it half dazed for a second, and then suddenly bent over it on the table and broke into a fierce tempest of sobs. It was not opportune for M. Tic-Toc, who was at that moment recounting in song the adventures of apartie carre bourgeoise who had taken a trip from Paris to Dieppe. He hesitated and then finished his couplet and stopped—we were never to know to what point the liveliness of Mme. Broiche led her. For an instant there was an embarrassed silence in the salle. Then the grosse Mathilde got up—she was not so bad after all—and put her hand on her fellow-artist's heaving shoulder.

"What can I do for you, dear one?" she asked. What are rivalries to artists but things to forget?

The yellow head was raised a little. Is it not odd the things one remembers?—at that moment I noted how dark her hair was at the roots.

"Make the concert go on!" she appealed.

Was it not the old courage of the theater, even of the theater's dregs? I believe if it had been necessary to save the day — the night, to be accurate—the stricken Sunshine would have gamely sung herself, probably even a gay and comic song. But the dark Mathilde took up the burden. Her performance was, as it were, a recall of the audience to manners. They all knew that it was kindness to seem obvious to our sorrow, to let two continents mingle their tears at this obscure provincial cafe table. For there were tears enough flowing as well from Jim's mother's eyes. Yet I like to remember that she remembered what we others forgot, that the promised grog had never been ordered. Back there in Ohio she would have made the girl a "nice cup of tea." The grog was only the nearest thing she could think of in this strange, remote France, where all her life now seemed to lie. I smiled, but there were tears enough in my own eyes as well.

I would rather not write too much of the next few minutes. I have, of course, invented the names of Belcotreaux and Stanley—yet somewhere in France the moon does rise behind the tower of St. Roch's Church, gilding a girl's hair a still yellower gold. Somewhere in Ohio there are two lonely people who were once pilgrims in France. The girl—Alphonsine was really her name—had only a little of the English speech. I translated a bit, my old job, not so gay now—I translated more than I intend to write.

There was a thin gold chain around her neck and somewhere hidden, somewhere nearer her heart and warm from it, was a pleasant gaudy locket and in it a picture of the finest young man in the world. It needed nothing to persuade any of us that she had loved Jim. But how much had he loved her? I asked myself.

I looked around the Cabaret Mondain and at the streaked face where tears had washed the paint away. A cheap locket and a kodak and a kiss for good-by, and then on gayly to another Belcotreaux and other kisses and so to death—was that not probably all it had meant to the gallant Jim?

What it had meant to Jim was, however, not the real question; rather what it now meant to Jim's mother. I saw her give one slow, bewildered survey of the music and dance hall. And yet I realized that what she asserted earlier was indeed true of her—that anything Jim did was all right. The cheap locket was for her proof enough. Here was where she had found the girl her boy had loved.

It must have been different from what she had dreamed, probably ever since Jim who was to die as a soldier had lain as a baby in her arms. She must have seen a sweet girl from their own town, and a wedding, and a small white wooden house in the village, and grandchildren. And now she and papa, who might have been grandpa, were adrift in France, and a strange, tawdry, oddly beautiful creature sat opposite to them in an only half reputable cafe drinking a steaming grog and talking to them of their boy in spite of her halting English with a kind of flaming passion that perhaps the sweet girl from Ohio might not have shown so—was it so brazenly?

If I could not really search my compatriot's heart, neither could I that of Alphonsine. What, we may well ask, could she guess of Ohio? Indeed, as my story proceeds I see more plainly how little it is founded upon assured knowledge and how much upon cloudy guess and inference. Yet it may well be that guess and inference, however cloudy, serve women better than they serve us. It may well be that there are many miracles worked by love, that it can make a little woman from home understand more of the life of a painted cafe chanteuse than she is likely to admit to any men. Indeed, as I confessed earlier, I write with ignorance, but I am trying to write with sympathy.

Miss Sunshine left us a moment; the manager had beckoned to her and she probably meant to repaint after the ravages of tears. While she was gone Mrs. Stanley's slow but noncommittal glance again appraised the Cabaret Mondain.

"Seems funny," she said meditatively at last, "to think of Jim's girl working in a place like this."

How working did she think or mean, I wondered? But I said nothing. And M. Tic-Toc sang another song. As it finished Mrs. Stanley murmured:

"I suppose she'd think Lanesville a queer place."

Even in the genuine solemnity of my mood I stifled a laugh at the thought. But somehow I did not laugh when I heard her again talking to the girl herself. I shall not try to reproduce accents and I shall not report all the actual words.

"You like this" began the other woman.

I thought the girl flushed underneath her pink and white coating.

"Why not?" she answered, and her voice grew a little louder and harder. "Faut vivre—I must live, mustn't I?"

Then, lower, but steadily:

"I've no regrets. If I hadn't been—well, what I am and working here, I shouldn't have met your son."

"Yes. But now—?" urged Mrs. Stanley.

"Faut vivre," was again the answer.

It was incontrovertible. She must live as much as any of us.

And then the dear old thing from back there home rose, I think, to heights in one simple speech of consecration; of atonement on Jim's behalf perhaps, of a divine tolerance, or if not that, of an ignorance equally divine.

"Wouldn't you like to come back with us to see where Jim was born and raised? And stay on if you could stand it? It would be better than this. I think it would be more what Jim would like."

Was it to be expected that the poor Miss Sunshine should understand at once? Or that she should ever understand all the implications? But I believe that somehow she understood that an Ohio village was not possible for her, and that in whatever strange spirit these queer people asked her to come to it, it would not be real kindness to them to accept? Was she protecting their ignorance? Was she, too, in the recesses of her heart, protecting Jim's memory, doing what she thought he would like? Anyone may judge as well as I. I tell only the few words said.

"I could not leave," she said. "You see, I have a little child."

"Is it——" she began very gently, and she paused an instant. It seemed to me that I could almost hear our four hearts beat. Finally the girl slowly shook her head.

"No," she said, and her smile was bitter sweet.

Did she tell the truth? I for one shall never know. But I suspect that for that little instant she stood with the other woman on the heights.

And my dear old friend—was she glad? Glad to know her boy stainless? Or did she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.)